ENGLISH REVIEW

JUNE, 1926

Accidents - Fire - Marine

SHYLOCK *the* LAWYER

I am quite serious when I say that I have met a few Shylocks in the legal profession; there is no need to go to "Usurers," who abound in and around Dover Street, Piccadilly. I have recently had to do with one quite as harsh as the Old Jew. The tyrant would serve a writ on a man even if he knew he was innocent and in the right. But, thank God, we have men in the legal profession who are not Shylocks. For example, Sir Henry Maddocks, K.C., and his two able Juniors who defended the poor widow throughout a very lengthy case, and earned a fine tribute from the Judge. It has been my good fortune to find most solicitors as generous and courteous as the three barristers referred to. There is a great man who asked me never to mention his name, but he has a good deal to do with "Wills and Testaments"; and probably he has 750 qualified men on his staff. Well, some time ago a firm of lawyers in Bloomsbury Square said that that great man's predecessor told them to come to me. The senior partner wrote, asking if I would call and make a valuation of some jewels. I went, and in twenty minutes fixed the realisable values at £820. (I learnt afterwards that it had taken a Regent Street firm three and a half hours to value and offer £450.) "Mr. Hurcomb," said this very genial lawyer, "seeing that your offer is appreciably higher, you can have the goods in exchange for your cheque." "Sir, I am an auctioneer, and not a dealer. If you press me to pay out the money I will, but you may rely upon your client having £820, which I guarantee, and the sale can take place within a week, and probably your client will have £200 more." The genial but sceptical lawyer, with a twinkle in his eye, said, "But, Mr. Hurcomb, why not pay the £820 and pocket the £200 surplus?" "Sir, it is my way of advertising." "Very well, I will be guided by you." The lawyer's senior clerk attended the sale and saw the jewels sold for £1,100 gross, which meant that his client had over £1,000. The result was as expected—he began to boom "Hurcomb"—gave me Valuations for Probate—Sales of Contents of Houses—and in this way I have pocketed £200 over and over again. To convince the average lawyer is a hard task for a layman.

My ideal Solicitor is such a gentleman as the Solicitor-General (T. M. Inskip, K.C.), whose speech at the British and Foreign Bible Society was reported at such length in the *Morning Post*.

The President of the Law Society (1923–24) sent me the following letter:

"Dear Mr. Hurcomb,

"I am much obliged for your letter, and read as I always do your advertisements with much interest. I have often had the benefit of your assistance, and you have acted for many of my clients—in some cases disposing of very valuable property. I know of no one in whom I have greater confidence both as regards probity and ability; and I know that many of my Firm's Clients are glad to have been introduced to you."

It was only a week or so ago that Mr. Justice Eve told another lady to consult me about her treasures.

A recent photograph showing the expression on my face when anyone doubts my veracity.

Another of his Majesty's Judges wrote from the Temple:

"My dear Hurcomb,—I have received your cheque, £256 13s. 3d., and I am grateful for all the trouble you have taken."

STRIKING RESULTS during the Strike. April 30: I sold over four hundred lots, including 6,000 ounces (six thousand) of Silver, the highest price being £12 10s. per ounce. The 12 principal Jewellery lots realised £3,995. May 7: 445 lots sold—eight most important items of Jewellery took ten minutes to sell, realising £5,115.

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
JUNE, 1926

Correspondence

What are Conservative Principles?

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In the last issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW an article under the above heading was devoted to the vindication of aristocracy. The writer regarded democracy as the rule of a "rabble," composed largely of "millions of bipeds miscalled human beings," who "smother the world in ugliness, incapacity, dirt, and disease." I would suggest not only that such assertions as these are unjustified and dangerous, but also that the realization of aristocracy, meaning by that the unfettered rule of a few, however brave and capable, is quite impossible, either now or in the future. The enfranchisement of the lower classes cannot be undone. The social movements of the last hundred years, urged on by contact with events during the war, have caused the people to think and to take an interest in political affairs. Moreover, the existence of a large section of the population having no share in government, if it were not the cause of revolution, would at any rate seriously impair the vigour of our national life, and render impossible the attainment of social justice. Conservatives can accept the fact of democracy without misgiving when they remember that British democracy has recently survived a great industrial crisis unshaken, and so commands the world's admiration. Again, the scope of those who are "born governors" is in no way limited in a democratic State, which must always have leaders.

But democracy must be stabilized and strengthened, and the standard of life and thought among the people must be improved. While material conditions by no means count for everything, common sense teaches and experience shows that better living and saner thinking are to be found under pleasant and healthful conditions than amid the crowded misery of the slums. The lives of Disraeli, Lord Shaftesbury, and Lord John Manners show that the demand of Conservatives for social reform is no cry raised merely to secure the favour of an enlarged electorate. It is for the Conservative Party to maintain its tradition by promoting measures which encourage thrift and enterprise. High taxation certainly is an evil, for it bears heavily on the industries by means of which so many earn their bread. But to starve our social services would impede the process of enlightenment which it should be our aim to impel forward. Education must be something more than mere instruction; we must not only teach the young how to learn, but increase in them a love of those ideals which alone make life happy or noble.

There are many who regard the intervention of Government in men's affairs, except to preserve order and protect rights, as harmful and unnecessary. But great social evils exist which cannot be removed in any other way. The whole development of our civilization requires that there should be co-operation and combination. If we ignore this need, we shall fail to preserve the necessary balance between organization and *laissez-faire*; and if we fail to do away with the crying evils of the time we shall see that balance again upset by the conversion

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Some aspects of its Work.

I.—THE CARE OF BLIND BABIES AND GENERAL EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

The National Institute for the Blind is the largest institution of its kind in the world. Its object is to benefit the blind from birth to old age by developing their inner vision. How this is accomplished will be described on this page month by month.

The Care and Training of Blind Babies.—Recognizing that "the child is father of the man," the Institute maintains three "Sunshine" Homes for Blind Babies—at Chorley Wood, Herts, Southport, Lancs, and Leamington Spa, Warwickshire—of which H.R.H. Princess Beatrice is President. In these homes babies blind from birth are cared for and trained amongst ideal surroundings during the first five all-important years of existence. The babies are taught "to see with the fingers" by specially adapted kindergarten methods, and leave the Homes thoroughly competent to enter schools for the blind as happy, normal, robust, and intelligent children. To see the little "Sunshine" babies in their tubs, playing in their "Jazz" band, building sand castles by the sea, gathering flowers in the meadows, making friends with pigs and horses and cows, is healing medicine for the most confirmed pessimist.

Chorley Wood College for Girls.—Near "Sunshine House" at Chorley Wood is the College for the Higher Education of Girls with little or no sight. Here, in a beautiful building presented to the Institute, blind girls are provided with a first-class education on public school lines. From mathematics and languages to sports and gymnastics, every possible item of higher education is included in the curriculum, and special attention is given to the cultivation of that *esprit de corps* so essential in a scholastic, business or social career. H.R.H. Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles is President of the College.

Models and Maps.—In the general education of the blind, the Institute is naturally much interested. To all types of schools for the blind, educational models of objects so far apart as a buffalo and a balloon are loaned, while contour maps and embossed globes are provided for blind teachers and pupils alike so that a knowledge of "geography by touch" can be imparted and acquired.

Braille.—The adequate education of the blind would be impossible without Braille, an embossed type which is read by the fingers. It may be considered as the sun of the blind world. The basis of Braille is a group of six dots like the six dots of a domino. By means of these six dots, variously arranged, the blind can read or write all words, numerals and music. Sixty-three separate designs can be made by the dots, and their inter-combination is inexhaustible. Braille can be written by hand.

In this way single copies of special text books are prepared, either by sighted volunteers or by the blind themselves from dictation. The Institute has a valuable library for students of such manuscript books.

(To be continued next month.)

FUNDS ARE *URGENTLY* NEEDED FOR THIS INVALUABLE WORK.

of our industrial system into a great soulless machine. The whole trend of politics is for the State to play a larger part in regulating the life of individuals, and Conservatism must seek to guide this movement, averting the dangers of unrestricted private enterprise as well as the menace of Socialism to our future as a great nation.

I am, etc.,

Trinity Hall, Cambridge. P. MALCOLM WRIGHT.

The Collapse of Feminism

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I feel impelled to join issue on several points with the author of the article in your April issue on "The Collapse of Feminism."

Your author thinks that the entry of women into public life has made little difference. "Things are very much as they were, or rather more so." "Nor does their success in unfamiliar regions of social and civil action encourage the belief that the area of feminine enterprise should be extended."

To rebut this contention, I should like to point to the revolution which of late years has taken place in the theory of medical practice. According to the old-fashioned idea, doctors were only needed to cure you when you were ill. Now, a large number of them preside at infant welfare centres, to prevent babies from becoming ill, or at ante-natal clinics to prepare the way for their advent in health. Surely this is a symptom of a change in attitude which will have far-reaching consequences. It is a change due to the emergence of the woman doctor.

H.R.H. The PRINCE of WALES, K.G.

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P.1157.

We are on the threshold of another change. In the old days, a mechanical conception of penal justice governed the practice of our law courts and prisons. Now we are consciously trying to stop the manufacture of criminals. What we have done as yet is little in comparison with what remains to be done. Here is the sphere of the woman magistrate.

Possibly your author may deplore these changes. But he cannot regard them as unimportant. I do not claim that they are due solely to women, for I think that men and women were meant to work together, and that civic life will be incomplete as long and in so far as they do not. To talk of a "sex war" is to echo the extravagant futilities of the Feminist Militant. It is quite true that most women have dissociated themselves from her. But it is not true that the franchise was conceded "in the spirit that a bon-bon is reluctantly yielded to an importunate and petulant child" (if it were, *what* a condemnation of the practice of politics!) It was granted because women were felt to have earned it by their work during the war. That they have used it sensibly and sanely, without making any attempt to "snatch the sceptre from the palsied grasp of trousered legislators" surprises your contributor, but does not surprise those who know that a woman is not "unsexed" because she is proud to be a citizen; that the stupid controversy about "sex equality" is already dead, and that the spiritual sanctions of chivalry (never "an exploded creed," thank God!) will shine all the more brightly in the state that affords men and women the best chance of true co-operation.

I am, etc.,

CELIA COOK.

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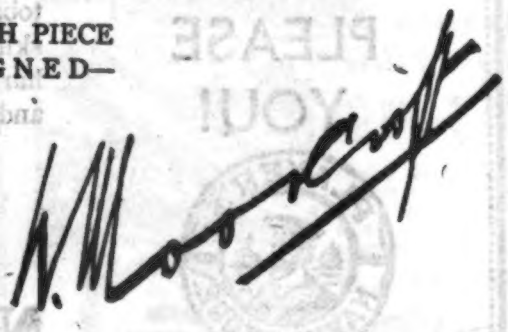

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
JUNE, 1926

Current Comments

THE strike and its repercussions are so comprehensively dealt with in several of our articles this month, that space for comment here is less than usual.

The Strike The coal strike unfortunately continues, and, as we write, it is announced that the Cannock Chase men have refused the owners' offer to work an extra hour upon terms which would have given them at least the same, if not actually a higher, wage than they were earning before. They can now hardly plead starvation, or a malicious "lock-out," as grounds for public sympathy. The Press comment which condemned the Cannock Chase offer as illegal was, like so many of the statements made about the coal dispute, misinformed. The Act fixing seven hours as the working day in collieries permits an extra hour for 60 days in the year; and there is little doubt that, had the Cannock Chase men co-operated with the owners for even 30 days, the results would have been such as to encourage others to follow their example, and the Government to repeal the seven hour restriction. It would be idle to speculate when and how the strike will be settled, but although the Government have wisely decided upon the severe rationing of coal, undoubtedly necessary in the case of a long stoppage, we shall be surprised if the hard facts do not help common sense to assert itself before the miners have inflicted the extreme of unnecessary suffering upon the country and themselves. Already in some districts a few miners are going back. The Government's decision to protect the importation of foreign coal should shorten the conflict. The fact is overlooked that the miners themselves have not yet been consulted about the proposals of the Coal Commission, of the Government, or of the owners. The responsibility for rejecting everything rests solely upon their leaders. The Government should insist upon an immediate secret ballot.

THE process of splitting the Liberal atom continues. The negative electrons revolving round the positive nucleus keep shooting off, some, like Sir Alfred Mond, into the more comfortable atmosphere of the Conservative Party, some into the raw air of Socialism, and some, like Mr. Lloyd George, into the void. If the Liberal Party has a future at all, which we do not believe, its prospects will certainly be improved by the departure of Mr. Lloyd George. It is impossible to credit him with the ability to create and lead a new independent Liberal Party out of the fragments of the old. No tergiversation can conceal the fact that he has been feeling his way toward the left in the hope of emerging as the leader of a new Liberal-cum-Labour combination which would shelve the few remaining decent elements in Liberalism represented by such "back numbers" as Lord Grey and Lord Oxford. His manœuvres have brought down upon him the just wrath of these leaders, who cannot be suspected of such slippery intrigues. It is difficult to see how Mr. Lloyd George can swallow the rebuke and remain in the Party without such a loss of prestige as would relegate him to a position of comparative insignificance. That he may find shelter in a section of the Labour Party is possible. But it will only be a section, and therefore ineffective. It would seem that Mr. Lloyd George has made his last throw, and lost. His loss is England's gain.

Mr. Lloyd George

FORTUNE has at last smiled upon our friends, the French. The partial recovery of the franc is doubtless due more to artificial than to permanent and radical remedies, but the surrender of Abd-el-Krim and the ending of the war in Morocco will turn off a tap of extraordinary expenditure which has had a real and serious effect upon the finances of France in her present embarrassed condition. It will substantially strengthen the hands of M. Briand and should give him that extension of power which will enable him to introduce a measure for the reform of the electoral law. If he can succeed in this, French politics may be stabilized, and the State may regain the prosperous equilibrium which its hard-working and thrifty population deserve. The Socialists will certainly oppose the most important reform, the abolition of the proportional

France

representation system, but it must be replaced sooner or later by the straight majority vote.

The Polish Coup d'État

MARSHAL PILSUDSKI, the most influential political leader in modern Poland, has secured a change of administration at a cost of 210 killed, 966 wounded, and a good deal of material damage in the streets of Warsaw. It was a popular *coup d'état*, especially with the army, though the hopelessly outnumbered troops of the Government *in esse*, without tanks or armoured cars, held out for many hours until President Witos and the Cabinet decided to resign. Pilsudski charged the previous administration with corruption and incapacity, but it requires a very far-reaching appreciation of the principle, *autre pays, autres mœurs*, to enable readers in this country to comprehend political conditions in which a change of administration, following in form at any rate, constitutional procedure, and with Liberal-Socialistic backing, is brought about by the bullet instead of the ballot. Some anxiety has been felt, especially in Paris, regarding the possible effect upon Poland's standing in the comity of nations of the recent events. Pilsudski's masterful and popular personality will, no doubt, be the dominant feature henceforth in Polish policy, but it would be a mistake to assume that he is an apostle of violence for its own sake or, alternatively, that the instructions sent from Moscow to Polish Communists to support him indicate any liking of his for Bolshevist international designs. On the contrary, he is believed in London, with adequate reason, to support the Locarnist principles. As a practical man, he probably is not anxious unnecessarily to antagonize Poland's uncomfortable Eastern neighbour, but he has shown a desire also to lessen the friction between Poland and Germany, which is at least as important for the sake of European peace as was the elimination of the friction on the Rhine. Poland's troubles are viewed sympathetically in London, where it is recognized that peaceful Parliamentarism is a plant of slow growth, not too easy to acclimatize.

Zaghlul's Success

THE victory of Zaghlul and his Nationalist following at the Egyptian elections under the extended suffrage law has been even more complete than was anticipated. There is practically no opposition. Nor will the twenty-eight Liberals,

led by the ex-Premier, Adly Pasha, have any real effect on the policy of Zaghlul, though they were his "allies" at the polls. It was thought possible that Zaghlul might prefer to put forward a Liberal as Premier rather than to take office himself. But his will be the directing brain in any case, and developments in Egypt depend upon the extent to which he has learned wisdom from the events which culminated in the murder of the Sirdar. That was no isolated incident; indeed, it would not have happened, had it not been for the long preceding series of petty provocative actions for which Zaghlul was directly or indirectly responsible. Great Britain will await the new Nationalist policy, not without anxiety, but with some hope that Zaghlul may at last realize that our reserved rights and interests will be maintained with undiminished determination.

Riff Chieftain's Surrender

ABD-EL-KRIM, for some years past a sinister figure to France and Spain, surrendered to the French on May 26, after a desperate effort to persuade the victorious allies to parley with him yet again. The disappearance from the field of this rugged rebel against the Sultanate of Morocco, as he technically was, should put an end to much of the romantic nonsense which has been woven, partly from interested motives and partly from a strange admixture of "defeatism" and nineteenth-century humanitarianism, in this and other countries. The Riff leader ends his career, as THE ENGLISH REVIEW, almost alone at one time, confidently predicted that he would and must end it, if grave repercussions to the disadvantage and the discredit of all European countries, our own included, were to be avoided. It is no doubt possible that the complete pacification—to say nothing of the civilization—of the Riff will still prove none too easy a task; but congratulations are due to the French and Spanish Governments upon the firmness which has brought success and has justified at last the courage and endurance of the troops fighting in that inhospitable terrain. The concession hunters, some of them posing as humanitarians, who encouraged Krim to prolong his resistance must be feeling rather small, and the journals which so freely gave them space may, perhaps, learn to be rather more cautious of enterprising "philanthropists" and their following of silly dupes.

CURRENT COMMENTS

The Flag in South Africa

FLAGS may be regarded merely as strips of bunting or as sentimental symbols. But they are dangerous things for Governments to meddle with, and General Hertzog's withdrawal of his Flag Bill was as hasty as it was discreet. The proposal to haul down the Union Jack and to substitute the old Republican tri-colour "with a vertical red line to indicate the British connection"—surely a singularly curious method of indication—awoke such a storm as split South Africa from end to end. There is no need to discuss the Imperial aspect of the situation, because Empires are not held together by flags. But it is perhaps appropriate to remember that the proposed flag would have satisfied the *amour propre* of the minority and not the majority of inhabitants of the Union. No doubt it would have been hailed with joy by the *backvelders*. But it would have been an insult to the British settlers who are equal partners—to say the least of it—and the native demonstrations of hostility in Natal and elsewhere were eloquent reminders of all that the Union Jack means to the huge coloured population who are the original owners of the country. In Parliament itself, the proposal indicated an awkward cleavage in the pact between those unnatural allies, the Nationalists and the Labour members, and General Hertzog had the strongest reasons for his hurried shelving of the Bill. Perhaps the most disquieting incident of the controversy was the lapse into violent "extremism" by the Prime Minister himself, and once again General Smuts came forward as an able and dignified supporter of the partnership between the two races that is essential to the Union's future. General Hertzog's "jazz flag"—as it was called in Cape Town—would certainly never have split the Empire, but just as certainly it would have divided South Africa, and it is to be hoped most sincerely that it is rolled up for good and all.

Arbitration in Australia

AT a time when talk of "compulsory arbitration" is in the air it is interesting to look eleven thousand miles away and study the experience of Australia. Apparently Mr. Bruce is making an attempt to succeed where other Prime Ministers have failed, and to patch up the gaping

holes in the Commonwealth Arbitration Act. With this end in view he proposes to introduce early legislation to reconstitute the Court in order to give it wider and stronger power. No experiment in the industrial legislation of the Dominions has been watched with more interest than the attempt of Australia to provide machinery for the effective control of disputes between employer and employee. The Act of 1907 was a broadly-visioned and really statesmanlike measure. But the twin pillars of high ideals and pious sentiments on which it was founded began to sag the first time a strain was put upon them, and employers and employed alike came to regard the Court with indifference and even polite derision. Under the terms of section 16a of the Act the Registrar was empowered to summon a compulsory conference when he decided that an industrial dispute had extended, or was likely to extend, beyond the borders of any one State; in other words, when it became a Commonwealth matter. The dispute could then be referred into Court, where the President or his deputy was to take evidence and pronounce his award on it.

It seemed a splendid scheme, but it broke down badly in practice. Every year the Registrar published solemn accounts of the large number of disputes settled and strikes prevented. No doubt the Court did much good work, but in nearly every case its successes were confined to small and peaceful discussions between employers and employees who were willing to gather round an official round table to settle their arguments. But the big militant Unions—the dockers, the miners, the seamen and the shearers—flouted the Court and its awards time after time. The worst blow at its prestige was struck during a waterside workers' dispute in the war, when the President gravely announced that, whereas it was illegal for a Union to disobey the Court's order, he had no power to restrain all its members individually refusing to accept work under the terms of the award. Thus, a strike was illegal; a unanimous but "individual" refusal to work was not. This absurd position rejoiced the hearts of the militant leaders, and the last vestige of the Court's authority went overboard with its failure to grapple with the great coal strike, which Mr. Hughes

gracefully "settled" by an ignominious surrender to the miners. Whether Mr. Bruce's new legislation will make a business proposition of the Court remains to be seen. The real problem lies, not in re-adjusting the machinery of the Court, but in finding some way of enforcing its decisions.

Germany's New Premier

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the events in Poland, the Luther Cabinet fell in Germany. The immediate cause was a dispute over certain new regulations regarding the use abroad of the old German flag simultaneously with the new Republican ensign, but the dispute was itself only illustrative of the difficult position of any Government with the Reichstag, so split up as it is into factions rather than parties. The Luther Cabinet conducted a foreign policy which, in general, received the support of the Centre and Left. In domestic affairs it strove to conciliate the least violent partisans of the Right. It was succeeded, after an interval so short as to be surprising, by a Cabinet not very different from the preceding, but under the premiership of the leader of the clerical Centre, Dr. Marx, who twice before has based a short-lived regime on the so-called "Little Coalition," a Left-Centre concordat. No very long life is prophesied for the new Cabinet which, towards the end of the month, has to face a decision by plebiscite on June 20 regarding the treatment to be accorded in the matter of their property and estates to the dispossessed imperial and royal families of Germany. Herr Stresemann remains at the German Foreign Office and, indeed, his Locarnist policy rests assured of majority support. Germans are working out, not without difficulty, a democratic Parliamentarism which, it is sometimes forgotten, was not so very far from developing in the revolutionary period of 1848.

At Geneva

As might have been expected, the preliminary conference on disarmament, at which Viscount Cecil represented Great Britain, has in effect already failed to solve the problem stated here last month. It has handed over to sub-committees the enigma presented by the question: "What

are armaments?" It is now uncertain, accordingly, whether and when the main International Conference will be able to assemble. On the Commission appointed by the League to seek a means of removing the stumbling-block to Germany's admission, better progress was made. Viscount Cecil succeeded in obtaining general consent in principle to the creation of a sort of semi-permanent Council seat, subject always to the discretion of the Assembly, but offering to Powers not holding permanent seats a chance of securing re-election after the normal period of three years' service in a non-permanent seat. The adhesion of Brazil and Spain to the new scheme has yet to be secured, the latter, especially, insisting that she cannot continue usefully to serve the League if she is denied a permanent Council seat. Wiser counsels, it may be hoped, may yet prevail. Viscount Cecil appears to have added to a well-considered scheme a highly complicated system of "proportional representation" in the nine non-permanent seats now to be open to election by the Assembly. A proportional representation system seems in any case unnecessarily cumbrous, since for the nine seats there will evidently be forty-six competitors, that is, all members of the League not holding permanent seats, and only fifty-three electors. But Viscount Cecil's scheme, involving such alarming fractions as $\frac{32}{50}$ths of a vote, appears to demand the services of a senior wrangler for the solution of the problems it presents. It seems to have been accepted at Geneva, either because nobody understood it and nobody was willing to say so or, more probably, because of a silent admission that the election will really arrange itself otherwise.

China

THE recent fighting around and about Peking has left things much as they were, that is to say, in a welter of confusion, with no immediate hope of effective ascendancy being achieved by any one of the three conspicuous commanders of military forces. For the moment their activities appear to be suspended, and the usual sordid intrigues for power may in due course be expected. All concerned have repeatedly proclaimed their patriotic resolution to

establish a strong central government at Peking, but each is equally determined that none but himself shall create and control it. Since the deposition of Tuan Chi-jui (the chief executive) and the flight of his prime minister to refuge, as usual in the legation quarter, the administration of the remnants of government has been in the hands of men of straw, holding their precarious offices by the grace, good or bad, of Chang Tso-lin and-or Wu Pei-fu. The recently announced appointment of a "Regency Cabinet," with W. W. Yen as Prime Minister, Alfred Sze as Foreign Minister, and Wellington Koo in charge of finance, is obviously window-dressing, for the benefit of the gullible foreigner, and can have no bearing on the grim realities of the situation. What these grim realities are, the wretched civil population of Chihli have learned to their bitter cost. Wherever any of the bandit armies has passed it has left behind it the abomination of desolation, whole districts being plundered and laid waste. It is pitiful to think that this sort of thing has been going on all over China for the last fifteen years, and that, unless the Treaty Powers can unite to stop it, it must continue until, by the grace of God, a Dictator emerges to put an end to the rival factions and give the nation peace.

Meanwhile, the attitude of "tolerance and conciliation" adopted, under American tutelage, by the Powers at Peking, and the pontifical platitudes emitted by Lord Willingdon at Shanghai on the subject of racial equality and similar flapdoodle, are manifestly calculated to encourage every political adventurer and commander of bandit troops in the land, not only to bleed their own countrymen white, but to cast covetous eyes upon the wealth of the Treaty Ports, so far the only unlooted spots in China.

A Permanent Emergency System

We are a forgetful people. In action, whether it be a war of arms or one of civic food supplies, labour, and transport, such as that through which we have just successfully passed, no people surpass the British race for rapid organization and effective administration. The divisional system followed was precisely the opposite

of that centralized control of food set up during the war. It was a decentralized scheme to help the people—and especially the multifarious branches of the wholesale and retail food trades—to save the country by saving themselves. There was no central control, merely central direction in advance. After mobilization, all the eleven divisions of England and Wales ran themselves, being assisted whenever they asked for aid in securing protected transport or volunteer labour, by the central or local governments. But we are a forgetful people, and unless a special effort is made while memories are fresh, the emergency organization which was prepared to meet the threat of a General Strike, and was put into full operation at forty-eight hours' notice, will be destroyed by the very success with which it gained its startling victory. There is a real danger that after demobilization the central and divisional organizations may be allowed to lapse. Against folly of that kind, though it be characteristically English, we must warn Ministers and Parliament. The country was saved because the Government had prepared in advance, and was ready at short notice.

All risks in future may be set at naught by maintaining as part of the regular machinery of Government a skeleton organization similar to that which existed on April 30. The cost would be insignificant—perhaps £50,000 a year in the aggregate for all departments. A small staff, with a good man at its head in each office, would keep the plan of operations up-to-date, and have revised lists of those to be mobilized. A small annual retainer might be necessary for the local officials, but the trade representatives, who would all be men of substance and position, would willingly give their services.

"G.O.C. Food"

This is an occasion when the traditional anonymity of His Majesty's Civil Service should be disregarded. For once this service has conducted a real war—though happily one in which no shot was fired—and those who organized and led the campaign are as fully entitled to the gratitude and admiration of their countrymen as Generals and Admirals. The keys of the whole campaign were food (including yeast) and petrol. Road transport and the recruiting of

volunteer labour were essential auxiliary services, and protection by police, with soldiers and sailors in reserve, made both possible. But without the food organization, worked out in patient detail for months, and set into full operation on May 1 by final warning telegrams, there would have been a serious shortage of food within a week, and risk of starvation in a fortnight. As it happened, the organization worked so well that stocks in the hands of traders on May 12 were in many cases larger than they had been on May 4. By May 18, when the Coal Stoppage alone remained unsettled, a glut of many important foodstuffs even led to falling prices. All through the strike the traders, both wholesale and retail, kept loyally their promise to the Government to treat the prices of May 1 as maximum prices during the strike. All this was done without Government food control (except of London's milk), without Food Orders, and with no compulsory powers whatever in operation over the food trades. The administrative Head of the Emergency Food Service was Mr. A. E. Faulkner, C.B., a permanent Civil Servant, who is normally Director of Sea Transport (for the fighting services) at the Mercantile Marine Department of the Board of Trade. Mr. Faulkner's Army followed carefully devised plans—in the preparation of which, of course, other departmental officers took an important share. As a born leader, he inspired his officers, leaving them wide discretion and initiative, and backing them up in everything they might do. Anything less like the traditional idea of "Civil Service Red Tape" it would not be possible to conceive. Through it all—no one saw him sleep—he preserved a cheerful, imperturbable demeanour, and was once only heard to swear. Then he cursed violently and excusably. It was on the Thursday of May 13, when Mr. Faulkner saw his well-earned victory being thrown away in a riot of irregular guerilla warfare between employers and revolting trade unionists. On Friday, peace began to return, and that night he was able, for the first time since the strike began, to sleep at his own house.

The Lesson of the Strike

By Ernest Remnant

THE long-expected storm has burst and, although it threatened to lay everything in ruins—even the Constitution itself—it has done no irreparable damage to any national interest. Common sense, public respect for law and order, the sturdy national character which will tolerate no tyranny, have triumphed. Above all, it has been proved that England has still men who can govern, not as despots like those who challenged them, but with strength tempered by wisdom, patience, and humanity. The only wreckage beyond repair is that of the false theories and dangerous ascendancy of a few evilly-disposed conspirators who, by exploiting both the loyalty and the ignorance of the organized workers, aimed at usurping supreme power in the State, and establishing a Soviet on the Moscow model. They have, indeed, found their Moscow sooner than they expected, but it will be they themselves, and not their deluded army, who will fall out and disappear in the retreat. That they came perilously near to attaining their object is due, not only to their success in duping so large a proportion of the rank and file, but also to their temporary mastery of many of those other nominal labour leaders who, if weak, muddle-headed, and unqualified for real leadership, are, nevertheless, innocent of any vicious designs against the State.

It has long been obvious that a trial of strength must come, and when in March, 1925, a Bill was introduced into Parliament with the object of restricting some of the powers of the Trade Unions, and Mr. Baldwin put it aside with "Not yet," many felt grave doubts whether he could be the man to face the crisis when it came. His attitude could only be explained by one of three assumptions: he must be weak, or strong, or Machiavellian. No one who knew him could believe that his wisdom was that of the serpent. While there had been no unmistakable proof of strength, there had been ample evidence of a tendency to idealism, of a readiness to credit the other side with a good will equal to his own, often characteristic of benevolent weakness. It was so certain that, when the crisis arose, the leader of the nation must

above all be strong that a natural anxiety prevailed until it was dispelled by the event. The Prime Minister stood revealed as a man on whom all sections of the nation could rely to act with courage and firmness and wisdom.

The completeness of the collapse and the handsome admission of error on the part of those spokesmen of Labour who thereby retrieved their right to the respect of the public and their followers justify the hope that in the vital work of reconstructing the machinery for adjustment of the relations between Capital and Labour, employers and the Government may look for co-operation, instead of defiant antagonism, from the responsible leaders of the Unions.

If Mr. Baldwin's efforts to win peace and prosperity by reason and good will rather than by force and repression are not now crowned with success, the outlook is indeed bad. No man could have done more than he to deserve it, and he has undoubtedly won the grateful confidence of all classes of the nation.

The severe lesson of the abortive general strike has produced a universal determination that the Constitution shall not again be capriciously challenged by irresponsible enemies of society, and that the law, of which the primary concern is the protection and welfare of the community as a whole, must be so revised as to outlaw any repetition of such an attack upon it. In the execution of this task, as in his handling of the actual strike, Mr. Baldwin's policy of patience and restraint will be fully vindicated. Revisions of the law affecting Trade Unions, which a year ago would have been regarded as reactionary interference with the "rights" of Labour, as "class"-inspired infringements of the established privileges of another class, will have the general support, not only of the community outside the Unions, but also of a very large section of their members. For the public generally have been rudely awakened to the menace of an organized power claiming, and conceivably able, to defy and supersede the Government; while the rank and file of the Unions have at last been compelled to realize that they could be used by a few revolutionary leaders, like the "cannon fodder" of the Prussian war lords, to serve their insane personal ambitions. The primary duty of their leaders is to secure

their welfare by collective bargaining, just as the primary object of their contributions is to provide sickness, accident, and old-age benefits. Many of the leaders, however, are seen to have become despots intent only upon destroying the existing laws of society, and callously ready to dissipate the Union funds in wild adventures which either are, or should be, criminally illegal. There is no reason to suppose that the majority of the working classes are not content to pursue their political objectives, whatever they may be, by the constitutional means open to them by universal franchise.

It is, however, quite certain that the nation as a whole is determined that it will not be subjected to any form of class tyranny, whether in the name of Socialism, Syndicalism, or Communism. It should be a long time before the false cry of tyrannous capitalism can be raised again with success. The report of the Coal Commission, and the negotiations now proceeding in the one industry which caused the strike, must effectually destroy the delusion that capital was enjoying extortionate profits. The workers in the iron and steel, engineering and shipbuilding industries are well aware that, if their wages are low, their employers' profits are practically non-existent. In such other industries as are relatively prosperous wages are generally on a high level which the workers well know they would be foolish to jeopardize by disputes. Except, indeed, for the irreconcilable extremists, now at a heavy discount, the general body of Union workers should be as anxious as the rest of the community to have their organizations and status so overhauled and revised as to secure them against desperate adventures of the sort just forced upon them by foolish or criminal leaders, to safeguard their funds, and to enable them to exercise legitimately the advantages of combination in protection or advancement of their interests.

For years past those who realized that the nation was drifting toward the catastrophe of a general strike which, if it were not broken, could only end in revolution and ruin, were almost in despair at the apathy of the public generally and the failure of Governments to take the necessary measures of safety. In July of last year an outspoken article was published in this REVIEW charging the present Government with being entirely unprepared

to meet the attack of the general strike then obviously imminent. It is no secret that the deciding factor in their then surrender, and the granting of the coal subsidy, was the insufficiency of food, petrol, and organization. The odds were too great. It might only have been possible to avert defeat by civil war and after terrible suffering. Although their unpreparedness was inexcusable, the Government rightly bought time. They are now widely blamed for having frittered away the respite so dearly bought and for not having by some magic secured a settlement of the coal dispute before it ran out. No criticism could be more absurd. The Government, on the contrary, did the one essential thing, and, as the event has proved, did it well, in making preparations to break the strike. It was not, and is not, in their power to compel a settlement of an industrial dispute, unless, indeed, they were willing indefinitely to continue a subsidy. Even were they so willing, the nation and the other industries bearing the burden would soon revolt. Reason can only prevail if both contending parties are inspired by it, able to appreciate, and willing to accept, its verdict. It would be ridiculous to contend that the labours of the Coal Commission and the accumulated experience of the coal-owners have not resulted in analyses of the whole problem of coal-mining in this country, which are as near to pure reason as any effort of human intelligence likely to be attainable. In spite of certain details irrelevant to the immediate crux of the question, the Commission's report fully supports the contention of the owners that cost of production must be reduced either by reduction of wages, extension of hours, or both. The owners, like the Government, were actually willing, in order to secure peace, to adopt the report as a whole, including many features which they gravely distrusted. The miners, or rather their leaders, obstinately maintained their attitude of not a penny off, not a minute more. How then could reason prevail? Even had both sides been endowed with equal intelligence, it is apparent that Government intervention had made a reasonable settlement impossible, since the miners' respect for abstract reason would have been outweighed by the belief that they could extract another bribe by obstinacy.

There will be no satisfactory and lasting settlement of this or any other industrial dispute until all Government

intervention is definitely withdrawn and the parties meet each other as mutually independent buyers and sellers with no appeal, political or otherwise, to the "half-opened purse" of a squeezable third party. They would then quickly find their level by the natural law of supply and demand. The owners as buyers of labour are obviously not in a position to employ force, and if the miners were foolish enough to attempt intimidation by sabotage, the Government could stop them.

At a moment when this simple truth should have been more than ever self-evident it is disturbing to see a tendency, expressed by so large a proportion of the Press, to assume that it is the function of the Government to settle the dispute by some unexplained form of compulsion. Contemplated legislation to enforce amalgamation of collieries and various other kinds of State interference with the industry were bad enough. But the suggestion that, if owners are not prepared in the interests of an impatient and, in this respect, largely ignorant public to continue working their pits at a loss, they must be forced to do so, proves that the disease of over-legislation has reached the stage of partially destroying that native common sense and sturdy independence of character which have been the foundation of our national greatness.

How many of the newspaper proprietors who have so lightly accepted the principle of compulsory wage awards, amalgamations, and general constraint of hitherto privately managed enterprises would welcome similar proposals applied to their own undertakings? Even during the war, when paper, power, labour, and transport were rationed, any such idea would have met with indignant protest. It is to the credit of the coal owners that while they, equally with the miners, might secure temporary peace and profits by a subsidy, they are as strongly opposed to it now as they were last July. Although a strong tide of ill-informed impatience is running against them at the moment, I venture the opinion that in the end it will be recognized that they, and they alone, have throughout maintained an attitude governed by reason and hard, inescapable facts.

In all other industries the operation of economic law under conditions of free competition has never failed to eliminate the unfit and to bring about the absorption of smaller by larger undertakings into more efficient units.

The Mines (Working Facilities) Act of 1923 was aimed at the compulsory removal of dog-in-the-manger obstruction in the way of economic development of a coal area. If the powers of the tribunal were extended to include entirely new projected enterprises and not, as at present, limited to mines already in being, this Act would remove the whole of the quite fictitious grounds for State ownership of royalties, except the purely sentimental one of pandering to the socialistic desire for nationalization.

In his reply to the owners of May 22, Mr. Baldwin made it clear that he resumed his liberty of action in respect of the Coal Commission Report. National purchase of royalties and compulsory amalgamation of pits may likely be dropped. So much at least has been gained by the obstinacy of the unions. It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Baldwin will not jeopardize the tremendous prestige he has won by his leadership hitherto, a prestige of incalculable value when he approaches the great task of legislative revision of Trade Union Law, by taking up a false position in regard to the relative functions of the Government and the owners in the regulation of the industry. His repudiation of governmental desire to interfere in trade disputes, his suggestion that the owners have failed to appreciate the gravity of the situation, and proved their incapacity to settle their disputes for themselves, alike ignore the indisputable fact that it is due to continuous Government intervention in the past, and to nothing else, that coal is the one industry in which the employers have been unable to agree with their men as they formerly did for generations.*

In the only other industry in which Government has intervened, the railways, it is undeniable that a "sheltered," otherwise a wholly artificial, standard of wages has been imposed upon the community. Instead of a subsidy paid directly by the taxpayer, higher railway rates are paid by every user of the railways, from which no class suffers more than the producers and consumers of coal. If we are to have peace in our time, it will only be achieved by giving free play to the immutable laws of economics, by using the power of the State to ensure

* Mr. Baldwin himself admitted on 3rd May, that "No settlement has been made of recent years by Government interference, and no Government has attempted a settlement, which has not contained the germs of future trouble."

that no party or class in the State tries by force to defy them, whether it be conspiracy of labour to exact more than its fair wage in open market, or of capital to extort an unfair price by cornering supplies. Government intervention and restriction can only perpetuate discord and end in the ruin of industry and its ultimate nationalization. So chaotic is the state of public opinion that we find even champions of free trade, such as Mr. Keynes and others, ever loud in their abuse of real or imaginary rings, combines, and trusts, or fervent in their faith in the futile Food Council's ability to detect an iniquitous profit of ¼d. a lb. on "trust"-imported meat, solemnly advocating a selling combination for British coal in order to stop "cut-throat" competition, *raise prices*, and thus provide such a wage for the miners as Mr. Cook would be graciously pleased to approve.

In the long run facts will rule, notwithstanding that our sentimental easy-going indifference to them, until they have dealt us sufficiently hard knocks, has prolonged the period of illusion. It must now, however, be nearly over, and the Government, no less than the public, whatever the outcome of the coal dispute, is resolved to take measures to ensure against a renewal of revolutionary attacks upon the constitution and the life of the community.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the legislation will be conceived and carried out in the right spirit, free from any taint of vindictiveness as from merely timid anxiety to avoid "provocation." The members of the unions need protection from incompetent and unprincipled leaders as much as the public generally, or as shareholders in limited liability companies, whose interests are constantly being safeguarded against negligent or dishonest promoters, directors, and officials. No one doubts that the vast majority of the manual workers have as decent natural instincts as any other English men or women. But their natural instincts have not been allowed free play; they have, indeed, been warped by enforced and often unwilling servility to an implacable machine, the control of which has passed from their own hands into those of ignorant, and in many cases, evilly-disposed despots inspired by a mysterious alien oligarchy. The native independence of the English working man has been undermined, and his simple

commonsense philosophy bemused, by false doctrines appealing to his lowest rather than to his higher instincts. Even so, bewildered and misled, he has proved his loyalty, although, unhappily, to a perverted ideal.

The average English working man, however, is intelligent enough to recognize that Mr. Baldwin is no more a Nero than a Lenin, and, after the severe lesson of the abortive strike, the Prime Minister's tried restraint and good will must go far to counteract the cry certain to be raised by the discredited extremists that any reform of Trade Union Law is aimed at the rights and freedom of labour. Rather will it be apparent that such freedom and all such rights as have a moral basis will in future be better safeguarded by the law.

The legal aspect of the problem has been dealt with in the following article by Mr. David Harrison, who contends that the view expressed by Sir John Simon as to the technical illegality of a general strike, and confirmed by the subsequent decision of Mr. Justice Astbury, would not likely be upheld on appeal. If this contention be correct, there is, as Mr. Harrison clearly shows, all the greater urgency for drastic revision of the law.

Without venturing upon the technical aspect of the law, either as it stands or as it may be altered, I would submit the following points as demanding first place in the consideration of the Cabinet Committee to which the question has been referred.

1. Any strike should be illegal unless :

(*a*) It has been decided upon by a secret and compulsory ballot supervised by independent public scrutineers.

(*b*) Due notice shall have been given as may be fixed by contract in each industry.

2. Any form of political levy, compulsory or otherwise, should be abolished. (Trade Unionism as such has no right to constitute a political party in the State. Its individual members belong, in fact, to all the parties, and should be free to support any of them.)

3. All trade union accounts should be publicly audited; the amount and nature of their investments stated, and no secret funds or foreign subventions permitted.

4. Picketing, whether nominally "peaceful" or otherwise, should be abolished. (Meetings, the Post Office, and the Press provide all necessary and reasonable means of

persuasion and propaganda. Even a single picket can, and often does, intimidate a worker or his wife by threats of subsequent reprisals.)

5. The corporate responsibility of trade unions and the personal responsibility of their members for pecuniary damages or penalties in respect of any breach of the law should be restored to precisely the same footing as that of any other corporations or persons.

6. All "sympathetic" strikes should be illegal.

7. A general strike should be declared a criminal offence against the State, and any person inciting others to take part in, or officials proved guilty of organizing, one, should be liable to imprisonment.

8. No form of trade union capable of being used to promote a strike should be permitted in any branch of the Civil Service. (The recent experience has shown that in many respects a general strike is equivalent to a state of war, and that the loyalty of the entire Civil Service is as vital to the public safety as that of the fighting services.)

9. Similarly, the conditions of employment in the essential public utility services, railways, electricity, gas, and water should preclude the possibility of a concerted strike. Appeal in case of wage disputes should be to an arbitral tribunal only. (The "right to strike" having become so generally accepted as unquestionable, it is necessary to point out that it is often a conspiracy against the public interest. The right of a man to withdraw his individual labour, subject to contract, is, of course, unquestionable and a sufficient, as it is the only legitimate, safeguard against "wage-slavery." It suffices for vast numbers of employees outside the unions.)

10. All arbitrary restrictions of output, such as are described in Mr. Good's article on page 761, or instruction by unions to refuse piecework, should be declared illegal, and any union or official attempting openly or surreptitiously to impose them should be prosecuted and subject to penalty.

11. The "open shop" should be universally recognized, i.e. all employers should have complete freedom to engage non-union, equally with union, labour.

If any think that these proposals are too drastic, or that they infringe the reasonable privileges of labour, I

would ask in what single point they injure any legitimate right of the individual worker, any principle of moral law, or any interest of the community?

It may be urged that such changes should be balanced by compensatory legislative regulations of the powers of employers. If any reasoned case for such measures can be made out, the pages of this REVIEW will be open for its statement. The health and safety of workers are already protected by stringent legislation and, should more safeguards be desirable, there is no reason to suppose that Parliament will not be as ready in the future, as in the past, to sanction them. But Parliament cannot enforce an arbitrary rate of wages any more than an employer can compel a worker to accept a wage which he can afford to refuse. The employer's capital embarked in industry in the shape of buildings, plant, etc., would at once be sterilized if he failed to secure the necessary labour. Thus the point at which either capital or labour *can afford to refuse* the offer of the other must obviously be the true economic level of wages, impossible, in the long run, of adjustment by any other means.

We have for too long been looking through the wrong end of the telescope, narrowing our vision of the present and future needs of the nation down to the myopic focus of a mean and ignorant dictatorship. We must realize, now or never, that the prosperity of the nation is based upon the freedom of the individual to win for himself the maximum result of his energy and his ability, and that the duty of the State is to ensure for him conditions under which he shall be rewarded according to his deserts. Only thus can the best qualities of the English character be developed and progress secured. The Trade Unions have aimed at levelling down rather than levelling up. They have decreed that the efficient shall carry the inefficient; they have tried to reduce labour to its lowest common denominator, and to stop evolutionary progress by robbing the better man of his natural incentive to put forth his best efforts. Not until we restore free trade in labour, and reward according to merit, shall we achieve that industrial peace and prosperity which the character of our people and the resources of our Empire should command.

The General Strike and the Law

By David Harrison, LL.D.

(*Author of "Conspiracy as a Crime and as a Tort in English Law"*)

Anglici, sicut boni asini, quicquid eis imponitur tolerantes. "The English, like good-natured donkeys, suffer patiently whatever is thrust upon them."

So wrote an acute and observant Englishman * six hundred years ago, and recent events have demonstrated that his description of our race is still true. Ever since the armistice we have been faced with the threat of a general strike; for nine months it was held as a sword over our heads, yet we did nothing to make it impossible. When at last the blow fell, it was idle to denounce it as unconstitutional, as an attack on parliamentary government, or to clamour for the arrest of those who had ordered it. Such considerations have absolutely no weight in view of the fact that under the law of England as understood at that fateful moment (apart from the breach of contract) the *general strike was perfectly permissible.* It is true that certain high authorities have since expressed a contrary opinion, which will be examined later, but, nevertheless, I contend that it is clear that the public, as distinct from particular individuals or groups of persons, has at present no legal remedy against a general strike.

It is my object in this article to show that this can only be effectually secured by a drastic change in the criminal law of our land. For this purpose it will be necessary to summarize briefly the development of the English law relating to trade unions and strikes, and if this involves a certain amount of technicality, I would urge that the subject is well worth the reader's study. It is no exaggeration to say that at the present moment it is the duty of every loyal British citizen to acquaint himself with the precise state of the law on a subject which has so vital a bearing on his welfare, and the neglect of which has recently cost him so much.

Now, a strike is a combination of several persons by a simultaneous stoppage of work to coerce other persons to act in a certain way to the advantage of the strikers. As such it is closely connected in our law with the offence

* Adam de Murimuth, canon of St. Paul's *temp.* Edward II, in a passage deploring the complaisance of the English in submitting tamely to papal exactions.

known as conspiracy. This latter is one of the most difficult branches of English law. Broadly speaking, however, it may be said that a conspiracy is an agreement by two or more persons to do an act which is generally described as "unlawful," though this word is here used in a unique sense, and does not necessarily imply an act which would be illegal if done by one person. There is no necessity for such an act to have been carried out—provided that the combination is for certain unlawful purposes, the bare agreement is sufficient to make it an illegal conspiracy. Further, it is a crime, that is, an offence against the State, punishable like other misdemeanours by fine or imprisonment (with hard labour in certain cases), and not merely a civil wrong, for which damages may be recovered by the party injured. The origin of the offence dates back to the reign of Edward I.

The importance of the law of conspiracy to the subject of strikes and other activities of trade unions lies in this, that for many years it was at least doubtful whether a strike was not in itself an unlawful conspiracy on various grounds. The earliest industrial combinations were declared illegal by numerous statutes passed in accordance with the mediæval policy of strict regulation of industry and commerce. Shortly after the industrial revolution in the late eighteenth century these old statutes were, owing to grave outbreaks of violence and disorder, drastically reinforced by certain Acts known as the Combination Laws, which virtually suppressed under heavy penalties all combinations of workmen for altering hours, lessening output or hindering or controlling masters in the conduct of their business. These stringent laws remained in force till 1824–5—just a century ago—when they were repealed by an Act which, in effect, permitted such combinations, provided that no violence, intimidation or threats were employed.

This Act was at first thought to have legalized all strikes where nothing beyond a peaceful cessation of work took place, but in course of time considerable doubt was thrown on this by certain judicial decisions, which suggested that, notwithstanding the repeal of the Combination Laws, a strike was still illegal under the traditional common law of the land. This important question was never satisfactorily settled. On the one hand, it was urged that since a single workman might lawfully

(apart from breach of contract) withdraw his labour from his employer, therefore any number of workmen might do so simultaneously without breaking the law. On the other hand, it was argued that the fact of combination made all the difference, since it involved the coercion of persons in the bestowal of their capital or their industry. A third view regarded a strike as lawful if designed merely to obtain a benefit for the strikers (e.g. an increase of wages), but as illegal if intended to hurt others (e.g. to force a master to dismiss non-union workmen).

This uncertainty led to strong agitation by trade unionists, which resulted in the passing of certain relieving Acts, of which the last and chief was the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875. This statute, which is still in force, provided that a combination of two or more persons to do any act in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute should not be punishable as a conspiracy, unless such act if done by one person would be a crime (i.e. unless the object of the combination was to commit a felony or misdemeanour, e.g. murder, arson, theft, etc.). Thus the "right to strike" was at last definitely protected from any operation of the criminal law. Certain acts of violence and intimidation which may possibly arise in the course of a strike were, however, declared illegal, including "picketing," unless carried out "in order merely to obtain or communicate information." Apart from these, however, all strikes and all acts arising out of them, provided that they are peaceful and arise out of a trade dispute, are now protected against a criminal prosecution.

The opinion has, however, been expressed by Sir John Simon and other authorities that the recent strike was illegal—a view which was confirmed by Mr. Justice Astbury's decision in the Seamen's Union case. It is much to be regretted that the learned judge and eminent counsel, when dealing with a matter of such vital importance, did not define their terms. The ordinary layman unversed in the law reads that the strike is "illegal," and at once asks: Then why are not the leaders arrested? The truth is, of course, that an act may be illegal in at least three senses: it may be a breach of contract, in which case an action will lie on the contract itself; it may be a tort, that is, a civil wrong, when an action for damages can be brought by the party

injured; or it may be a crime, that is, an offence against the State, in which case the offender can be prosecuted and, if convicted, fined or imprisoned according to circumstances.

It is agreed that the general strike was illegal in the sense of breaking contracts of service, but in this case the public has no remedy,* only the employers. Even so, they cannot sue a million or two employees. Moreover, this illegality could easily be obviated in future by the strikers giving proper notice. It was clearly not a tort, for no particular individual was struck at. The question remains, therefore, Was it a criminal offence? Now it could only have been such as constituting a criminal conspiracy, for a mere stoppage of work, however widespread, does not amount to an act of treason, sedition, etc. But here two questions arise.

1. A criminal conspiracy being protected in certain cases by the Act of 1875, was the strike within that Act (as interpreted in accordance with the Trade Disputes Act, 1906) as being an "act in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute?" Mr. Justice Astbury has decided that it was not, since the strikers had no dispute with their own employers, nor the Trade Union Congress with the Government. Unless or until the question comes before a higher court this ruling must be accepted as decisive, although it is to my mind somewhat difficult to reconcile with the words of the Act itself and with the judgments of the House of Lords in *Conway v. Wade*, A.C. (1909) 506. The Act, section 5 (3), defines a trade dispute as, *inter alia*, "a dispute between employers and workmen," the word "workmen" being further defined as "all persons employed in trade or industry, *whether or not in the employment of the employer with whom a trade dispute arises.*" In *Conway v. Wade*, Lord Loreburn said: "The section cannot fairly be confined to an act done by a party to a trade dispute"; while Lord Atkinson said: "It is help, assistance, or encouragement to such a dispute that the legislature apparently had in view when it used the words 'in furtherance.'" Now there was a genuine trade dispute in the mining industry, and the general strike might fairly be argued to have

* Except that under section 5 of the 1875 Act persons wilfully breaking contracts of service with the probable consequence of exposing valuable property to serious injury can be prosecuted. But this applies to comparatively few strikers and was not, so far as I am aware, used during the recent strike.

been, on the above reasoning, "in furtherance" of such dispute.* It is idle to say that it was an attempt to coerce the Government. A purely political strike, unconnected with any trade dispute, would of course fall outside the Acts. But once granted that it was "in furtherance of a trade dispute," the coercion of the Government (to continue the coal subsidy or otherwise) was merely incidental. In any case, Mr. Justice Astbury did not, according to the reports at present available, state categorically that the general strike was a criminal offence, and I should be disposed to await further judicial light on the subject.

2. But assuming that the strike was not protected by these Acts, what then? We are thrown back upon Common Law and, as stated above, it is at least doubtful whether a peaceful strike constitutes a criminal conspiracy. The majority of decisions prior to 1875 were definitely against this view, while in one of the few cases to the contrary the judge was careful to state that while a strike to coerce an individual was illegal, a strike to raise wages was lawful. It might be, perhaps, that a general strike, having never occurred before and being so much wider in its extent, is yet a criminal conspiracy from the very nature of that offence. This, however, has never yet been decided, and there is no hint of such a suggestion in Mr. Justice Astbury's judgment. It is to be noticed, further, that there is no particular virtue in the word "general" as applied to the strike. Not all the unions under the Trade Union Congress were ordered to strike, and even if they had been, the Congress does not represent all trade unions. I can see no difference, *as far as the criminal law is concerned*, between a "general strike," such as the last, and a "general" railway strike like that of 1919, which was never regarded as illegal.

There is thus considerable room for doubt as to the precise sense in which the recent strike can be regarded as "illegal," and the matter should be made perfectly plain by further legislation. It is unfair that the public should have no other security against a repetition of the

* The legal reader may also care to refer to the case of *White v. Riley* (1921), 1 Ch. 1, in which the Court of Appeal overruled Mr. Justice Astbury's decision, and also expressed disapproval of his judgment in *Valentine v. Hyde* (1919), 2 Ch. 129. Both cases turned largely on the interpretation of this particular section.

Since the above was written the *Solicitors' Journal* (15 May, 1926) has expressed a similar view.

recent crisis than a mere legal technicality. Let us, therefore, briefly consider the circumstances in which the Act of 1875—the enactment which by its real or supposed protection directly rendered possible the recent catastrophe—was passed. It was a time during which humanitarian ideas were rapidly coming to the fore; after years of agitation trade unions had at last received legal recognition, and had justified their existence by freeing workmen from the evil conditions and exploitation to which they had been subjected half a century earlier. It was, perhaps, natural that Parliament should see fit to grant them an equality of bargaining power with employers, for in those days of small businesses and small trade unions a strike was the only weapon against an oppressive master. If the employees of such a one "struck," it was probably because he deserved it, and in any case, he alone would suffer from such action.

Now, however, conditions have utterly changed. The conditions of the "working classes," their wages, hours, housing, etc., even if still far from ideal, are greatly superior to those of their grandfathers. Arbitration machinery has been set up in many trades; collective bargaining is universally recognized, indeed, in many cases the men's claim to a voice in fixing their conditions of service has been pushed to an extravagant degree, so as to become an unwarrantable interference; the importance of high wages is beginning to be recognized, and, finally, a system of insurance has been established, which has done much to mitigate the burdens of sickness and unemployment. But while the conditions of employees have been improved, their power has increased enormously. Industry has become at once more complex and more unified, trade unions have grown so large as to include the main body of workers in each of the vital industries, while scientific progress has made the community absolutely dependent for its very life on the continued functioning of our gigantic industrial system. The result is that whereas in 1875 a strike affected only a small area and generally harmed only a single employer, in 1926 a strike in any vital industry or undertaking injures the whole community, while a prolonged general strike—an unconceived impossibility when the Act of 1875 was passed—means national suicide.

The need for some restriction of the unlimited "right

to strike" is, therefore, patent. An entirely new situation has arisen, and our laws should be adjusted to meet it accordingly. It should be clearly laid down that no grievance of any body of workers, however great or however genuine, justifies a strike which paralyses the life of the nation by causing a stoppage in any of its vital undertakings. *In such cases* the relief given by the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, should be withdrawn and, inasmuch as it would then be doubtful whether such a strike would be criminal under the common law, legislation should be passed making the calling of such a strike a criminal offence. This, I suggest, could best be effected by the creation of a new species of conspiracy, viz., a combination to injure the community by procuring, ordering or participating in a stoppage of work in a vital industry or undertaking. This method would possess at least two advantages. Such an offence would be analogous to the already existing crime of "conspiracy to produce a public mischief," which includes acts directed against public security or morality, or calculated to defeat justice, or to defraud a section of the public. Further, it would be comparatively easy to enforce, for in conspiracy it is not necessary to prove any "overt act" in the usual sense of these words; the bare agreement is sufficient evidence and is an overt act in advance of the original intention.

In discussions on the amendment of the law relating to strikes the repeal or alteration of the Trade Disputes Act, 1906, is often advocated. This is the gist of Lord Banbury's recent bill in the House of Lords. Now, this suggestion, in my opinion, while admirable as far as it goes, is no remedy for preventing a repetition of the general strike. The Act of 1906, it is true, placed trade unions above the law in the sense of preventing actions for damages being brought against them; it also extended the Act of 1875 so as to legalize "peaceful picketing" for the purpose of persuading men not to work. Otherwise, however, its chief object was to prevent any action for conspiracy being brought on account of a strike, that is, it gave to strikers the same immunity from *actions for civil conspiracy* as the Act of 1875 gave from *prosecutions for criminal conspiracy*. Now, the only persons who could have brought such actions were those directly and immediately struck at by a strike (e.g. non-union

workmen dismissed as a result of the strike); the general public, however much they might suffer, could not sue for damages. The abolition of "peaceful picketing" would, of course, help, for in practice this usually degenerates into shameless intimidation. The Royal Commission of 1906, on whose recommendation the Trade Disputes Act was passed, reported as follows: "The truth is that picketing—however conducted— . . . . is always, and of necessity, in the nature of an annoyance to the person picketed. As such, it must savour of compulsion, and it cannot be doubted that it is because it is found to compel that trade unions systematically resort to it." But here it must be noticed that the success of a strike is secured, not so much by the "peaceful picketing," which the Act of 1906 allows, as by the unlawful intimidation which it does not allow, but which is carried on in spite of the law. Even if all picketing (peaceful or otherwise) were forbidden by law and actually prevented by the police (a difficult task, surely), there is no guarantee against a general strike. In that case, of course, many trade unionists would refuse to leave work, but sufficient would do so from a sense of loyalty to secure a widespread, if slower, dislocation of the country's business. *The only remedy is to make the calling of a strike in any vital industry on a national scale a criminal offence.*

Considerable objections will, no doubt, be raised to this suggestion, not only by the ranks of "organized labour," tenacious as ever of every right, however harmful to the whole community, but by many others who shrink from any extension of the criminal law. It may, therefore, be advisable to anticipate some of these briefly.

It will be said that the proposed new species of conspiracy will be too vague and will lead either to oppression or evasion. The precise definition must, of course, be left to Parliament, but I am confident that there would be no insuperable difficulty in framing a suitable clause. A general strike, or a national strike in one of the key industries, such as railways, coal, transport, electricity, etc., should clearly come within its terms, thus enabling the Government to deal with such immediately they were declared. In the case of lesser strikes which, however, involved considerable dislocation of industry, it could well be left to the courts to decide whether the section applied. The test would be whether the strike

was in effect an attack on an employer only or on the community at large. If the latter, then it would become criminal. This would be perfectly consistent with the underlying principles of our law, for a crime is by its very definition an offence against the community.* It may be pointed out that many useful branches of our criminal law are advisedly left somewhat vague, as in the case of treason, sedition, and, indeed, of most species of conspiracy itself.

Secondly, there will be those who will denounce such legislation as "reactionary," and will insist that the "right to strike" must in no circumstances be limited. To this I would reply that there is no such thing, apart from the right given by our present law. A strike in a vital industry is an act of war against the nation, and as such it stands condemned by every principle of religion, morality, and common sense. Therefore, it is high time that our antiquated criminal law was brought into accord with the moral law. Further, a general strike is an act of treason against the community, and just as our early law of treason was established in a feudal age to curb the great baron who dared to levy war against the king, so our modern law in this age of commerce should sternly repress those who would levy industrial war against the community. If idealist objectors will take the trouble to read carefully the statutes upon which the right to strike is based, they will find that the keynote of all this legislation is contained in the ever-recurring phrase "in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute." What a slogan for idealists! Here are brute force and human passion enshrined as sacred principles! If such legislation is not "reactionary," then nothing is. The proposal outlined above involves no attack upon Labour. As recent events have shown, it is the decent, loyal trade unionists—the bulk, that is, of the labouring classes—who suffer most from any great industrial upheaval. It is scarcely "reactionary" to protect such from the follies of the wilder spirits in their movement. One often hears nowadays the doctrine that the capitalist holds his property in trust for the community. If there is any

* A crime, of course, may be, and often is, a wrong against an individual also (as in the case of murder, larceny, etc.). Such wrongs have, however, been brought within the scope of the criminal law because their commission, while injuring individuals, strikes at the roots of ordered society and, therefore, injures the community also.

validity in this argument, it cannot be confined to the capitalist, but must apply with equal force to the workmen to whom is entrusted the smooth working of a great national undertaking, such as the railways and the coal industry. Is it unreasonable to take measures to secure the nation against a breach of this trust? This is already done in the case of seamen, for a strike at sea is mutiny, since it endangers the ship and all it contains. Should not the same principle apply to the ship of State?

Finally, there will be those who will plead the practical difficulties. You cannot, it will be argued, threaten responsible and popular labour leaders with criminal proceedings. But circumstances may arise in which there is no alternative unless we are prepared to accept the trade unions as our masters and to abandon Parliamentary Government. After all, a people which has deposed five monarchs from their thrones need not flinch from dealing sternly with any trade union official who challenges its very existence. Even Charles I did not decree the starvation of his people!

In the report of the Royal Commission of 1906, already referred to, Mr. Sidney Webb wrote: "I cannot accept the assumption underlying the report that a system of organized struggles between employers and workmen, leading inevitably now and again to strikes and lock-outs . . . represents the only method, or even a desirable method, by which to settle the conditions of employment. A strike or lock-out . . . necessarily involves so much dislocation of industry, so much individual suffering; so much injury to third parties, and so much national loss, that it cannot, in my opinion, be accepted as the normal way of settling an intractable dispute. . . . I cannot believe that a civilized community will permanently continue to abandon the adjustment of industrial disputes—and, incidentally, the regulation of the conditions of life of the mass of the people—to what is, in reality, the arbitrament of private war."

This passage, penned by a member of the late Labour Government, disposes completely of any moral basis for the "right to strike."

Shall we, then, take the necessary steps to prevent any second attempt to destroy our very life, or shall we remain *boni asini*—patient donkeys—to the end of our history?

The Mining Deadlock

By A. E. Ritchie

THE conduct of the nation during the recent upheaval, when a small section pursued its illegal and undemocratic attempt to force its demands upon the community, admittedly has raised the prestige of Great Britain in the eyes of the world. It has demonstrated that the twentieth-century Briton still retains those good qualities which Edmund Burke described as the ancient and imbued integrity, piety, good nature, and good humour of the English people. Although the immediate assault has been repulsed, and the attacking party has retired to count its losses, it would be well not to assume that the final stage in the struggle has been reached; there will have to be a change in the mental outlook of the leaders of Labour before we can hope to settle down as a nation, and co-operate to build anew upon the foundations of mutual good will and understanding which so many far-seeing, thoughtful persons are endeavouring to solidify.

Our May-time experiences have proved how clearly Dean Inge envisaged the situation in the industrial world in his Christmas sermon at St. Paul's last year. The Dean declared that he believed the coming danger threatened from within. "The control of our destinies," he said, "had passed into the hands of that class which seemed to him—he hoped he was not unjust to them—to be at present not the most fully educated in those moral qualities which made a nation great, and united, and happy—the class of organized labour."

It is not possible fully to appreciate the superficial facts with which we are faced in the present condition of the coal industry, unless we also grasp the true inwardness of, and are alive to, the underlying forces that have called them into being. To this end no better guide could be found than Professor James A. Bowie, whose article "The Miner's Mind," in THE ENGLISH REVIEW of February, 1925, deserves careful study. This was followed in the April issue of the same year by an

article of my own called "The Miner's Mind and His Methods," which, I venture to hope, shed some further light upon the problem. Professor Bowie and I attempted, each from his own angle, to show clearly what forces were at work creating a condition of mind inimical to the best interests of the miners themselves and of the nation as a whole. The present position gives point to Professor Bowie's assertion that "the enormously powerful battering-ram the miner possesses through his industrial federation is out of all proportion to his capacity to use it wisely."

Mr. Justice Sankey, after listening for a few days to the *intelligentsia* of the Miners' Federation, gave vent to the ill-conceived and utterly groundless opinion that for a generation the colliery workers had been so educated socially and technically as to have become a national asset. "Why not use it?" he exclaimed. This is one of the many *ex-parte* statements for which the Sankey Commission has achieved so unenviable a notoriety. Professor Bowie, who has had a lengthy, close, personal connection with the miners, amongst whom he has conducted tutorial classes, while not specifically referring to Sir John Sankey's statement, utterly demolishes it, and maintains that in general the miners' education is "horribly backward." They had, he said, the *naïveté* of children in the guise of adults; they were the most abstract of thinkers; they tore statements from their contexts and subscribed to hotly revolutionary doctrines with no knowledge of the system they proposed to uproot, or the substitute they hoped to provide, and, apart from a few notable exceptions, their mental age was not over twelve years. There is no sphere, says the Professor, in which education is more needed, if the men are to be given any measure of control, and control to him apparently connotes part-ownership by the workers. Social pioneers do not realize, he thinks, that it would be futile to give the workers a share in the control without that sobering influence which comes only from the responsibility of ownership. And education, Professor Bowie maintains, should be a condition precedent. To my mind, however, no advance on these lines appears possible unless, and until, the mine-workers have been

purged of the poisonous doctrines instilled into them by that avowed disciple and follower of Karl Marx and Lenin, Mr. A. J. Cook.

Those outside the industry may laugh at Mr. Cook's rodomontades, assuming that the very extravagance of his language lessens his power for evil; nevertheless the effect of iteration and reiteration is well known, and for this reason Cook cannot be regarded save as a menace. For years he has been preaching to the miners the necessity for abandoning any idea of community of interest with the employers, advocating a policy of open hostility, in order that the owners' profits may be destroyed and the mines pass into the control of the workers.

The public must at times have wondered why the voices of some of the more rational members of the Miners' Federation are never heard preaching co-operation instead of antagonism, and goodwill in place of unyielding hostility. Mr. Frank Hodges, it is true, who is now but indirectly connected with the Federation, has tried to stem the torrent of Mr. Cook's verbosity, and, to his credit it must be said, Mr. Frank Varley, M.P., who is on the men's executive, has been a voice in the wilderness crying for peace with none to heed him. Labour leaders as a class, however, have set up for themselves a fetish, which they worship under the name of "Solidarity," whose dictates they obey even against their better judgment. For some years past I have been pointing out the road to ruin which Mr. Cook was travelling; by cajolery at one time and by taunts at another I have tried to make the miners' leaders, and particularly Mr. Herbert Smith, the President of the Miners' Federation, declare openly either for or against Mr. Cook's policy. But none of the executive has had the courage to challenge his leadership and tell the men whither he was leading them. Thus it has come about that over a million miners are idle in the streets of our mining towns and villages—with hands in pockets and bitter feelings in their hearts against those whose interests and theirs are inseparable, did they but realize it. The members of our great basic industry might have advanced along that path to peace which we all would wish

to see them travel; instead, we are back to the conditions prevailing before the strike of 1921, and, apparently, involved in a dispute which promises to follow upon the same lines. It is an undeniable fact that the miners are endeavouring to secure wages beyond the capacity of the industry to pay, and it should not be forgotten that the short strike of October, 1920, which preceded the great upheaval in 1921, was settled upon the understanding that the mine-owners and miners should "proceed forthwith to prepare a scheme . . . for the regulation of wages in the industry, having regard, among other considerations, *to the profits of the industry* and to the principles upon which any surplus profits are to be dealt with." It is common knowledge that an agreement upon these lines had not been reached when, owing to the heavy losses the Government was incurring over its control of the industry, the "control" period was abruptly terminated. The owners consequently had to make the best offer they could to the miners. That offer was rejected, and all the pits in the country came to a standstill. Space does not permit me to recapitulate the course of the three-cornered negotiations that ensued, but I might remark that essentially they did not differ from those of to-day. There is a familiar ring in the statement made at the Miners' Conference of June 28, 1921, that "the Nation was only beginning to feel the miners' grip on its throat." However, the end was then immediately at hand, for on July 1 the Terms of Settlement were signed, which secured to the men a minimum addition of 20 per cent. to their 1914 standard wages. It should be noted that, when these Terms of Settlement were signed, the Board of Trade index figure for cost of living was 119, and during the three years the Agreement continued in operation, i.e. until May 1, 1924, it averaged 90. *It has now fallen to* 68.

Apart from the blow dealt to the industry by the introduction of the seven hours' day, the greatest injury it has suffered in recent years was inflicted by the miners themselves when they took advantage of a Labour Government to force the owners, against their better judgment, and in order to avoid another stoppage,

to raise the minimum from 20 per cent. to 33⅓ per cent. The Report of the Coal Commission states that this additional increase, conceded at a time of temporary prosperity due to the abnormal conditions in the Ruhr, was not justified by the economic position of the industry, and that it is essential for it to be abandoned. Only by a revision of the minimum percentage, they say, can the coal-mining industry be saved from an immediate collapse. But the miners will not agree to any revision of their wages, nor, indeed, will they budge one hair's-breadth from the attitude they have taken up in accordance with their slogan: "Not a penny off the pay, not a second on the day." What the public does not realize, perhaps, when it feels disposed to view with disfavour any attempt to reduce the miners' present wages, is that it would not only be pleasanter from the humanitarian point of view, but actually more profitable, were the conditions in the industry such as to warrant a rise instead of necessitating a reduction in wages. The Coal Commission concur in the view that a reduction is inevitable, if disaster is to be avoided, and it is well that the public should be informed in terms of wages per shift exactly what a revision would mean. Appendix No. 26 to the Report contains a table showing the actual earnings of underground and surface workers in detail during the first four weekly pays beginning in September, 1923, when the 1921 Agreement was still in force. The following is a summary of the table:

	Per Shift.
Adult miners working at the coal face	14/4.99d.
Average of total adult underground labour	12/4.77d.
Average of total adult surface labour	8/10.23d.
Average of 202,336 boys underground and surface ..	5/5.41d.
Women and girls, aged and infirm workers	6/0.61d.

The following figures relate to allowances additional to wages:

Workers having free houses	54,467
,, with rent allowances in lieu of houses	69,716
,, supplied with free coal	188,609
,, with coal at reduced prices	333,420
Total of persons who receive allowances	646,212

It must be obvious that, if the miners could carry on for three years when the minimum addition to their 1914 wages was 20 per cent., and the cost of living averaged 90, there can be no particular hardship involved in a reversion to the same wages now that the cost of living is down to 68.

For the deadlock with which we are now faced I maintain that the Commission are responsible; by the insertion in their Report of four lines they have destroyed the immediate value of their nine months' labour. I quote the concluding paragraph of the section headed "Revision of Minimum Percentage" on page 229 of the Report:

> It is necessary, finally, to emphasize the fact that, in our view, revision of the minimum percentage should depend upon acceptance by all parties of such measures of reorganization as will secure to the industry a new lease of prosperity leading to higher wages.

This principle is further stressed in No. 1 of their "Suggestions for Meeting the Situation," where it is stated:

> Before any sacrifices are asked from those engaged in the industry it shall be definitely agreed between them that all practical means for improving its organization and increasing its efficiency should be adopted as speedily as the circumstances in each case allow.

It would appear that the foregoing conditional clauses were an afterthought, or were, perhaps, inserted to meet the views of some one or other of the Commissioners in order to secure unanimity, for they have a most devastating effect upon the following *obiter dicta*, which embody the only really practical recommendations in the Report.

> Page 227.—We come reluctantly, but unhesitatingly, to the conclusion that the costs of production, with the present hours and wages, are greater than the industry can bear.

> Page 227.—The increase of the minimum percentage, so as to make the minimum wage rate of every man 11 per cent. higher than before, was not justified.

> Page 228.—We see no escape from giving up this minimum of 1924.

> Page 229.—What we contemplate is not a permanent lowering of wage standards, but a temporary sacrifice by the men . . . other

than the worst paid. . . . Whatever sacrifice they can reasonably be called to make cannot avoid the need for heavy sacrifices by the mine-owners.

Page 232.—We agree that immediate measures are indispensable to deal with the immediate position.

Page 236.—If the present hours are to be retained we think a revision of the minimum percentage addition to standard wages . . . is indispensable. A disaster is impending over the industry, *and the immediate reduction of working costs that can be effected in this way, and in this way alone, is essential to save it.*

I have taken the liberty of employing italics to emphasize this most vital pronouncement.

Page 236.—By a revision of the minimum percentage coal mining would be saved from immediate collapse.

The effect of linking up reorganization proposals with the demand for the revision of the minimum percentage has been to enable the miners to take a stand that would otherwise have been untenable. The Commission have placed themselves in a totally illogical position; they state in the most unequivocal terms that the industry is threatened with disaster which can be averted only by a revision of the minimum percentage, and then inferentially they declare that no attempt should be made to prevent the catastrophe until their reorganization proposals, which, admittedly, have no immediate bearing on the situation, have been accepted by all parties.

Verily has the mountain laboured and brought forth a mouse!

If the present deadlock is to be ended within a reasonable period the Government must pursue the courageous policy which characterized them during the General Strike, and loosen some of the restrictions which previous administrations have imposed on the coal industry. Restore the Eight Hours Act, and provide the rank and file of the miners with machinery that will enable them to express themselves through the medium of the secret ballot.

The Truth about Trade Union Restrictions

By E. T. Good

THE extent, cost and results of trade union restrictions are not fully understood by those who contend that British employers are not so progressive as they might be. British industry is not under the complete control of employers. It is largely controlled by trade unions. A remarkable feature of to-day is that, whilst our workmen desire cheapness and abundance of commodities, their unions do much to make things dear and scarce. They cause much loss of trade, employment, and wages. Let the facts be faced.

Trade union restrictions fall broadly under these headings:

1. On working hours, especially overtime and night-shifts.
2. On numbers employed on a given piece of work.
3. On apprentices.
4. On the choice of men for specified jobs—that is, demarcation.
5. On output per man and/or machine.
6. On employment of non-union men.
7. On employers' right of selection, even of foremen.
8. On piecework or other payment by results.
9. On introduction of new machinery and methods.
10. On promotion of workmen according to merit.

Taking the broad facts of British industry as affected by labour restrictions, what do we find? With vastly improved methods and machinery, our man-day output of coal is 30 per cent. less than it was forty years ago, with the result that we are losing trade owing to costly production. In the last ten years the number of bricks laid per man-day has been only half that of a generation ago, so that we suffer something like a house famine, and there is limited demand for labour to make building materials, house furnishings, etc. In the steel, engineering, and shipbuilding group of trades we have lost trade and money beyond computation owing to costly and

restricted output, delayed delivery, etc., caused through trade union interference. Details will be given shortly. To-day the world is using almost 100 per cent. more steel and steel products than it did in, say, 1907—our record export year; but our exports have not only failed to keep pace with this growing demand, they have actually fallen by 40 per cent., whilst our imports—indications of the force of foreign competition—are 250 per cent. greater than they were in 1907.

Limitation of apprentices is one of the chief restrictive rules. Here is a typical case taken from the rules of the Boilermakers' and Shipbuilders' Union: "The number of apprentices must not exceed 1 to 5 journeymen working in any shop or yard. This to apply in slack times as well as busy times." This means that the full complement of apprentices cannot be taken on by the employers, because, owing to fluctuations of the trade there would, in slack times, have to be dismissals of the apprentices, if the full number were taken on in busy periods.

The rules of the Foundry Workers' Union include this: "Members are strictly enjoined to dispense with the employment of boys as assistants altogether. No member of this Society to have more than one assistant or apprentice, and then only when absolutely necessary."

Trade unions set it out definitely that one of their objects is to "restrict the number of apprentices." Only a few days ago one of the leaders of a building trade union sent out a circular (private and confidential) urging the local branches "to limit apprentices" in every way possible in order to create or maintain a labour scarcity. And this whilst houses are standing uncompleted through shortage of certain grades of skilled labour! Incidentally, the nation is being driven to adopt houses other than those of brick and stone, so that the ordinary building trade monopoly is in danger. Trade unionism may once more defeat its own object.

Opposition to payment by results is a serious feature of trade unionism, though some unions accept the system. Time-rate wages tend to slackness, inefficiency, and costliness. Here are some union rules. Amalgamated Society of Woodworkers; Rule 32 (1) provides for fines in cases

where members violate the recognized rules by "working on a co-partnership system or any system of premium, bonus, or of payment by result." Amalgamated Engineering Union: Rule 22 (a) says: "No member shall ask for or take work by any system of payment by results, or contract in any firm or factory where such system of payment does not exist without the approval of, and in conformity with, the conditions as laid down by the District Committee." Boilermakers' Society: Rule 43 provides that "it is not in the interest of the Society that piecework should be done, and members must only take piecework outside the regular lists after consultation with other members of the same shop," and sub-rule 11 reads that "Any member (or members) causing piecework to be introduced into any shop or yard where it is not already in existence, or working piecework without first laying the matter before his Branch and obtaining consent of the District Committee, shall be fined £5 for the first offence, and expelled for the second."

Yet the Joint Committee of Shipbuilding Employers and Shipyard Unions, in their interim report, made this noteworthy statement: "Certain sections already work upon systems of payment by results in our industry, and this has beneficial results in a quickened and less costly production." Herewith are a few illustrations taken from the report of the Joint Investigation Committee of Engineering and Shipbuilding Employers and Trade Unions in 1921:

"Mechanics fitting watertight sliding shutters: On time, 490 hours; payment by results, 150 hours.

"Shipwrights . . . laying decks, timework, 2,601 man hours; on piece, identical work, 1,151 hours.

"Riveters: 176 rivets per squad on time; 722 on piece.

"Ship-frame setting: On time, 14 weeks to do 54 pairs; on piece, 5½ weeks to do 80 pairs."

Some of the restrictive rules are remarkably phrased, and often have remarkable results. For instance, the Boilermakers' Union has this rule: "In order to achieve the above objects, the Society shall have power, in addition to any other powers given them by law, or by these rules, to impose such restraints upon the labour of its

members, or generally to interfere, whether such interference is in restraint of trade or not, but so far only as may be otherwise lawful, with the trade or conduct of such industries, businesses, and occupations as may be deemed expedient." The engineers have a similar rule. Besides this, some of the unions give their district committees wide powers, and these committees sometimes go much further than the national executives.

For example, the National Union of Foundry Workers has these rules: "Any member having so much time allowed for certain jobs shall be compelled to absorb the whole of such time on the task, or be fined £1 for each offence," and any member "doing or enforcing more than may be considered a reasonable day's work shall be warned . . . and if such warning be ignored . . . shall be fined." One of the district rules says: "Any member doing more than is considered a reasonable day's work shall be reported to Shop Committee, who will warn the member, and if such warning be ignored, complaint will be made to Branch Committee, who shall investigate the case, and, if the member or members be found guilty, a fine of 20s. will be imposed. On a repetition of the offence the member will be liable to expulsion."

How such rules work out may be gathered from the fact that men have been fined for putting in a little overtime to save an important and valuable casting from being spoilt.

Demarcation restrictions are among the most costly and vexatious of our labour limitations, and are found in a most aggravated form in the shipbuilding and engineering trades. In this group there are as many as fifty-five unions, each claiming for its members strictly defined jobs. The restrictions have been carried to absurd lengths. Here is a typical rule (Union of Coppersmiths, Braziers, etc.): "No coppersmith be allowed to bend pipes from wire templates bent by anyone other than a coppersmith." This means that an engineer cannot take pattern for a small copper pipe, but must wait until a coppersmith is fetched, possibly from a long distance, to make the template. A few years ago there was a fire in Plymouth dockyard. The motor fire engine was got out. It developed a slight defect. The driver

said he could easily have put the matter right. But union rules prohibited that; so the fire burned away merrily for half an hour until a member of the proper trade union could be brought from a considerable distance.

A flanged pipe on a steamer's deck got broken. A ship-boy put a rough wooden protection round it. When the boat got to port for repairs, there had to be a conference to decide whose job it was to remove the temporary wooden protection. A fitter could mend the pipe, it was decided, but he could not remove the wooden boards, though a kick would have shifted them. Was a carpenter or joiner to be employed to move the wood? When that was settled, there had to be another conference to decide whether a fitter or a plumber was to mend the pipe, as the problem was found to be complicated by the existence of a patent screw top. The result in cash was £14 for a job which might easily have been done for 12s. 6d.

A hospital wanted two notice boards. The manager of a shipyard promised to supply them. It was not, of course, shipyard work, and the boards were to be a gift. Some shipwrights were just about to be suspended owing to slackness, but all the joiners were fully employed. The job of making the boards was, therefore, given to the shipwrights. The joiners immediately went on strike and remained out several weeks, holding up the work of the establishment and throwing other men out of employment. The joiners even remained out on strike after the work had been taken out of the hands of the shipwrights.

A ship was about to leave port when it was noticed that a gangway needed a new tread. The job was small and could easily have been done in half a day. A shipwright was asked to do it. All joiners at the repair yard were fully employed, but they went on strike as a protest against a shipwright doing the little job, and the ship and the yard were held up until a national conference of employers and union representatives could settle the matter.

On a recent occasion a deputation of joiners waited upon a director to protest that a handy-man had no right to use a two-foot rule, as that was solely a joiner's tool.

In another case a half landing in the staircase of a

passenger ship wanted mending. Joiners were set on to do the job. Shipwrights claimed that it was their work, because the landing rested on steel beams, and, therefore, it was "technically a deck." There was a strike extending to 365 men and 18,000 work hours, to say nothing of holding up the ship, crew, and passengers. Our industrial records teem with such cases.

The overmanning of jobs or machines is another serious point. In American and some Continental shops automatic machines are arranged in groups, and one man minds several of the machines. In our country the Engineering Union set up determined opposition to the plan, and raised the slogan, "One man, one machine." The installation of machinery was discouraged, costs were kept too high, and trade was lost. The Boilermakers' Union was just as bad. It made a rule under the heading of "Members acting contrary to trade's interests," providing that riveting machines in shipyards must be worked by full squads of riveters (as in hand riveting), and that any members working short-handed should be fined. The same union's rule regarding oxy-acetylene burners was still more far-fetched. It was claimed that twenty-five men should be employed, if three burners were used. This was eventually reduced to fifteen men, but fifteen are too many.

Limitation of overtime and nightshifts forms another obstacle to economical and speedy work and the attraction of trade. This limitation has to some extent been relaxed in the latest agreement, as regards ship repairs, but we have still far too many restrictions. Among the rules affecting this matter there is the one of the Coppersmiths' and Braziers' Union which says that "no overtime is to be worked while any member is unemployed." Other unions impose the same restriction. It means that urgent repairs are not to have overtime work; that breakdowns are not to be speedily dealt with; and that many men are to be thrown out of work in one place, simply because some mechanics in some other place are unemployed owing to slackness in new construction work. We have had some amazing results from this kind of restriction. We have had many disputes. We have lost ship repair and other jobs beyond count. The big

engineering lock-out over "managerial functions" in 1922 was largely over this matter. So was the boilermakers' stoppage in the shipyards in 1924.

Here is a sample of overtime restriction. A ship had been in collision, and was dry-docked. The work was nearly finished at the usual knocking-off time. Only eighteen rivets remained to be hammered down—a few minutes' work. The necessary overtime was refused, and the ship was detained another day and night waiting for the next suitable tide. Demurrage costs were very considerable. Ships requiring thousands of pounds of repairs have been towed to the Continent, and our men have lost the work, because the foreigners could guarantee both cheaper and more speedy work than our people, owing to fewer trade union restrictions.

Prohibition of promotion according to ability is a black blight on British industry. It is going to be an acute problem in the near future. With the stronger organization of the general workers—the unapprenticed men—which has taken place since the war, a demand is springing up that handy-men be given some opportunity of improving their position. This is in direct conflict with craft unionism. On the Continent and in America labour is divided roughly, as in our country, into three grades: skilled, semi-skilled, and unskilled; but with this vital difference, that in those countries the grades are not in watertight compartments, and sub-compartments, as with us. Abroad, men are promoted, or can move up, according to their abilities, and they may be relegated, if inefficient. For instance, a foreigner may leave the plough at any age and start as a grade III worker, and then, if clever, work his way up into grades II and I. But in our country a man is condemned by trade unionism to remain an unskilled labourer for life, if his parents did not apprentice him to a craft when he was a lad. A foreigner who is in grade I by reason of apprenticeship may be reduced to grade II, and even to grade III, if he is incompetent, whereas with us the apprenticed man is kept in the high grade, and his union demands fully-skilled rates for him, if he is an indifferent mechanic, just as the clever and ambitious labourer is kept down among the "bottom dogs."

Amateur Strategy

By Major-General Sir George Aston, K.C.B.

In the early days of the war our military strategy was governed by a plan that had been drawn up by the "expert" members of the Committee of Imperial Defence to employ the British Army in aid of the French in the event of an unprovoked attack by Germany. Full details are to be found in Lord Haldane's "Before the War," and in various other memoirs, reminiscences, and official publications. The German plan was to defeat France with all possible dispatch, and then to turn attention to Russia. In September, 1914, that plan failed, largely on account of the soundness of the British plan, of which the keynote was concentration upon a single purpose, the defeat of the German Army. In November Turkey joined our enemies. No plan had been drawn up to meet such a contingency. The Committee of Imperial Defence had ceased to function. The Secretariat had, however, been maintained, and its *personnel* and records were at the disposal of the Cabinet of twenty-two members, the "Sanhedrin," which bore the nominal responsibility for our military strategy. Turkey's hostility opened up wide areas of territory affording opportunities for diverting our forces from the original purpose, the defeat of the German Army, and directing them against the Turks. The only British interests affecting the conduct of the war that were threatened, or likely to be threatened, by Turkish armies were the Persian oilfields and the traffic through the Suez Canal. Up to January, 1915, only a bare minimum of British Empire military man-power, munitions, and sea transport were diverted to guard these interests. That month marked the turning-point in military strategy which caused us ultimately to employ nearly 40 per cent. of our military man-power, and a vast quantity of shipping and munitions, against subsidiary objectives.

AMATEUR STRATEGY

Early in January the "War Council," an inner ring of Cabinet Ministers by that time in charge of our war strategy, had before it a plan, agreed upon between the British and the French army commanders, for an offensive movement against the German army, a movement which must appreciably have relieved the pressure upon the main Russian army in the Eastern theatre in 1915. The plan of the allied army commanders on the Western front was approved, but it had ultimately to be abandoned on account of a decision to attempt to force the Dardanelles, and to "take" the Gallipoli Peninsula, first without using any troops for the purpose (although the peninsula contained a Turkish army, stiffened and led by Germans), but afterwards by using a large army. That was the first of what Lord Grey of Fallodon has called our chief mistakes in strategy side-shows. ("Twenty-five Years," vol. ii, pages 71–72.)

According to the same authority:

> The part of a civilian Government is to see that the highest professional posts in the Admiralty and War Office, and the chief commands in the army and navy, are filled by soldiers and sailors best qualified for them; and that these are supported in the use of armed forces.

Before the outbreak of war the civilian Government supported its "experts"—the soldiers and sailors holding responsible professional posts at the War Office and Admiralty—in their strategical plans. This continued until January, 1915, when this policy was reversed. Decisions by the War Council in that month led to the Dardanelles adventure, which, in its turn, caused further great diversions of force from the main purpose, and unfortunate events of which the echoes are still reverberating in the East. So far no one has borne the responsibility. The only point made clear by the Commission appointed by Parliament was that the initiators of an offensive against Turkey, whoever they may have been, failed to obtain more than the "half-hearted and hesitating support" of expert seamen and soldiers. Access to the evidence given before that Commission is still denied to historians.

The ostensible reason, given by the Commission, for conducting an offensive against Turkey was the need for

a demonstration to relieve the pressure upon the Russian army in the Caucasus. Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Ellison shows, in his "Perils of Amateur Strategy," * that this plea has no force. "On January 4 this movement ended most disastrously for the Turks at Sarikamisch, and after that date the Russians were more than able to hold their own in the Caucasus."

It was not until January 13 that the War Council ordered the Admiralty to prepare to take the Gallipoli Peninsula without the aid of troops. The steps then taken by the Admiralty forced the hand of the War Council,† which, on January 28, decided, against the advice of the First Sea Lord, submitted in writing to the Prime Minister, to proceed with the naval operation. Sir Gerald Ellison further explains that:

> Within three months of war being declared every one of the safeguards introduced in 1904 to ensure that the best expert opinion should play a responsible part in the conduct of war had disappeared.
>
> A system far worse than what had obtained in 1899, worse, possibly, than ever before in our history, was substituted.
>
> The collective responsibility of both the Board of Admiralty and the Army Council had disappeared, and neither the First Lord nor the Secretary of State for War spoke at the War Council with the sanction of their respective boards behind them.

Serious misunderstandings, gravely prejudicing the conduct of the war, arose regarding the status of expert advisers. They were no longer summoned as members, as they had been to the Committee of Imperial Defence, but were merely invited by their departmental chiefs to accompany them to a War Council, which met in the Cabinet room at No. 10 Downing Street, and possessed the supreme powers of decision which ordinarily pertain to the Cabinet alone. In such an atmosphere expert opinion was inarticulate, and to this cause is attributed the disastrous Dardanelles campaign, with its waste of human life.

The author maintains that, under such conditions, it was possible for a civilian Cabinet Minister, an "amateur strategist," to achieve the revolution in our military strategy which the Dardanelles campaign represented.

* Longmans. 5s. net.

† Dardanelles Commission (Cd 8490).

Into the methods of procedure applied to achieve this purpose it is impossible to inquire in a short article. We gather from Sir Gerald Ellison's book that they included: (1) misleading the members of the War Council on January 28 by assurances that the navy would at first undertake only preliminary operations, easily abandoned, and that no troops would be asked for; (2) trying, on the day following that assurance, to induce the Army Commander in France to promise to release reinforcements of troops due to him in March; (3) advertising broadcast the preliminary naval operation of February 19 and further intentions, thus contributing materially to the terrible losses subsequently incurred by the army; and (4) then (February 26) pressing for the only trained troops available for the army in France; and so on, the result, as described by Lord Grey, who as Foreign Secretary was a member of the War Council, being that "we stood publicly committed to an attack on the Dardanelles as a serious effort, from which we could not withdraw, except by admission of a serious defeat." ("Twenty-five Years," vol. ii, p. 70.)

General Ellison pleads that no malice shall be borne, but that lessons learned at a sacrifice so tremendous shall not be lost in oblivion. "Individuals pass, systems remain. A system which produced a Gallipoli campaign cannot go unchallenged and unchanged." The evidence which he provides in support of his contention is overwhelming.

Denmark and her Frontiers

By Marguerite Coote

MENTION the blessed word "minorities," and the imagination immediately takes train towards those distant places where the Hungarian peasant gazes bitterly on the lost orchards of Transylvania, or the children of Southern Tyrol, reared in the shadow of the eternal Dolomites, are denied education in the language of their fathers. Farther afield, the train of thought runs along its familiar rails—through Czecho-Slovakia, Greece, and troubled Turkey. But northward and nearer home there are other minorities that have their own prejudices and their own problems. For a thousand years the history of Denmark has been a history of her own wars. To-day, by the irony of fate, the nation finds the even surface of those smooth channels into which she has at last steered her way ruffled by storms that are the making of other nations and of a war in which the Danes themselves took no part.

If less is heard of the story of these minorities, the difficulties are none the less acute or the feelings aroused less keen. The Treaty of Versailles restored to Denmark the territory which she had lost as the bitter aftermath of 1864. In their policy since 1919, the Danish people have shown a far-sighted moderation, and have asked back only that part of the country which definitely wished to return under Danish rule. With a majority of 75 per cent. of the votes in the plebiscite Denmark was left with no doubt as to the wishes of the people. Indeed, their joy on returning to their fatherland knew no bounds. At the Royal castle of Frederiksborg there hangs a picture, which tells more deeply than any words the glad story of the freed peasants in Slesvig. King Christian X is riding over the border on his white horse. The houses are gay with flowers, flags fly from the roof-tops, and tears of joy unashamed are in almost every eye. As the King approaches the triumphal archway he bends down and picks up a child from the crowd and carries her in front of him on his horse. It was a happy inspiration, for the crowd understood his meaning, and cheer followed cheer through the still air. He would protect his newly returned

people with the same love and protection that he would give a child, and in return he demanded the same trust from them.

International problems, however, are not settled by heroic paintings, and the readjustment of the boundary line was followed by inevitable difficulties, which only now seem likely of solution. A very important step on the way has been taken in the decision of the German Government to grant educational concessions to the Danish minority in the frontier districts of Slesvig. Under the new regulations, the local authorities in the frontier districts of Flensburg and South Tindern are bound upon the application of the guardians and parents of at least twenty-four children, to recognize the need for the establishment of a State elementary school on Danish lines. Hitherto there has been only one State elementary school in Flensburg, where instruction is given in the Danish language, and one private school supported by the Danish community. Although the German language will be a compulsory subject in the new State minority schools, all instruction will be given in Danish. Teachers who have been trained in Denmark will be employed, and the children will be taught national customs and Danish history. The establishment of private schools of a more advanced type is also authorized and, if proved necessary, State subsidies may be granted to these schools.

These concessions are doubly welcome because they prove that the fair treatment of the German-speaking minorities in Danish Slesvig has at last been recognized by Germany. Denmark has led the way among the nations who treated their minority problems with sound common-sense. She did not forget that, in spite of the large majority in favour of a return to Danish rule, feelings run high, and national sentiment dies hard. Although in a political sense Danish, a certain portion of the population was bound to remain German in sentiment. The difficulties were grave. An intensive system of propaganda was carried on at one time, and it was obvious that Germany intended sometime, and somehow, to regain her lost possessions. Denmark was wise enough to know that by granting far-reaching concessions to the German minority, she was at the same time building up

her own strength. She granted to every subject of the State religious freedom, and liberty in education. The new subjects were granted freedom of the Press, the right of association, and of assembly. In fact, Denmark based her legislation in South Jutland on the fullest freedom for all.

To the German demand for a treaty establishing mutual rights Denmark has remained adamant. The traditional policy of the nation has always been to resist interference by outside powers, and she felt that such a treaty would, in the end, only give rise to strained relations. It is possible that Germany's polite acceptance of the situation may be inspired, at least in part, by the desire to appear as a model in all things where minorities within her boundaries are concerned—especially with the vision of a place in the sun of Geneva at the back of her mind. But the amicable settlement of mutual differences is none the less encouraging.

So far as the League itself is concerned, Denmark, from the very beginning, has been a keen and energetic member. She has accepted for a period of five years the optional clause recognizing the compulsory jurisdiction of the Permanent Court. With regard to the proposed extension of the Council of the League of Nations, Denmark has decided to support the Swedish policy. There is a distinct feeling that any enlargement of the Council, other than Germany's entrance as a permanent member, might be injurious to the interests of small States within the League.

So do the questions of the hour appeal to the watcher from a Copenhagen window. They may seem remote and almost academic to the British people, and yet between Britain and Denmark exist the strongest ties. Both are seafaring nations, and in the hearts of each are enshrined the traditions of centuries of warfare against the cruelties of tempest and storm. The Danish sailor is of direct Viking stock, and the Danish nation still pilots the shipping of the world upon the highway of progress. The oil-burning motor-ships, the "smokeless marine" that is making industrial history, are a Danish invention, and to-day they are seen on all the ocean tracks flying the "Danneborg"—the national ensign. Incidentally, this is

proudly claimed to be the oldest national flag in the world. In 1219 at the Battle of Reval, Valdemar the Victorious conquered the Esthonians, and the story goes that when the battle, which lasted three days, was at its height, the Danneborg fell from heaven in inspire the Danish hosts. This flag, with its white cross on a red field, Valdemar brought back with his triumphant armies.

The Free Port of Copenhagen, with its 700,000 inhabitants, is the key to the Baltic. No one can have looked upon its busy docks without being impressed by the scene of thriving trade and enterprise. What is most amazing—amid this scene of bustle there is nothing but spotless cleanliness. It is far more like a scene in a play or a panorama at an exhibition. Everything is orderly, and no unsavoury smell of oil or gutted fish rises to appeal to other senses beside the eye. And what a background! Come into Copenhagen on a spring morning from the Sound and see the exquisite silhouette of the towers—like some design upon the border of old lace. Each tower rises more beautiful than the last and lends the city the air of some enchanted dreamland. On the borders one sees majestic beech woods with lowly thatched cottages nestling 'neath their branches—it is not difficult to see the source whence Hans Christian Andersen found inspiration for the fairy tales which have delighted children all over the world. The salt in the air has wrought its magic upon the copper roofs and turned them into dazzling patches of jade-green.

The all-pervading spirit in Denmark is cheerfulness. Although financially the Danes have been badly hit since the war and tell pathetic tales of poverty and bankruptcy, nothing seems really to depress them. It is strange to find this happy-go-lucky atmosphere side by side with such practical hard-working common sense.

But that is Denmark. Whether it be in the roadsteads of Copenhagen, where the ships of a world's fleet swing at anchor, or out on the moors of Jutland that have been reclaimed from the sea—where the Danish farmer sets an example in industry and efficiency that might well be followed elsewhere—there is the same healthy optimism and the same clear-headed judgment that alike seem the product of the crisp Northern air.

The Favoured Vale

By Halliwell Sutcliffe

UNDER the waste lands leading from Greenhow to the Wharfe there lies a hollow of surprising poetry and romance. Appletreewick village runs all down its steep hill into this hollow, and it seems as old as the hills themselves. Grey, self-contained, austere in its picturesqueness, only its name suggests the drowsy hum of bees in orchard blossoms.

The hall that stands at its top is massive, full of the dignity that is part, too, of the thick-thewed elms that keep watch about it. Its outbuildings are spacious, the herbs in its garden are scions of a stock that throve in the days when housewives knew the virtues of all the simples, and were not too indolent to brew healing physics. The very grindstone in the corner by the far laithe brings that charm of old which is beyond explaining.

Within, there is a minstrel gallery, unspoiled as the oaken beams that were once a forest tree, grown from an acorn wind-sown in the dim ages, somewhere on a neighbouring slope. Incredibly sufficing, staunch, this hall of ancient lineage; and sufficing, too, is the story of one who came to its ownership and carried the honour well.

William Craven's tale, if one omits the cat and the journey on foot, is precisely Dick Whittington's. The son of an Appletreewick peasant, he served his apprentice years in the dale, was fired by ambition to dig gold up from London's streets, and went thither on a carrier's cart that took three weeks for the journey. He found lowly service with a merchant of the city, worked his way up the ladder of advancement, set up in business for himself, and married his late master's daughter. When the seventeenth century was very young, not quite in its teens as yet, he became Lord Mayor of London, and was knighted.

There is nothing singular in all this. No city could live for three generations unless its arteries were infused with red blood from the country. What is arresting in Sir William's romance is the inner lamp he kept alight throughout the days of his prosperity. His pride harked

ever back to the country that had bred him. Before he left his dale he had won the knighthood of a deep and selfless caring for the land that was his, for the folk who were his people. Over and over again, in those thrifty days of exile, he must have yearned to stand just where one is standing now—on the roadway bordering Appletreewick Hall, with Simon's Seat rugged and wise above the pine woods and the moor. He would remember how, between the storms of March great floods of sunlight chased the grim cloud-wrack out of sight, and how, in the year's riper days, a glory and a flame were flung wide from breaking heather-bloom.

He returned to his birthplace, and bought the hall that had fed his dreams in days gone by. Riches brought no arrogance. Plenty, and doffing of caps when he took the village street, only quickened his simple gratitude to life. He was a knight, indeed, for common rumour has no casual gibe at his claim to be without fear and without reproach.

The next link in his family chain was another William Craven. A soldier to the bones of him, he went abroad to fight for the King of Bohemia, struggling against harsh odds. And there he found the King's Consort, sister to our own Charles the First; found, too, a company of English gentlemen whose every thought was clean-hearted to guard the hapless Winter Queen. Through troubles unbelievable, through panic and rough journeys, William Craven was the leader of her gentry. He brought her safely over to England when the last hazard came, and afterwards they stood in the fireglow together one wintry evening, and she thanked him for his services.

"What reward, my knight?" she asked. "Nothing is too much to claim."

"Yes, one thing is," he said—and said no more till her two hands were on his shoulders.

"You are so proud—proud of your humility. Have we not lived in camps together, you and I?"

A wonder and a joy were showing now in Craven's face, but he told himself this thing could not be true. He had worshipped from afar so long. This widowed queen must always be remote from such as he.

"Ah, dull and stubborn," she said, with quiet

raillery. "If I were a beggarmaid and you the King, show me how you'd play the part."

"If I were King," said he, with rough eagerness, "I'd build you golden steps right up to my throne. I'd take your hands in sight of all the people, and tell them you were mine. And I'd laugh with joy to know it true."

"If I were Queen—who am one no longer, save in name—I'd marry where my heart was, too."

So Craven knew it true, and kissed her, not as Royalty, but as a woman; and from that betrothal came a marriage, secret and guarded jealously, but happy as a song of old romance. Proved by harsh and slippery ways, they came into their kingdom. There were no threads about it, such as jealous Eleanor traced to find her King and Fair Rosamond together, no hinderment of lawless passion. There was just their fine and equal needing of each other, the sufficing glamour that lived with them like sunlight and free air.

When Charles the Second came to his own at last, William Craven the Second had a well-earned earldom given him. It was not bought with money, or earned along the muddy roads of politics. It was given him for single-hearted devotion to a cause that had gone through evil times, with no rewards to offer until now.

Nowhere in all the dale, perhaps, will you understand so completely as here at the High Hall the meaning of England and her strength. Such stalwart hamlets, hidden, seemingly, in a far backwater of the land, are part of national history. They have sent their sons, reared on upland weather, to take their full share in the world's affairs. The best of these have come north again constantly for communion with their own hills and folk, and so the life of town and country has intermixed. And one realizes all afresh how true is that old saying: "The country could live for ever without the towns, but not towns without the country."

As one leaves the High Hall and goes down the road, the sense of great antiquity is paramount. Fountain's Abbey has left its imprint here, as in most dales' villages, and the curious house known as Monk's Barn is astir with whispers of half-forgotten things. Right at the foot of the steep village stands the Low Hall, and this is as

spacious—house and clustered outbuildings mossed over by the gentle gardener, Time—as its neighbour on the hill. It also housed a family—the Sedgwicks—that is known to-day with honour wherever Englishmen forgather.

It had a great fair once, this proud and trim-kept village. Scottish ponies from the wilds of Galloway and black-faced sheep made up the chief traffic. The raiders of the time before Flodden had become now a pastoral folk, making more by barter than ever they had claimed by pike and broadsword.

Three days the fair lasted, and every corner of the street had its booth to tempt money out of purses. Trinkets, and onions—known as winter beef—broadcloth and linen, and charms to scare away the witches, all were mingled in wild disarray. The gipsies, too, gathered in force—Faas and Smiths, of a lineage outlasting many a thousand years of change—the tinkers ever at feud with them, the Merry-andrews, who played six instruments at once, with mouth and head, feet and nimble hands, the beggars asking alms, and the wild, life-forsaken women who once had slept in some sheltered cottage and wakened to the hum of bees among the lavender beneath their open dormer windows.

Lean shepherds from the hills were there, a jolly monk or two, lined richly without and within, and, maybe, a sinister, lean figure, apart from God and man—one of the unfrocked, monkish tribe known as "Pardoners," who plied their ghostly trade of giving absolution, at a price, for sins about to be committed.

One figure, little noticed, goes amongst them. He is the Dan Chaucer of the village, seeing all and saying little. What he made of Aptrick Fair was told in random verse, and the stuff of it, if not the literary strength, may well have been Chaucer's own. Canterbury, after all, never had a monopoly of pilgrims.

Each day of the fair ended with great doings—country dances, finishing on the third night with a play at the High Hall. The dale always had a singular passion for the drama, and a true gift of interpretation, and from the seventeenth century onwards its heart was given to Shakespeare.

One would give much to go back, not in fancy, but reality, to an evening such as bygone times saw once a year at the Hall. The Aptrick men and maidens took the wide minstrel gallery as their stage. Buckskin breeches, long, stiff coats and buckled shoes were *de rigueur* for the hero, whatever play was acted. The heroine, no doubt, wore just what her mirror counselled.

Below, the neighbouring gentry, their wives and daughters, sat in the shadowed hall, with its pleasant odour of beeswaxed oak and smouldering logs. Above, candles guttered in their sconces while Othello was making an end of Desdemona, and the village scene-shifter came on unabashed in his workaday shepherd's smock to replace old lights with new. It did not matter. The play was the thing, and downright, honest acting carried all before it.

Then afterwards the dining-hall was cleared. Actors and gentry danced Robin-a-hedge together, and many another measure, to the music of fiddlers packed in a moist company beside the hearth. And after that the stirrup-cups, the ripe, October air blowing soft through Aptrick from Simon's Seat as the players drifted out into the night.

They went through a village whose every other house wore a branch of oak or ash above its door. If there was a moon, its mellow light showed the breeze-stirred leafage; if the moon was passed, a stable lanthorn served its place. And here at once they were in touch with Shakespeare's England. One of them might lately have been declaiming from the minstrel gallery that "good wine needs no bush," and here in Aptrick Street were the bushes that made each house a tavern for as long as the fair lasted.

Shakespeare's strong, insistent hold on the dale, almost to our own day, seems scarcely to need explanation. He was sincere and loyal to himself. He fed genius on his own home country, on the lives of usual men who shared his everydays, and on the life that stirred among the meadows and the woodland streams of Warwickshire. And so his work found answer—needs must—in the hearts of countrymen throughout the English land.

Close to Aptrick, too, is an amphitheatre that to my thinking has waited patiently throughout the centuries for the lads and lassies to stage there "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Few know the place. You reach it from the village street by way of a mistal-yard and a usual pasture field. Without warning the track strides into a haunt so silent, so primitive, that one halts in sheer astonishment.

Great walls of rock encircle it, sheer to the sky. No wind stirs, and no bird sings. Blackthorn and dwarf scrub beard the rock-foot, stretching to the marshes where enchanter's nightshade grows. And in the middle of this desolation lies a carpet of greensward, rich and soft, cropped close by vagrant sheep.

The Grecian Court would have to find precarious seats among the rocks if they were minded to look on at the play. That is their affair. For myself, I could get the strolling players to my hand, and send them here without rehearsal of their parts. Bottom the Weaver lives not far from my gate. He is for ever wanting "to play Thisbe too," or any other part. The other rustics are all within easy hail.

What a play it would be, in such a setting, and with such actors! Puck would not need to be told of the adventure. He would come of his own accord, from a fairy-haunted land where little is doing in these days of merchantry for money's sake. Titania would wake from her long sleep, winking the dewdrops away from starry eyes; and Oberon would get himself a new costume for the play, bidding the fairy-loomsters hurry with their weaving.

If you can get away from that enchanted hollow—a hard thing to do—and climb the rock-face by help of a kindly sapling here and there, you come straight into the bare lands bordering Greenhow. The solitary acres have no thought of Titania and her revels. They are fighting to give livelihood to their children—the bleak, complaining sheep, the curlews and the hoody crows—and have enough to do, God knows.

Yet cross the barren lands, and turn down the green track that was ancient when the Romans came among us, and again you find the sheltered valley and the

Aptrick road. The lane crosses the highway here and goes down to the pleasant farmstead known as Woodhouse. Again the sense of great antiquity is with one. The elm at the lane top is, perhaps, the oldest tree in the dale. The house below is the remnant only of a thriving village whose foundations now lie deep under pasture soil. It brings no surprise to know that a most curious haunting survives along this farm lane.

Those who speak seldom of it, just because they have seen and know, say that a man's ghost accompanies you as you go down to Woodhouse. He walks step by step with you in the field on the left-hand, and the hedge between is so high that only his head and shoulders can be seen. A grey, stern face he turns to you, and eyes sombre with reproach. He goes as far as the lane-foot, then suddenly you find yourself alone. One may smile at such superstitions to-day, in the merry sunlight that makes a playground of the Aptrick road. But pass that way in the chill of a November gloaming, and the "other-sense" may creep from the ever-waiting past to stifle unbelief.

The Aptrick road is a winding track. Few yards are straight or level. The first architects of it, I think, were drovers lazying behind sheep and cattle that turned this way and that to nibble at tempting clumps of herbage. A track was formed, growing wider by degrees. Then the first roadmaker arrived. He was suspected in his day of being a daredevil fellow, full of ideas beyond what was good or proper, but he was so far wedded to tradition that he built his road precisely as the drovers—or their cattle, rather—had mapped it out already.

That is the English way, and we survive long after Rome and her legions, with their ruthless mathematics of straight, unswerving roads, have gone to dust and classic burial. The Aptrick road is an English highway still, unfit for lumbering traffic, and its banks are bordered with lush grass, and wild flowers, and legends thick as blackberries in a kindly fruiting season.

You take a hill or two, and a dip, and find yourself at Hartlington, where the little bridge goes over Dibble River. Another haunted corner of the dale, indeed, haunted by a most exquisite and melodious peace. So

narrow and steep the streamway is that it has a climate of its own, and in February you may find stray flowers in bloom that have not dared to bud as yet outside these charmed boundaries. The wheel of the old water-mill above is humming a cheery roundelay. The stream, brown and swift, has its own song as it swings under the grey arch, and the words of the song are yours if you have traced it from its source on the lean highlands.

A few miles higher Dibble River is no more than a beck, scolding its way between dour stones and boulders. Then its banks grow steeper and more wooded, till part of its growing flood goes by a ferny way of its own to the little lake that feeds the mill-wheel. No words can explain the beauty of that lake, its lush abandonment to all that sheltered warmth can do. The trees, wide-branched and silent, look at themselves in a mirror starred with water-flowers. One waits, somehow, breathless and expectant, for Elaine's barge of death to steal over the hushed waters. One almost hears Lancelot and Guinevere the Queen whispering together in the woodland, and feels Merlin's spirit brooding in the sunlit air. It is as if Lyonesse and the soft West Country had sent its heart for a sojourn in our rough and forthright highlands.

Yet the stream's other part, separated at the ferny way, goes down into a gorge of wildness and of tumult. Its floods have bared gaunt roots of trees, and the flotsam has piled in heedless disarray among the cliffs. And here at the quiet bridge they mingle and are one again, and the song of Dibble Water is all made up of parting and lone adventures and gladness in reunion.

The trouble on this road is always to get away from one enchantment to the next, as if a man had twenty pleasant lifetimes instead of only one. A little way on, at the crest of the rise, there is a wayside well whose history I would give much to know. Nobody seems to have the vaguest of traditions to suggest who had its message chiselled deep into the stone. The pity is he chose Latin for the inscription. Translated into sound English it runs: "Let the horse drink at the spring, and thereafter lift his head with joy."

Once I found an ancient wayfarer standing at the

well. He turned a puzzled face to me, and asked what the foreign lingo meant. His face lit up when I explained.

"Why couldn't the chap put it plainly?" he asked. "I'd always a fondness for horses myself."

Sir William Craven joins company with one again farther on. But for him there would have been no bridge across the Wharfe in James the First's time. The foundations are still of his devising, sound and deep-rooted as his character; but Wharfe River in her tantrums has wrecked the arches twice. The Aptrick and the Burnsall men were cradled in wind-gusts and storm; and twice they built the arches up, each time stronger than before.

Burnsall Bridge, as it stands to-day, is a great prose-poem, instinct in its stones of all the North-bred temper means. For long years the bridge is there to cross by, accepted as a usual matter; but let Wharfe rive it down, and all the township is sturdy to rebuild it—not for convenience only, but from a deeper notion of half-religious love for every bridge that strides running water.

Burnsall to-day, as in William Craven's time, is a village favoured by the gods. Peace and dignity have settled here. Its inn, long-fronted, quiet, and unobtrusive, is of the olden tavern breed, designed for hospitality and men's content. Barden's great pine woods stride down almost to the green, and hills are ranged in high companies, sentries of its restful ease.

Our northern Dick Whittington still goes with us as we idle up the road. It was he who founded the school that stands as he built it—every grey stone of it left to teach us how truly the Elizabethans knew how to build. Though it was reared in early Stuart days, Sir William was conservative in architecture, and they say that Burnsall school is almost the only unspoiled building of its type to survive in England.

One of the dale's priceless heritages, it seems remote from to-day; and when modern school hours are over, the old walls talk together, one fancies, of the times when they were young and the dominie told his urchins how a great fleet named the Armada went sprawling, wrecked, and doomed along the British coasts.

Just above the school is the kirkyard with its folk who have found the further peace, the lychgate old beyond memory, the church comely with its centuries of worship. And across the highway is a fine yeoman's house, its back to the road, in token that it was built when every substantial homestead was fortified in self-defence. Burnsall, cradled in a hollow that poets might dream o' nights, was usual then as now in three things—need of her children to be taught, of worship, and of the strong man to keep his house against marauders. And out of these three, one fancies, has been bred the sufficing strength that Burnsall gives one always in time of stress. Her peace, hard won and thrifty, is not of yesterday. It has gladdened at the mystery of spring and leafing buds, laughed with summer and its pride—has sorrowed through the centuries at many graves. And still her heart is wise, and kind, and youthful, though she is old.

The road forward is to many hearts a glamoured way, for it leads to Thorpe-sub-Montem, as old maps have the name, to little Thorpe-in-the-Hollow, as her lovers think of her. Folk come for the first time to Thorpe and try to explain her magic. Afterwards they cease that attempt. There are things felt and known that are like the air of a happy, wordless song.

One sprightly tale links Burnsall left behind and Thorpe to come. Once on a day the Burnsall villagers reared a maypole on their green. It was a fine pole, and perhaps they aired their pride too freely. At any rate, it was there in place one autumn evening and the next day it had gone.

The news spread fast, and a great company gathered about the hole in the ground that witnessed to the robbery. Wat Truelove, the village wiseacre, made a speech. He opined—and pressed the point home fluently—that there were many he could name in Burnsall whose lives suggested traffic with the Evil One. There had been three thunderstorms last week, each worse than t'other, and that alone proved it. And now the Devil had flown away with the maypole.

Andrew Turner raised a laugh by declaring that Old Nick had no liking for such innocent affairs as dancing round a maypole; and the brawny smith suggested, with

blunt common-sense, that the Aptrick men were always up to some cantrip or another.

He had the ear of the meeting at once, and a wrathful band set out for Aptrick. They tried Barden next, and Hebden, and roamed to Linton. The more the story got abroad, the richer grew jest and banter of their neighbours. It was a wide country, doubtless; but, after all, a maypole was not as little as a bird's nest.

Nobody thought of little Thorpe till on the second day they were going over-fell to Cracoe in maddened search, and one of them glanced down into the hamlet far below and saw the tapered end of their pole gleaming in the sunlight.

They went like one disgruntled man into Thorpe Hollow, and the tale of what happened has many variants, but the version that is most likeable is also truest to the dale spirit.

The Burnsall men, it seems, came roaring down and massed themselves about the pole. The Thorpe cobblers ran from every house, and asked what was to do.

"Enough and to spare," said the Burnsall blacksmith, with his coat off and his muscles showing plainly—muscles as big as Simon's Seat, or near thereby, one chronicler relates.

"Best be out with your trouble, then."

The smith was stuttering with rage by this time. "Is this our maypole, or isn't it, you flea-pricked cobblers?"

"How should we say? We never wanted flimsies—May queens and trash o' that sort—and Thorpe was puzzled when she awoke to find somebody had dropped your pole where it wasn't asked or needed."

That began the fight, and the end of it was not at once. It was a great combat, clean as English fists could make it. And afterwards, with honours equally divided, they rested from toil and consumed together a hogshead of ale broached in the open. Then, this ritual finished, the Thorpe and Burnsall men shouldered the cause of all the tumult and planted the maypole deep and firm again in its old home.

It is a good tale to have for company along the road to Thorpe.

"Celle Qui M'Aime"

A Story of Reconstruction

By G. B. Stuart

THE Fair at St. Osée-en-Bois was six years overdue—a feeble little Fair, denuded of much pre-war attraction, but ecstatically welcomed as a proof that the country-side was returning to the normal.

M. le Maire held counsel with other *Maires ;* everyone was for the Fair "to make a beginning," though he and his colleagues spoke deprecatingly, as those other wise men might have spoken in Jerusalem long ago. They had seen the beauty of the first House and could not rejoice overmuch at the restoration of the second.

But the people of St. Osée—the shopkeepers with so little in their shops, the farmers with their struggling farms, the *Curé*, the doctor, the innkeepers—rejoiced exceedingly, for this was "life" returning to the district ! Trains would run, excursions would be organized, visitors on their way from the battlefields would turn aside for such a distraction. St. Osée would once again command attention in the Department as a centre of attraction, of importance.

As a matter of fact one tourist, a Canadian soldier, did turn aside to attend the Fair. Frank Bartlemy, whose grandfather had been François Bartlémi, was spending his leave in France, where he had fought the year before. Other men had gone prospecting in Scotland and Ireland, hunting up old family traces, and forming new family ties ; he had come back to France sick at heart and bitterly resentful of the England which had deceived him in the person of Miss Gladys Meakin. Frank had believed in her, in her statuesque blonde beauty and icily correct manner, and increasingly sympathetic letters, until two pages to someone else—"dearest Alf," in fact—accidentally enclosed in an envelope addressed to himself, showed him that Miss Gladys was taking no war risks.

"Dearest Alf" was also in an unhealthy sector, it seemed, and Gladys kissed his ring every night and morning as she prayed for his safety; this was her promise to Frank, who savagely wondered how she ever got to business on time if this ritual had to be gone through extensively day by day. He sealed up the letter and posted it back to Miss Meakin, resisting the temptation which tore him, to go round to the back entrance of Messrs. Freeman and Deboddy's and waylay her for an explanation. Gladys was clever enough to whittle away "dearest Alf" to a child, a boy cousin, a joke, even a bet; but to Frank, who was single-minded and rather literal, she had meant *the* woman, the Wife, and he did not care that she should look upon him merely as one of the chances of an exceedingly chancy war.

As he came back from posting the letter, someone was whistling "The End of a Perfect Day"; it just summed up the situation. This England of London, and Miss Meakin, had lost its savour; he would take his leave in France before sailing for home, and presently found himself at St. Osée-en-Bois, where the Fair was about to open.

St. Osée had not suffered as other places suffered, for it was obscurely out of the way of either advance or retreat. It had waited all through five terrific years for its daily-expected demolition, and had escaped with trampled fields, hewn woods, some big holes, and some little wooden crosses here and there—nothing much beyond a sort of outskirt shabbiness compared with other parts of France.

The fair-ground, ten minutes beyond the town, was uneven and unsightly, with piles of rubbish; but "to make a beginning, to resume the normal," as *M. le Maire* said, that was the first step.

Sergeant Frank Bartlemy had been through the battle-fields with an official guide before he reached St. Osée; he had silently accepted the guide's explanations, and as silently registered his own impressions and recollections——here they had gone over the top; there they had made their stand; he managed to note down a rude little sketch of Abner Russell's and Jem Mahony's resting place, that the folks at home might know he had not forgotten.

There were no flowers about the lonely graves, but he picked some narrow yellow poplar leaves and folded them inside his crude sketch; and presently, when his survey was over, a cross line brought him to St. Osée.

He had done with the Past now, he decided; but the Present and the Future, which had been so gloriously filled with his conception of Miss Gladys Meakin, were empty and infinitely lonely; he longed for his own place and his own people, and his leave hung on him like a wearisomely heavy garment. Then he wandered into the little town and found comfort.

Was it reaction or a stirring of Frank's heredity? The sights and sounds and smells of St. Osée, bustling about its Fair and feverish with new hopes, gave him the strangest, warmest feeling of renewed interest in things about him. He put down his pack at Mère Fradelle's, drank some rasping red wine out of a very thick glass, stroked the great yellow cat which climbed on his knee and settled down *en turban*, and all at once, found himself at home! The rough wine crept about his veins and warmed them, as Mimi warmed his knees, and his odd French did double service in that it made Mère Fradelle laugh. For the first time since her treachery, he forgot to think of Gladys when he lay down to sleep in his mansard room, where the bed linen smelt of summer apples. Next morning when he woke, it was the same, only more so!

Frank (whose grandfather had been François) spent the morning doing all the little odd jobs about the *Coq d'Or*, which seemed to suggest themselves as do-able without question or demand on either side: he chopped wood, drew water, mended a broken gate, to the accompaniment of rumbling jellied laughter from *Madame*, whose vast bulk shook portentously every time she met her guest going about his self-imposed tasks; her apron-strings threatened immediate disintegration.

And there was more laughter in the afternoon, when Frank proposed that *Madame* should doff her apron, don her *manteau*, and accompany him to the Fair. "*La Mère Fradelle avec un brave boy, hein?*"; the old lady was intensely gratified, and thumped his shoulder appreciatively; "*C'est délicieuse, cette idée là!*"

So in the long, late sunshine of the October afternoon, Frank strolled down the straggling principal street to the rough dumping ground of the Fair, which, as *M. le Maire* said, was to "make a beginning towards the normal" in the reconstruction of a happy, healthy France. What a little one-horse fair it was! The New World side of Frank could not but smile in good-natured disdain of this enterprise, of which a whole town was chattering excitedly! The handful of tents and vans, the wild beast enclosure where a dejected old she-bear went through evolutions with a broomstick and manful disregard of her sex, the *Grand Cirque* where a trick bicyclist filled up all gaps of equine inefficiency, the gingerbread stalls with their tiny stock-in-trade, the *sirop* merchant whose refreshments were all makeshift!

It was so puny, so pathetically childish; the little old man who hangs about all French fairs, in hope of making a few *sous* as guide or messenger, caught Bartlemy's eye and, doffing his battered panama to the British uniform, answered the stranger's unspoken thought. "Truly, *Monsieur*, it is a poor exhibition; but it is a commencement, a renewal; we return, but the way is long." Frank invited the little old man to drink a *bock* with him, and they sat down in front of the *Guignol*, who squeaked through his performance in frantic haste, lest so distinguished an audience should vanish before the time came for the collection.

"Both sons gone," murmured the guide as Guignol *père* tottered round with the hat, his whistle still fixed in his chin scarf; "the poor devil bursts with asthma, but he must re-make the business." It was François of French ancestry, not Canadian Frank, who dropped silver into old Guignol's hat.

"Monsters now?" said the little guide, warming to his work with his second *bock;* "in monsters we are weak, I admit. We used to look to Germany, and that avenue is, naturally, closed. For any nation that desires to capture the trade, the monster market is open!" "I should have thought the Boche could keep that supply going," said Frank grimly. "Very good! very good! *Monsieur* indulges in hyperbole—for monsters and their acts we know well where to go. Ah, I could

tell *Monsieur*—" he glanced about, swallowing his beer in ruminating mouthfuls.

"*Monsieur* is kind, as well as brave," he went on after a pause; "there are here in this Fair those who have suffered, to whom restoration is a necessity of life —the recognition of *Monsieur* would be a true balm of healing—if one might indicate? The Strong Man is in need of encouragement—he lost his eyes at Verdun, but he remains a veritable artist—and if *Monsieur* will not take it amiss, there is another, a good girl who tries to repair, who is worthy of all compassion. If *Monsieur* would notice her little production it would give a *cachet*, it would inspire!" He drained his glass, and sighed luxuriously, animated alike by kindly sentiment and unwonted stimulant.

"What does the good girl do?" asked Frank, tapping for the *garçon*, to pay for the beer, "a performance for a girl alone, that must be hard and dangerous?"

"No, no! *Monsieur le Sergent*, we of the Fair are honest folk, and respect the work of an artist as well as the devotion of a daughter. If *Monsieur* will patronize '*Celle qui m'aime*' it will be a Christian act, one that the good God would Himself smile upon and approve!"

"*Celle qui m'aime*—the one who loves me, what does that mean?"

"*Monsieur* must judge for himself—it is a production at once refined and touching, representing perhaps an Ideal. *Monsieur* will not regret the visit, nor the generosity that prompts it! I shall have the felicity of meeting *Monsieur* again—the remembrance of his princely hospitality is ineffaceable!" The little man shrugged himself away at the psychological moment of curiosity awakened.

Inside the booth of "*Celle qui m'aime*" the afternoon light was subdued to a stuffy gloom; there were benches occupied by half a dozen peasants, a soldier, a shabby clerk: Frank, who had paid the franc demanded without hesitation, wondered whether the shrewd old *gardien* of the pay-box had exacted a like sum from each of the company present. Each in turn rose at the "ting" of a little bell and sidled sheepishly round a corner screened off by planks; within this recess "*Celle qui m'aime*"

revealed that vision of delight which the little guide had described as worthy "of all respect and of all compassion!"

Frank had not an idea of what he was going to see; that it might be anything dubious or indecorous never entered his simple mind, "at once refined and touching," the guide had described it. He sat and waited his turn, as the bench in front emptied automatically, and those who passed behind the screen made their way out by a further door. Now it was for him to move next. He rose, and stretched himself from the cramped seat, a tall, straight figure in khaki, of another and newer mould from that of the hunchy peasants, or the little *poilu* or the callow clerk; all the strength and elasticity of a young New World was in the set of his flat shoulders, in his thin flanks, and small head, the plant of his shapely feet, the free stretch of his muscular arms. Those behind him stared: "A fine type, *le Tommy!*" A piece of good chance for "*Celle qui m'aime.*"

Frank slipped his cap under his arm and bent his sleek, black head as he pushed round the screen; he expected a burst of brilliant light, and the absolute blackness into which he plunged as the little bell "tinged" his admittance, filled him with unforeseen excitement. A disc of faint wavering radiance hovered uncertainly on the blank darkness—it steadied itself and the light grew more intense, a circle of pure brightness, about the size of a child's hoop, became stationary. As he gazed a face swam into this ring of luminous silver, indistinct at first, then growing clearer as it reached the centre of the disc and stayed, immobile as a painted picture save for a quiver of breath on the soft lips and the lift and fall of the lace at the base of the white throat—"*Celle qui m'aime!*" Extraordinary! An illusion, a delusion even, but the face that gazed into his was that of Gladys Meakin, as he had believed her to be: a delicate, etherealized version of the complacent London beauty, blue eyes less hard, flushed cheeks, where the colour came and went, soft-red mouth, that no petulance could straighten into a cruel narrow line.

Every true lover follows and loves a type, and Frank gazing spellbound on "*Celle qui m'aime*" realized the vision of all he had hoped for, in his wife to be; the softness,

the purity, the tender charm, which his London love had so completely missed, were here depicted on the face of a girl, who sold her smiles at a country fair to the chance possessor of a franc (or less), and touched his Ideal of woman at every point where Miss Meakin missed it. Truth for coquetry, modesty for *hauteur*, principle for expediency—in these the French girl surpassed the English beauty—gradually the light faded, the features grew indistinct and veiled, the disc of light clouded, the little bell pinged that the Canadian's turn was over.

A door showed open in front of him; through a canvas passage he reached the outer air.

He went across the rough ground between the tents, and leaning against the railing reviewed his impression of what he had just seen.

"A production at once refined and touching, representing, perhaps, an Ideal," and jostling these words some others: "Whatsoever things are lovely, and pure, and of good report," something he had heard read aloud in his childhood, now springing to life with the insistence of fact.

Undefiled by misconception amid the gross humours of a country fair, this performance with a provocative title, had made no appeal to the senses, had given the fastidious young Canadian no qualm of disgust; once more he paid a franc at the turnstile, and shouldered his way to a seat in the outer booth. There were women now among the spectators, farmers' wives and maid-servants; there was no indication that the performance was designed to attract one sex more than another. Frank's turn came again, the tender steadfast face materialized again upon the surface of the disc of light; did the eyes droop for a second under his earnest gaze? He could not tell.

He was waiting at the side door when "*Celle qui m'aime*" came out; in the clear starlight beyond the naphtha flare they could see each other's faces clearly. It was the hint of fear in the girl's eyes that told him how to begin.

"I ask your permission to see you home, *Mademoiselle*. If you are fatigued and do not desire company, you will at least allow me to relieve you of your parcels, and walk

behind"; he took the basket and the *carton* which she carried, as a matter of course, and she was too surprised to object.

"I am, as *Mademoiselle* sees, a Canadian soldier—I am Sergeant, *Mademoiselle* can trust herself with me"; he bent down and looked the girl squarely in the eyes. "My father's father was a Frenchman, my sisters and I are proud of all that is French in us; a young French lady like yourself may accept my escort in safety, and confer on a stranger, at the same time, great satisfaction."

"The French tongue of *M. le Sergent* is a guarantee of the loyal French heart," said *Celle qui m'aime* in a low voice, "but to look at him one perceives the British soldier, and to such one can safely confide a woman, a child, or a horse. But *Monsieur* must not give himself the pain to——"

"I'm coming," Frank interrupted briefly and fell into step at her side; he did not notice he had lapsed into English, the New World side of him was uppermost.

Every night after the performance closed, Frank walked home with Louise Rochard. By star-shine or moonlight they walked together from the fair-ground to the *Chaumière des Saules* where the girl lived with an old woman, three goats, and some poultry. Always when they had passed the little cluster of crosses at the corner, where a party of strayed *Landwehr* had been surprised, overpowered, and presently buried by an unsuspected French regiment in billets, Louise would expostulate, "No further, *Monsieur*, after this I have no fear, and Anton, the great dog of the miller, awaits me and continues to my door."

But Frank only smiled and tramped on, and Anton, the grey *berger*, marched at the other side; right up to the door of the cottage they went—the door which opened automatically as their footsteps sounded on the path; Frank would offer Louise the "shakehands" of the New World, and to the dim figure on the threshold the respectful bow of the older *Régime*, and so home along back to St. Osée pondering many things.

There was much to think of, the Canadian found, in his friendship with Louise Rochard. In a little homely place like St. Osée, many would have been ready to tell

him her story, if he wanted to hear it, and to tell it reverently, compassionately as one might recite the story of a saint's martyrdom: *"Celle qui m'aime"* for all her performance at the village Fair, was held as subtly sacred and aloof as any Madonna above the altars of St. Osée's church. No word of jest or laughter was ever associated with her name, or with the "production" with which she earned a scanty addition to her living: when he walked with the girl herself, he did not want to touch on recent history, but to learn something of her childhood and her convent life with the *bonnes sœurs*. The convent had been far away from St. Osée, in a less tranquil district, and at first Louise was disinclined to speak of it, but by and by she yielded to her companion's interest in things which had nothing to do with the war.

Thus Frank learnt the origin of *"Celle qui m'aime,"* with its manipulation of light and shade—the Sisters had invented it for Christmas fêtes and old scholars' entertainments; Louise, a pet teacher among the nuns, had often played the part of a Vision by means of these innocent devices. When the necessity of earning her livelihood became pressing, the little comedy of *"Celle qui m'aime"* suggested itself, a hint it seemed from *le Bon Dieu* Himself. The performance required but little outlay—some reflector lamps, some curtains, a Spanish wall—a friendly carpenter devised the framework and shifted the lamps—his wife at the door took the money.

Louise varied her costumes now and then, but the charm of the whole was illusory, an appeal to the imagination, "Let each see Her who loves and watches over him," "a realization of womanhood, not of any particular woman, the womanhood which France from her earliest days has set in her high—her proper place!" *"Celle qui m'aime"* at the Fair of St. Osée actually took this exalted stand on the genesis of chivalry—if Mdlle. Rochard was to be believed.

"And you never experienced any annoyance, any inconvenience?"

"Ah, no, *M. le Sergent.* Every Frenchman is at heart an artist, and if you offer him such an appeal he rises, he responds at once. He has no ulterior views

when it is a question of Art. And this little show of mine, trifling as it is, holds the seeds of what is unusual and fine! I know it, I have been trained to perceive. But, in addition, the people of St. Osée are loyal to their very hearts, they are my friends, they have given me back my life—from no one of St. Osée could any inconvenience possibly arise."

Neither the diction nor the accent of this girl was of the soil, and the mind behind the words was idealist stretching after things unseen. Frank, cast in the same mould, stretched out shy mental feelers, and found understanding and sympathy ready to welcome them. He could think without a pang now of Miss Meakin and her blank "Well, you are a caution!" He was still true to the type that attracted him, but here he had found a soul behind it.

One night as they drew near *Les Saules*, he asked: "And your mother, can she do nothing to help earn a living?"

"She does the housework, and attends to the animals and fowls—but she cannot do more—and she is not my mother."

"I thought—they spoke of you in the town as a devoted daughter——"

"We came here together, but we are not related—she was a lay sister at the convent—portress of the gate. But for her I should have died. Devotion? It is from her to me, not otherwise."

"But she is not infirm, she could do her share?" he persisted.

"Hush!" they were nearing the little house, in a moment the door would automatically open; "her ears are very sharp—she hears me far away. She suffers like the Blessed Martyrs, one with them in pain and in glory. When the Boches came to the convent, she tried to save us, to carry information, and they took her—they cut off the tongue."

The little house door opened; Frank bowed low to the figure in the shadow, and turned away without a word.

Sergeant Bartlemy's leave was drawing to an end—in a few more days he must report in London—in a few

weeks' time home, friends, comfort, congenial work would be his once more, in his own country that he loved, and yet—a wistful feeling of loss tugged at his heartstrings as he went to and fro in St. Osée—it was as if this were his homeplace and the return to Canada a new and untried adventure, costing the tearing of roots, the breaking of dear ties!

The little town with its tiny, trumpery politics—*M. le Maire's* action regarding the *arrosement publique*, *M. le Curé's* resumption of bell-ringing, discontinued during the war, Mère Fradelle's daily grumbles at wine and meat and bread—these immense issues of no importance appealed to him as though they were essentials, the basis from which he had started, before Canada, or the War, or Miss Gladys Meakin knew him at all.

The rough red wine at the *Coq d'Or* made him sad, now, rather than satisfied, Mère Fradelle came and looked at him, her red knuckles at her hips, and her face puckered with concern, for it was nearly the last time: "Everything must end, Mother," said Frank, trying to be jaunty.

"True, *mon gars*," answered the old woman, gathering up some plates with a shaking hand. "Everything but Love."

That night upon the high ground above St. Osée the moon shone whitely and made everything as clear as day. Something had cleared, too, in the mind of Frank; he stopped Louise on the ridge—what he had to say should be spoken there, before they came in sight of the slanting wooden crosses below.

"I must go back to England to-morrow, and after that to Canada, *Mademoiselle*, with the regiment," he began, and took the girl's hands in his.

"Yes, *M. le Sergent*, it is, it is a pity." Did the hands tremble in his?

"When the regiment is disbanded I shall be free to do as I choose, to come back to France."

"Yes, *M. le Sergent*, that would be very agreeable for—for your friends."

"Would it be agreeable to you, Louise?"

She tried to pull her hands away, but he held them tight. "To me? I do not count," she said.

"You are the only one who counts—if I return it would be to take you away as my wife."

"That is impossible, *M. le Sergent.*"

"But why impossible? I love you with all my heart, and I think you love me a little—answer me truly."

"It is not an affair of love—I am not for any man," answered Louise.

"A likely story! Say, rather, there is no man fit to mate with you, unless love makes him worthy, gives him something to offer—his whole life, his whole heart!"

"Listen, you must not say this to me—you are a stranger here, you do not know—I stand apart now from Love and Marriage—ask in St. Osée and they will tell you why."

For a moment Frank paused—he had never discussed "*Celle qui m'aime*" with anyone, save the little guide on the first evening of the Fair, but there had been hints, chatter that stopped short, looks and head-shakings, these pieced themselves together like the sections of a puzzle as he stood facing Louise, holding her cold hands, looking into her piteous, but steadfast, face.

"I could ask nobody in St. Osée about the lady I desire to make my wife, and of ancient history I am not curious; it is of present feeling I demand the truth; can you love me a little and let me love you much, my dear?"

"Listen, then, if you will not ask," the girl interrupted, speaking a little wildly, "they would tell you of torture, horrible, but unmerited—they are kind, pitiful—they would say 'it was her misfortune—we must be compassionate and try and forget!' But only one besides myself could tell you more of sin unspeakable, and she is dumb, so it must come from me—the child—I killed it!"

"And I, in the war, killed many Germans," answered Frank without a second's hesitation. "My dear, the war is over and done with—it was a madness—we destroyed, we crushed Evil, now we must renew and reconstruct Good—build up Love and Faith, as well as happy homes and families—there are many things I do not care to recall. Come and help me remake my life as a Citizen; we shall be so busy in our new work that we shall never have occasion to think of the Past!"

Poor honest Louise Rochard had shot her terrible bolt, and it had fallen harmlessly flat, or, rather, had bounded away unnoticed by the clear-eyed young man, whose gaze was fixed on the future: when it came to Reconstruction, he was all Frank Bartlemy of the New World and the New Age. And the wife that he wanted possessed all the elements of revival that he looked for in a helpmeet. What had the madness of the war to do with them now? He kissed her lips as they came down by the German graves, and for the first time she did not tremble as she passed them.

Letters from London, from Liverpool, from Quebec came in turn to *Les Saules*, and it was understood in St. Osée that *M. le Sergent* would return in the spring to fetch *"Celle qui m'aime."* St. Osée approved heartily.

From *M. le Maire* downwards there is but one opinion, the girl is a Martyr, a Heroine of France! But of that now one need say nothing. She will be a wife, a lady of position one understands, the Mother, one hopes, of little Canadians who will do homage to such brave parentage; and a moiety, a strong dash of French Nature, will not harm the composition, not it! As *M. le Maire* observes, "to make a beginning in reconstruction, that is the main affair," whether it apply to towns and their *Fêtes*, or to the lives of men.

Marie Bashkirtseff

By Francis Gribble

THOUGH Marie Bashkirtseff died more than forty years ago, she is still remembered. Many greater artists have been completely forgotten after a shorter lapse of time. But her artistic achievements, though remarkable, do not count in this connection. It is her unique Diary that keeps her memory alive.

And "unique" is the right epithet for it.

Most diaries are objective, and interesting only in so far as they are scandalous and indiscreet. Most of us go through life guarding our own secrets and convinced that even the people whom we know most intimately have secrets which they guard from us:

> Far, far from each other
> Our spirits have grown;
> And what heart knows another?
> Ah, who knows his own?

For few of us are quite candid with ourselves about ourselves. Our vanity forbids, and we have other things to think about. The supposed exceptions to the rule are more apparent than real; for autobiographies are seldom to be trusted even when they purport to be "confessions."

They are retrospects, not contemporary emotional records; works of art, not depositions. Selection has played its part in them, and selection in an autobiography means pose—*suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*. In Gibbon's "Autobiography," Rousseau's "Confessions," Chateaubriand's "Mémoires d'Outre-tombe," and Lamartine's "Confidences" the picture is more than the portrait, and truth, as subsequent research has shown, is repeatedly sacrificed to the exigencies of an egoist's self-esteem.

And that is not the case with Marie Bashkirtseff's Diary, though, no doubt, it would have been if she had written it for publication, or had lived to make a book out of it herself after she was famous.

She was egoistical enough in all conscience. She posed—her life was a continual pose. She attached more importance to herself than to anything else in the world. She knew exactly what she wanted people to think of her. But she was quite frank with herself about it all. She had the gift of self-expression, as well as the passion for

self-analysis. She jotted down such thoughts about herself as occurred to her from day to day; and she did not live to consider how much or how little of what she had written she really wished the world to know. It was left to another to "present" the psychological drama, and so it came about that, for once in a way, we were given what really does seem to have been a faithful picture of the complicated workings of a young woman's mind. Many a reader must feel, after studying it, that he knows more about Marie Bashkirtseff than he has ever been able to find out about his wife, his mother, or his sister.

It does not follow that he will prefer her to them. It does not even follow that he will like her. It is quite possible that she will get on his nerves, as she certainly got on the nerves of a good many of the people who knew her in the flesh. But the tragedy will fascinate him, even if the heroine does not. He will be moved by this story, now summed up from the Diary, with a few additions, in a brief biography,* of a young woman's race with death—handicapped by a pitiless disease—for the satisfaction of her ambitions. The pathos is the greater because it is so hard to say whether she won her race on the post or lost it there—whether, at the end, she did or did not feel that "the struggle naught availeth."

She wanted so many things.

Most of the things which most people want were, indeed, hers from her childhood upwards. Her problem was only the problem of Henry James's heroes and heroines: the problem of making what one can of one's life after all one's material needs have been satisfied. She never knew poverty even of the "genteel" variety. There never was any need for her either to struggle or to marry for a living. Money flowed in constantly, through mysterious channels, from Russia. She could travel: she could live as she chose. Both at Nice and in Paris "exclusive" circles welcomed her. She was received at the Russian Embassy.

But that was not enough for her. It merely cleared the way for the posing of the problem with which we see Henry James's heroes and heroines concerned. Her life became an obstacle race because she was clever and ambitious, and her ambitions were innumerable, and

* "Moussia ou la vie et la mort de Marie Bashkirtseff." By Alberic Cahuet. (Fasquelle.)

perhaps incompatible, being, at one and the same time, artistic, social, and sentimental.

It would not be true to say that she merely wished to gratify her vanity, for she wanted to be able to admire herself as well as to receive the admiration of others. Still less would it be true to say that the art which she studied so earnestly, and in which she was beginning to excel in the last years of her short life, was an end in itself to her. Recognition was the end, and art only the means; and it was by no means only in Julian's studio that she pursued the distinction which she coveted. She also aspired to be a social leader, and as single women have even less chance of becoming social leaders in Paris than elsewhere, she made no secret of her desire to capture a husband who would be able to give her the position in which she felt capable of shining.

Her views of "love in a cottage" were expressed, with a cynicism beyond her years, in a letter which she wrote to her brother Paul when he proposed, at the age of twenty, to marry a Russian lady who had nothing but her charms and her respectability to recommend her:

So you want to marry and live a quiet life with a nice little woman whom you imagine to be the sort of woman you would like her to be! It is a very wise and a very commendable ambition; and I should be very glad to see you attain such happiness. But you will not find that happiness in the affair of which you have spoken to me. My dear friend—my poor imbecile—a man of your position can't marry at twenty. A man can marry at twenty only when he is in an independent position, or when he can make a splendid match, or when he is mad; and, in this last case, he marries a cook, or a cocotte, or a well-preserved elderly widow. But you appear to have lost your head over a girl who may be charming, but certainly is unsuitable for you. She is the same age as you. She will marry because people who live in the country are always in a hurry to marry; but she is making a fool of you. You had better frequent actresses and live a dissipated life. That will cure you, and you will then thank me for giving you good advice.

That assuredly is cynical enough, but even more mature cynicism follows:

Do you suppose that your wife will be satisfied to stop in the village after three months of married life? No, she will want to see the world and buy dresses. They are all like that, even the quietest of them, the most modest and the most strictly brought up. And when it turns out that you have nothing to offer her except a shabby-genteel existence bordering upon poverty, every day of your life will be a hell, even if you are, both of you, angels. You are banking on your mother's weakness, but you must also reckon with me. If you commit

the folly which you are contemplating, and get into this mess in spite of my warnings, I shall wash my hands of you and leave it to God to extricate you from your tangle.

It reads like the letter of a woman who has either outlived sentiment or is incapable of it; but where her own affairs were concerned Marie Bashkirtseff was sentimental as well as ambitious. She may almost be said to have adapted to her own case the advice of the Quaker in Tennyson's "Northern Farmer": "Doant thou marry for munny, but goa wheer munny is."

Money, indeed, was not what she wanted. She had plenty of money, and great expectations, a rich aunt having made a will in her favour. She was spending £400 a year on dress—an enormous sum in the 'eighties of the nineteenth century; and there is a passage in the Diary in which she estimates her income at £4,000 a year. What she wanted was a position of outstanding importance in Parisian society; but she did not want it at the sacrifice of her sentimental inclinations. It really seemed to her that the men who could give her the position she aspired to were more lovable than those who could not, and that ambition and romance could run quite naturally in double harness. She believed herself to be on the point of so driving them when her acquaintance with Paul de Cassagnac ripened.

Her previous affairs had represented merely the tentative flutterings of the heart of imaginative adolescence. It interests us to read about them. It interested her to write about them. But they were not serious. Even the flirtation with young Bojidar Karageorgevitch had been transitory and superficial. There was just a chance that he might some day ascend the throne of Serbia and that his wife might become a queen, like Colonel Ketchlo's daughter, Nathalie; but the chance was remote, and Bojidar, though a very personable young man, was out-at-elbows; so Marie, though she taught him to paint, did not encourage him to aspire.

The case of Paul de Cassagnac was very different from these; and Marie's attitude towards him was very different from her attitude towards the others.

"All through my life," we find her writing, "I have wanted to place myself, *of my own free will*, under some illusory domination, but the people who offered me the opportunities of that experience were such mediocrities

that they merely inspired me with disgust." And Paul de Cassagnac could not be classed with mediocrities, even by her hypercritical judgment.

He was a man who counted, alike in politics and in society. If he was not quite handsome, at least he looked distinguished. His manner could be, as he chose to make it, either formidable or caressing. He fought duels on the smallest provocation, and generally pinked his man. There was also something of the actor about him. His championship of the Bonapartist cause struck a note which suggested a *jeune premier* at the Porte Saint-Martin. People called him "the Empress's Musketeer." It was his boast that, at Sedan, he had been the last French soldier to cry "Vive l'Empereur" on the day on which Napoleon III surrendered to the King of Prussia. On the day on which a mass was said in Paris for the repose of Napoleon's soul, it was written in the *Figaro*, for Marie to read: "When M. Paul de Cassagnac descended the steps of the church, the majority of those present uncovered themselves. The crowd numbered 5,000 persons."

It was very impressive; the more so because Bonapartism was not yet an obviously lost cause. It was not impossible to picture Paul de Cassagnac playing the part of General Monk, hustling a discredited Republic out of the way, and offering the crown to the Bonapartist Pretender. And the wife of the man who did that would, indeed, be a personage whose place was in the limelight —the central figure of a political salon as illustrious as that of Princess Lieven. So it is no wonder that Marie dreamed her dream, and admitted to herself that Paul de Cassagnac was the one man in the world by whom she would be content to be dominated.

What he thought of her is not so easy to make out. Apparently he found her a likeable little thing, but an irresponsible madcap. She certainly gave him a reasonable excuse for not taking her seriously; for she wrote him an anonymous letter, inviting herself and some girl friends of hers to call on him, wearing dominoes, and take tea with him in his flat. "I have lost my place in that man's good opinion," was her reflection when her identity was discovered because one of the other members of the part insisted that the dominoes should be removed.

He continued to like her, however. He accepted her

mother's invitation to dinner. There was, at least, an illusion of increasing intimacy. They came to know each other well enough to quarrel and to make up their quarrel. He seemed to have forgiven her for telling him, in a spirit of mistaken coquettishness, on the eve of one of his innumerable duels, that she would rather hear that he had been wounded than that her pet dog had been lost. She got as far as writing: "Only think what I have prayed the good God to do for me. I have prayed that he will make C. propose marriage. I have vowed that I will accept him if he does." And she consulted Mme. Albertis, the fortune-teller, only to be told: "He likes you. He has thought about marrying you. But he won't do so."

Nor did he. He preferred a Polish lady—Mlle. Acar. Marie, hearing the news—receiving a formal *lettre de faire part*—wrote him a note which her biographer describes as "a sob in ten lines"—and did not send it, but sent instead a long ironical letter, of which these are the most characteristic sentences:

> What is happening to you? Is this the psychological moment of the public singers who retire while they can still find people prepared to say: "What a pity!" I rather like that idea; but if you are marrying without that compelling motive, then I have misjudged you. I took you for a public monument—a national property. Picture the Arc de Triomphe or the Louvre passing into private ownership. I could not forgive you for abdicating unless it were in my favour, any more than I could tolerate the idea of these monuments being given to anyone but myself—a strange proceeding, but one for which I could find excuses. So I now treat you without any consideration, being quite certain that nothing will hinder you in your course. A man who has inspired so many passions, depraved so many hearts, and broken the ties of so many loyalties, is bound to marry. Marriage is his expiation.

So Paul de Cassagnac passed out of Marie Bashkirtseff's life, but lingered in her memory. "Why is it," we find her asking in 1881, "that, in three whole years, I have not been able to find another hero for my fairy tales?" And then, a little later: "He reigns alone in my heart and in my head." And yet again, still later: "Love? It really seems that one can fall ill from love and die of it."

Certainly Marie Bashkirtseff, throughout her life, found it easier to fall in love than to inspire love. That is said not to be an uncommon experience with very clever women of complicated minds and miscellaneous

ambitions. Wanting too many things, they miss the thing which they want most. Men do not readily credit them with the simplicity to which a grand passion sometimes reduces them. It suffices for them, as a rule, when they marry, to domesticate a recording angel, without also domesticating—or, rather, trying to domesticate—an eager critic and an ambitious rival; and it is more than likely that Marie Bashkirtseff missed love mainly because she was so insistent in her demand for admiration, so resolutely determined to merit it by her achievements, and so intensely interested in her own intricate personality. Her case, if only she had known it, was that of Tourguénieff's heroine, who died exclaiming: "Je n'ai pas su me simplifier; il ne me restait plus qu'à me biffer tout à fait."

And she found simplicity at last, not through love, but through illness.

Consumption, not love, was the disease which was to kill her. The end was hastened, not by disappointed love, but by ambition—the spur which raised her clear spirit to defy a disease which brooks no defiance. Rest and resignation might have lengthened her life; but she would not even economize her efforts. She preferred to run her race with death for fame; and when the race was over, she collapsed and faded away, with a sufficiency of laudatory press notices on her deathbed.

It would seem, too, that she died in love—dominated, as she had wished to be, by a man's personality—in the very sphere in which she had herself excelled.

Paul de Cassagnac's reign in her heart and memory was, at last, over. She realized that she had over-rated him as a social figure and a political force. Other matrimonial suggestions had been rejected. Attempts which she had made to interest such eminent men of letters as Edmond de Goncourt and Guy de Maupassant by writing them anonymous letters had been disconcerting failures. Goncourt had left her letter unanswered, and Maupassant had administered a politely disdainful snub. But she had found a master, and a friend—and came very near to finding a lover—in Jules Bastien-Lepage.

He had paid her the compliment of taking her seriously at a time when her fellow pupils at Julian's regarded her as an amateur—and had some justification for so regarding her because she came to the studio attired in the costliest of costly furs, attended by a negro servant in

livery, who reappeared at midday, bringing her all the delicacies of the season for her lunch. She maintained, in return, that he was the only living painter who counted, and learnt more from him than from any of her accredited teachers, and then we find her beginning to speculate in her Diary, whether she is not falling in love with him, and whether there is any chance that he will fall in love with her.

In a sense it was an idle speculation. They had met, or, at least, learnt to know each other too late, being two hopeless invalids on whom the same disease had laid its unrelenting grip. They both knew that they had but a little while to live. Ardent passion was no longer possible for either of them. It remained for them only to dream the dream which it was now beyond their power to realize.

They do seem to have dreamed it.

Jules Bastien-Lepage had sought health in vain in Algeria, and had returned to Paris to die. Marie Bashkirtseff seemed a little less ill; but the doctors had told her that she was doomed. They recommended her to go away somewhere for a so-called "cure," but she refused. The indulgence of sentiment was more to her than any little respite to be gained in that way. She stayed in Paris in order to be near the man who now appeared to be more to her than any other man had ever been.

Even that last idyll was troubled by the pains of jealousy. Marie had a rival—a "Jocunda with dyed hair," as the Diary calls her—who sent the painter, with whom she had been proud to *afficher* herself, a basket of strawberries and a bunch of edelweiss. Her rejoinder to that was to make him share the milk supplied by her own goat and embroider a pillow-case for him, and take him for drives in the *Bois* in her coupé. It was a more touching attention, because it was more personal. Apparently he understood.

Whether he was in love with her is uncertain, and will never be known; but, at least, he let her think so. Perhaps she was not quite convinced—that, too, is doubtful; but the illusion—if, indeed, it was an illusion—was near enough to completeness to be helpful.

One may even say, indeed, that her last days were illuminated by a sentiment which helped her to die, even while giving her an additional reason for wishing that she might live.

The Amenities of Life in South Africa

By Dora Fairbridge

[*Miss Fairbridge is the well-known authoress of books on old Cape houses and gardening, and the Editress of "Lady Anne Barnard's Letters." She lives near Cape Town, and is an active member of The* 1820 *Memorial Settlers' Association, which has its headquarters at* 199 *Piccadilly, and exists to help intending settlers in South Africa with advice.*]

THERE was a time—not far remote—when narrow-minded folk regarded the Colonies and Dominions of the British Empire as appropriate only to the black sheep of the family. As the fool of the family went to sea, according to the other venerable but equally mendacious *cliché*, so the member who had failed to make good in England should be given a ticket (not return) to Australia or the Cape.

Now, it is not suggested that the forbears of the English in South Africa came as black sheep or remittance men. The old *cliché* was used merely to illustrate the density of the cloud which once hid the conditions of life in the Britains beyond the seas from the eyes of those who stayed at home, and their general attitude towards the dwellers in what seemed to them to be the back of beyond. The last few years have seen a complete revulsion from the black sheep theory. With wider knowledge and improved means of communication England has slowly awakened to the fact that in the sister-dominions, once valued only for their strategic or economic uses, there are lovely places waiting to be peopled by the Englishman, if he is not to lose the hardly-bought inheritance which has come to him from his fathers; places in which he may live healthily and happily, unburdened by the complexities which have involved much of the older world in their mesh. The fresh life of the Empire is welling up from these distant places, bringing renewed health and vigour to the whole frame of the body politic. And year by year, as Europe becomes more crowded out, men and women cross the seas and throw in their lot with the distant places, finding rich and full lives instead of the starved and stunted existence which is one of the

evil results of overcrowding in the old lands. South Africa is receiving many of these wise adventurers.

The successes are many, the failures few, for the land is a lovely and pleasant one, the conditions of life are easy, and the climate is wellnigh perfect. It may be somewhat too hot in Natal during midsummer, and the rains may be heavy during the short Cape winter, but the compensations are great. If the Natal day is hot, the night is usually cool; and it is in summer that the Flamboyant trees hang out their glowing masses of red flowers, that the Allamanda is golden, and the flame-trees most brilliant. If for two days in a Cape winter the heavy rains fall unceasingly, there is the radiant contrast of the days that follow, when the sky is unflecked by clouds and all the world is washed and clean. The South-Easter is an exasperating wind to those who are easily dishevelled, but it is very healthy, and blows every evil germ out into the middle of the wide, wet South Atlantic. Moreover, its radius is limited, and many places round Cape Town are untouched by it. It is always possible to find calm spots in the Wynberg woods or on the white sands of Kalk Bay.

One of the charms of South Africa lies in its great diversity of climate—quite literally, you may pay your money and take your choice. At the Cape itself the weather is never excessively hot, and never cold enough for frost, and the rains fall in winter. In the Karoo and Transvaal the winters are crystal-clear; exhilarating cold under a radiant blue sky, and never a drop of rain, for the summer is the rainy season, as it is throughout Natal and the Orange Free State.

The new-comer to the land is not left alone to struggle with the puzzles of climate, soils, and prices. A society exists, called The 1820 Memorial Settlers' Association, which has helpers in every corner of South Africa, and an office in London at 199 Piccadilly. Intending settlers are advised before they start, and helped when they arrive, and guided in their choice of a province in which to settle by the avocation they intend to pursue. If it is orange farming, the settler may take his choice of certain areas in Natal, the Rustenberg district in the Transvaal, or Clanwilliam in the Cape Province. Cotton-growing will take him into warm districts, where there

is a certain degree of moisture, as in southern Zululand. Cattle-farms lie, for a great part, in the Karoo, and a number of settlers, many of them retired civil servants and officers from India, are thriving in the beautiful lands of Griqualand West. These last are mainly mixed farms, cattle, mealies, sheep, and dairy. The large fruit farms, where peaches, plums, apricots, and pears are grown, lie, many of them, in the neighbourhood of Cape Town; apples thrive at higher altitudes. The vineyards and wine-farms are also near the Cape, and at the Paarl olives are flourishing. A happy settlement is at George, near the glorious primeval forests of yellow-wood. There is a lingering romance about the name, for it was called after George Rex, a son of Hannah Lightfoot, an early settler. Every variety of climate is at the command of the newcomers, whether they choose to drive a "mile-long furrow" through the corn lands of Caledon and Ceres, or to cultivate sugar-cane in the Natal coast belt. The conditions of life are, in most respects, far easier than in England, though they vary somewhat in the four provinces of the Union, according to climatic influences and the distances from towns and railways.

Let us take first the domestic question which lies at the root of the comfort of most families. It is a curious experience, on returning to England, to hear one's friends and relations still groaning over the eternal and apparently insoluble problem of cooks and housemaids. In South Africa these difficulties do not arise. The natives make admirable servants, and the Indians and Malays, descendants of slaves liberated many years back, are excellent where the old tradition of their training still lingers in them. There are still Lenas and Gesinas in the land who are worth their weight in gold. But, though the new-comer is lucky if he gets servants of this old type, there are not enough of them to go round all South Africa. Besides, they consider that they belong to the Cape and cling to it with curious tenacity, their creed being that "Cape people must stop *by* the Cape." They are, therefore, not to be reckoned upon.

In Natal, mainly peopled as it was by settlers of English and Scottish descent, and with no link with the coloured people of the Cape, the Zulu folk, the sons and grandsons of Chaka's warriors, have been trained in the

gentle arts of baking and roasting and dusting. Admirable servants they are, deft and noiseless, honest for the most part, and with a native dignity that never deteriorates into familiarity.

Then came the discovery of gold on the Rand and the rush of thousands of white men, followed in due course by their wives and sisters. From amongst the native labourers who crowded to the mines these women took boys—"boys" being used in South Africa in the accepted Oriental sense, and the use of the term not being limited by age—and taught them the elements of domestic service. Each little housewife of Johannesburg was unconsciously doing a great work for South Africa, for thousands of small houses soon sprang up, each with its attendant gnome, and the result has been the formation throughout the land of a large army of trained domestic servants, who have learned far more than service from their masters and mistresses.

Most of the native servants are men, the women being left at home to mind the babies and till the ground around the kraal for mealies and pumpkins, but in some districts the Kaffir woman goes out to service, usually as a nurse to children. All this sounds as if South Africa were blessed above all lands of the earth in having no domestic worries. No country can claim such immunity, but the conditions are undoubtedly much easier than they are in England. No one need be without someone to scrub and wash who knows how to perform these arts, but the new arrival must be prepared to get over his colour-prejudices and accustom himself to the sight of his white baby in the faithful arms of a woman who may look like an Ethiopian princess. One comforting fact about these servants is that, when they want to revisit their kraals from time to time, they supply substitutes. In Natal, where several generations of domestic service have established usage, it is taken for granted that Ingobe will say to you some morning: "I go home for a month. Inkosikaas, my brother, he come in my place." And that evening the "brother" will be standing behind your chair at dinner, and his service will be as noiseless and deft as was that of Ingobe. A month later they will change places with equally little fuss.

No doubt the native servant is more easily understood

and managed by the older residents than by the wife of the new settler, who is accustomed to have her bell answered by a neat-handed Phyllis in a trim cap, and at first finds a tall Zulu in spotless white drill a puzzling substitute. But the efficient native house-boy who (except for his skin) could not be distinguished from the English butler, is common, and this great army of native servants, many of whom are capable and most of whom are honest, is a great asset to the country.

Yet another source of supply has presented itself. The Natal tea-planters, with the concurrence of the Government of India, brought over a large number of indentured Indians to work on the plantations. This is no place to touch on the political problems which have arisen from their action—the "Asiatic question," as it is called, is to-day puzzling the wisest heads in India and South Africa. For the moment we are only concerned with the fact that the children and grandchildren of these indentured Indians afford another source from which domestic servants are drawn. For the most part, these Indians are employed in hotels, but they are sometimes found in private houses, and make good gardeners.

In the large towns neat-handed Phyllis is still to be found in many houses, but even where white maids are employed for the bedrooms, it is usual to have a native house-boy. The wages of these boys vary according to the district. In Johannesburg they get from four to five pounds a month, but at Durban an admirably well-run house may be quoted, where five Zulu boys each receive £3 a month, and where *ménage* and garden are perfect. They get a sack of mealie-meal apiece each month, and cook it in their own quarters. On Saturday each boy gets a shilling for meat, and they club together and buy a Sunday joint.

In England one would not get much of a joint for five shillings, but meat is inexpensive in South Africa. If you get your meat from a country butcher, it need not cost you more than sevenpence a pound for the best, and it is all one to the butcher whether you ask for beef, mutton, or lamb. But in the towns it costs a little more. In Cape Town, easily the most expensive place in South Africa, at the moment of writing the price is ninepence a pound for mutton, and a shilling a pound for sirloin,

while veal, pork, and cheaper cuts are from sixpence. Fish is good and reasonable. We are paying at present half the English price for very good soles, and other fish costs about sixpence a pound.

Fruit and vegetables are equally reasonable. The finest grapes from the Constantia vineyards are twopence a pound, bananas twenty for a shilling, pineapples (the small sweet variety) are often to be had at three shillings a dozen, melons vary in price from sixpence to eighteenpence. Of course, many people grow their own fruit and vegetables, which is a still more reasonable way. Potatoes average about two shillings for twelve pounds, large aubergines three for a shilling, tomatoes from threepence a pound, according to the season, fresh butter from eighteenpence to half-a-crown, eggs are about English prices, milk a little higher. The best coal is forty-five shillings a ton. And the income tax is only 1s. in the £. Owing to the high protective customs tariff, clothes are rather more expensive than in England, but in almost every other respect money goes farther in South Africa, and brings in more comfort and even luxury, in a mild way. Never to dread the pinch of bitter cold is a luxury in itself, for though midwinter at Kimberley and on the High Veld is cold, it is brisk and invigorating, under a cloudless blue sky.

Take it for all in all, South Africa is a pleasant place to live in. It is also a land that the new-comer learns to love. But all this does not mean that our love for England weakens as our love for South Africa grows strong. A threefold cord is not quickly broken, and the heritage of our fathers is still our heritage, for the one land does not clash with the other in our hearts. There is room in them for both. But it does mean that those who, through circumstances which only the high gods control, are finding life in England costly and difficult, with no very evident future for their sons and daughters, may make new and thriving homes in this lovely land under the Southern Cross, only seventeen days away from England. The amenities of life in South Africa are so great that they may build up security for their children, while they lead happy and useful lives in taking up their share of the white man's responsibilities.

Too Much Schooling?

By A. Pinsent, M.A.

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THE author of the article in the March number has made my flesh creep. If only half of the evils there portrayed are real, then are we, indeed, on the way to national disaster and decay. And I must confess that I fear there is much truth in the description. But when the author goes on to ascribe these evils almost entirely to our system of national compulsory education, I am not convinced that he has proved his case. The condemnation is so complete that, if it can be vindicated, our educational system ought to be scrapped without delay as a definite national danger. But before we attempt this drastic cure, in fairness to the teaching profession, and to those who are responsible for the administration of our educational system, we ought to examine carefully the validity of the assertions made, and the value of the cure proposed.

On examination the argument is readily reducible to three parts. A pathological condition of our social and industrial life is described. A major cause for this condition is asserted. A cure is proposed. Against the description of the condition I have little to urge. I must regretfully confess that it contains a large element of truth. It is concerning the alleged cause and the proposed cure that my doubts arise. The author's forcible and dramatic style covers a multitude of logical sins. In fact, if one were disposed to be malicious, one might infer from internal evidence that the author had been in his youth a victim of the too much schooling he so entertainingly describes, and that he has been contaminated in one of those pestiferous places, a modern university, where young men are taught so much logic that they cannot think intelligently on any serious problem or subject.

Suppose we look at the thesis in more detail. At first glance we meet that ancient fallacy, the uncritical comparison of a present unsatisfactory state of society with

a mythical golden age in the past. The very fact that this fallacy reappears in the literature of almost every difficult transition age is sufficient to arouse our suspicions of its seductive form. "Fifty years ago when we started this compulsory and universal system of education we were at the head of the nations and making further and rapid progress. We had superlative capacities for working, inventing, organizing, pioneering, colonizing, civilizing—in a sentence we were industrious, brave, and moral. There was belief in a fair day's work. There was respect for the aged. There was real dignity of labour. There was studied consideration for the women folk. To-day we stand beaten in a dozen industries. We have not the sense to organize the Empire. Our industrial output is disgracefully low. We are too lazy to build houses rapidly. Englishmen of the present generation . . . will take no business risk, will not strike out for themselves. . . . We are a poor lot. We are being beaten. . . ." Curiously enough if we turn to the files of the *Times* I think we shall find that the people who lived in this El Dorado of fifty years ago were not so enthusiastic in its praises as the author of the article. We may find there letters from merchants and manufacturers complaining that industry was being ruined, and predicting no very rosy future for this country, as we were being beaten in the competition for foreign markets because we were not sufficiently well educated. And strange to say the remedy then proposed was more schooling. I am not convinced either that there was such a confirmed belief in a fair day's work, or such real dignity of labour, or respect for the aged, or studied consideration for the women folk. The study of contemporary documents does not strengthen these assertions. If there was, why should so much legislation have been necessary to protect the women and children from inhuman conditions, undignified labour, dangerous trades, and so forth? So little was there a belief in a fair day's work that Acts of Parliament were considered necessary to define and enforce it. So with other alleged characteristics of the golden age of fifty years ago. Even the farmers of those days seemed to have lived on their losses.

Now let us look at the asserted cause. "It (that is,

the deplorable condition of affairs in our time) is largely due to a faulty schooling system. Fifty years of this universal compulsory system has half converted a brave, enterprising and intensely industrious nation into jelly-fish, fops, and loafers. Our schools are turning out multitudes of experts in the art of ca'canny . . . our secondary schools make dunderheads, our universities produce a large proportion of snobs and duds." I agree. In fact, I have often delivered myself of similar sentiments. Allowing a little for rhetorical effect and for the demands of literary style, there is much truth in all this. But we are not justified in charging up to the account of the school system of our country all our present difficulties. The educational system did not reduce the exchanges of the European countries to chaos, completely upset the normal organization of production, stop up for several years all the normal channels of communication and commerce between this country and Central Europe, and reduce whole wealthy manufacturing districts to ruins. It is not our educational system which has made the nations of Europe spend five years in the most destructive war the world has ever known, and spend a great part of their material, mental, and spiritual wealth in inventing and producing means of blowing the accumulated resources of fifty years of prosperity into the air. Our educational system is scarcely responsible for the fact that the Italians, the Swiss, and the French have in recent years developed their own sources of power, both mineral and electrical, to such an extent that they are now almost, if not quite independent of external sources of supply for their industrial needs. It was not our educational system which made the Germans pay large quantities of indemnity coal to the French and Belgians. The modern internal combustion engine is rapidly superseding steam power in many branches of land and sea transport. But this cannot fairly be urged against the compulsory schools. It is true that the coal trade is in a parlous condition, but this is due in the main to geographical and economic causes beyond our immediate control, and to which we must adapt ourselves.

It is not our educational system which is responsible for the gross overcapitalization in the mining, shipping,

and cotton enterprises in the boom years immediately following the war, nor for the fact that India is producing in large amount what she previously bought from Lancashire. It did not produce the boycott of English goods in China, nor cut off trade with Russia. And so one might go on multiplying instances. We are in the grip of the economic and social consequences of the war and of the peace, and these are independent of any educational system in the universe. We are afraid to face this disconcerting fact, and we look around to see if we can allay our irritation and momentarily calm our fears by assuming some other more easily tractable evil to be the main cause of all our troubles. This type of reaction has been made very familiar in the psycho-analytical literature of the present day.

It is asserted that we are a poor lot. So we are. But it should not be forgotten that several hundred thousand of our best and bravest, most energetic and enterprising men, including those who would have been the natural leaders in a dozen industries and professions, are now rotting under the battlefields of Europe and Asia; and several hundred thousand more have returned to their normal occupations crippled, with their productivity decreased. It is said that we are too lazy to build ourselves houses. But in our impatience to have houses in a trice all ready for habitation we are apt to forget that five years enforced idleness in the building trade have to be made up before we can think of meeting our present needs. The educational system of the country is not responsible for this. There is a further consideration to be taken into account before we begin to distribute expletives. Journalists and others with the gift of vivid imagination during the war used to delight themselves and the reading public with the glorified image of John Bull like a great athlete, rousing himself out of a period of enforced rest, stretching his mighty limbs, and proceeding to put himself into vigorous training to do mighty deeds of valour. But the people of the vivid imagination are often people whose experience of vigorous athletics is obtained from the grandstand. The simile of the arising nation was, indeed, well chosen, but any man, who has been through the mill of severe and prolonged training

and has keyed up his muscles and nerves to the pitch demanded by some intense athletic performance, knows very well that after the actual test is over there follows a period of reaction when his efficiency is diminished, and if while in this state of reaction he is called upon to pass through another period of stress, his efficiency may be permanently damaged. In effect this is precisely what has happened to the country as a whole. Unfortunately, the people who used the pleasing simile of the awaking giant will not follow it up to the logical end. Even that is not the whole story. It is also a fact there is a difficulty in procuring and organizing an adequate supply of the necessary raw materials and in obtaining sufficient manufactured parts and skilled labour. It took us three years under the driving spur of national danger to organize an adequate supply of war materials; it should not be surprising now that the spur has gone that it takes twice as long to organize a peace enterprise. It is not fair to impute a knowledge of the principles of ca' canny only to the elementary schools. Actually the assertion that the compulsory school system of the last fifty years is largely responsible for our present social and industrial difficulty will not bear impartial examination. Our methods of education are faulty, but it is neither common sense nor good sportsmanship to attribute to that cause effects which are independent of any educational system.

Then the cure. "The ordinary curriculum should be cut down by half, the compulsory school age should be reduced to allow the mechanical and kitchen trades to catch their recruits young. The vast majority of boys should get into industry, and girls into the kitchen at an early age." But when in the days of fifty years ago the industries got their recruits young, the merchants and manufacturers complained that these young recruits had not the necessary capacity to cope with the increasing demands of the work. There is no more guarantee now than then, that the less scrupulous employers would not exploit these young people to the detriment of the health and general welfare of the community. Then we should find it necessary to prevent this exploitation by Act of Parliament, and, again, as in the 'fifties and 'sixties of

last century, we should have to devise some sort of schooling for the young people during their youth, and our last state would be no better than our first. A study of newspapers and debates of that time shows clearly that this national compulsory education was forced upon the country by the need for clerks, travellers, and mechanics of greater skill and capacity than the country possessed; and for taking in and keeping out of mischief the children whom the employers were no longer allowed to capture young. We should also remember that whatever the despised educational experts have had to do with the matter indirectly, the actual raising of the school age has been done by legislation in Parliament and in the local governing bodies, and both these representative assemblies usually need a very strong case before they will proceed to spend more money on education.

Suppose we turn out the children early into the factory and the kitchen, it does not follow that they will begin to learn any important elements of their craft much sooner than they would have done had they entered the factory later. These boys and girls are often set to fetch and carry and do various little jobs that nobody else wants to do, and this process is not the best method of teaching them habits of steady work. Their teachers are usually men of no greater inherent mental capacity than themselves, and they are taught mechanical processes by rule of thumb methods. We may infer from the author's general attitude that if he descended from the consideration of the working man in general to the working man in particular, he would have no great opinion of his intelligence or capacity. Yet these individual workmen would be the tutors of the young recruits, and this method of training has been found unsatisfactory in practice. I think the author would agree with me that the fundamental difficulty which is at the root of all the evils he deplores is the lack of what is commonly called morale, and that if we could permanently raise the standard of morale in industry most, if not all, of the symptoms described would disappear automatically. But I cannot see how we can hope to secure any improvement in this desirable characteristic by hurrying our children in their most impressionable years into the

kitchens and factories where by hypothesis everything is just what it ought not to be.

What we do need is not less schooling, but schooling of a different type from the present fashion. The author does, indeed, see this, but instead of keeping to this aspect of the problem, for which an excellent case can be made, he immediately flies off into a tirade against schooling at all for a large portion of the community.

If we consider the results of the schooling of the last fifty years in the light of the origin and aims of the schools, we must agree that they have done their work only too efficiently. The public and grammar schools have for centuries aimed at turning out men of a "clerkly" type, men who were destined to enter the Church or the Law, and in whom any practical skill or useful accomplishment was considered degrading. Their complete success is one of the very evils the author so forcibly condemns. Then, as I have already hinted, the elementary schools were devised in the first place to absorb the children who were excluded from the factories and kitchens, and keep them out of mischief and out of sight of their betters. And as industry at the time of their inception was in need of a large number of clerks who could write and figure (accomplishments which many of their employers at that time did not possess) these useful activities were, therefore, superimposed upon a modicum of Holy Scripture, and formed the major portion of the initial curriculum. We ought not to be too severe on the schools for doing in fifty years so thoroughly what they were intended to do. The fact that so much work has been accomplished in so relatively short a time with ill-considered aims and unscientific methods, often in dismal and depressing conditions, should give us some notion of what we might do if we took the schools seriously and tried to devotes ome time to their scientific organization and equipment.

English Cricket: What is the Matter?

By Cantab

OUTSPOKEN comment on cricket is rare, while "stunts" and statistics are common. This article had been written in substance when I found ample support in the views of "A County Cricketer." * He is given to slang and exaggeration, but he knows the game thoroughly. He has

> Struck his finger on the place,
> And said: *Thou ailest here, and here!*

English cricket has scored one win against the Australians in the last fifteen matches. Why? The war led to some losses, but recovery should now be attained by means of the young players who have had time to develop since 1918. The real matter with English cricket is that county play has become a fetish. It is grossly and unintelligently overdone. Day after day, week after week, players go to the wickets, and by August the game becomes tediously slow. Animated hitting becomes the exception. Weary batsmen stay in till they are caught by a weary collection of slips behind the wicket, or one of those short-leg fields who stand in near enough to suggest to a good hitter the risk of a coroner's inquest. A holiday for a fortnight in midsummer would be a great gain to players, but the objector replies that most counties cannot afford to play less matches. The fact is that football is now the favourite game of England, and cricket shares a divided attention with others in the summer. The immense advance of lawn tennis and golf has taken away players who might have risen to high distinction. Amateurs, too, who might have played in earlier days now have to go off to business; and amateurs are the soul of the game, because at their best they do

* "A Searchlight on English Cricket." By a County Cricketer. Holden. 3s. 6d.

not bother about averages. It is not part of their livelihood to stay in; they take risks; they hit sixes.

Is cricket helped as it might be by the Press? The "stunts" of last summer, of which Hobbs was the victim, show the folly of newspaper criticism. He was expected to produce another hundred from his bat, as if it were a rabbit out of his pocket, and all only to equal a "record" which is, for good reasons, beyond comparison! The game does not consist of "records," which have been exalted to a foolish prominence. It does not consist even of "centuries." Grace's best innings was less than a hundred on a terrible wicket.

As for our professionals, after the usual heavy season, they go off on tour when a rest would be much better for their play. Australia has but three "counties" of any importance; how many has England, which keep players busy for months? A "County Cricketer" objects to the professional captain, and so do I. The professional may be consulted by the amateur captain, and often is. But as a captain himself he does not shine, and has odd views of bowlers. I remember a recent match between the Gentlemen and Players in which Hobbs, on a normal wicket, bowled two left-handers together. Human nature being what it is, the best captain is not a bowler. He will bowl himself too much—"There's others as can barl," I heard a Yorkshire crowd once grumble over an English team at Scarborough—or too little. Luckily the new English captain is not a bowler. Mr. Carr has had ample experience with Notts, he is a keen field, and a host of professionals have suffered from his forceful batting. He can knock off a good bowler, and he makes runs quickly. The last is a vital point for three-day matches. If Mr. Carr had not been very high in the averages of last season, he would still be worth every consideration as our finest hitter. Let the reader ask himself how many professionals can claim a similar distinction.

It is now a general discovery that good fielding matters, and here the *fautor veterum* must admit faults in his great teams of the past. I have seen Hayward in former days let a ball through his legs to the Lord's boundary in a Test Match. Old Emmett once remarked, when chances

were being missed: "There's an epidemic about, but it isn't catching." That kind of slackness is not tolerated now. Sloth in the field may, or should, put out of the English team elder players who have done splendid service. On the new buildings at Lord's the weather-vane takes the form of old Father Time with a scythe on his back. Is it a hint? Younger players must have a fair chance, and there are several who deserve a trial. Bowling is a natural gift. In this all-important side of cricket youth, when brains are present, counts for a good deal. It is a sad fact that fast bowlers are seldom at their best for more than five years, though England is a great country for living on reputations. Our prospects for the coming Tests are notably increased by the fact that Macaulay—perhaps the most successful bowler of to-day on all wickets—was not a member of the last English side in Australia.

Grace, the best of judges, thought the "googlie" the most difficult ball he had seen; but it has not been a good influence on the whole on batting, as it has led to an increase of back play. The drive, a splendid and exhilarating stroke, needs revival, for it is neglected by otherwise first-rate players who are difficult to get out. The "two-eyed stance" is now adopted by men who make little of it. It is for those who have learnt the orthodox game and got beyond it. I remember seeing Trumper make a hundred in the stiffest of styles before he had developed that wonderful wrist and footwork which put him among the greatest. Such another daring master of brilliance is Macartney, who plagues bowlers by doing impossible things all round the wicket. Hobbs's play last season was a wonderful revival of artistry. But with the desire for quick scoring in mind I think of many balls at the Oval he let by on the off, which once he would have punished. If half an over of reachable balls remains untouched, who can blame onlookers for complaining, or staying away from the next match? How many maiden overs were bowled to Grace, even when he had lost, with the years, some of his freedom of movement? We want more courage in batting, and the absence of a batting tail in an English team. We want leg-hitting such as Collins indulges in, and no sparing

of half-volleys. Armstrong's leg bowling was far too tenderly treated, when he was last over here. He and other good judges of the game knew that well enough. What we do not want is journalism by the players themselves, or signed by them for some credulous editor. Players actively engaged in the game should not try to wield a pen, which is at least as difficult a job as batting. They should be content to make autographs for audacious flappers.

Our present prospects against the Australian team are quite good. They excel us, on the whole, in batting, but we may well excel them in bowling. I do not think their new performers with the ball are Turners or Spofforths. Our fielding is as good as theirs, and may be better. Our wicket-keeper remains superb, but he does not make runs. Has no one else come on to international form? The trial matches may lead to discoveries, and ought to omit the few certainties, so as to include as many new hands as possible. Every member of a Test team will, I hope, have a rest before he plays. The counties should be glad to try new hands, for generally they lack enterprise. History shows their loss of many a good man they could not venture to encourage.

It was pleasing to see Mr. Chapman, the sole player of a first free innings against the Australians for the M.C.C., pass his fifty. Mr. Stevens, if he fielded well, would be a certain choice. He can hit, but nowadays seems to prefer to block. Hammond, an all-rounder, is one of the coming men, and if Duleepsinhji turns out another Ranji, England, if not India, will rejoice. It is a pity that Oxford and Cambridge combined do not play the Australians, for they would make a much better match than some of the counties.

The selectors have a difficult choice before them, but there is no reason to suppose that they will be wanting in diligence and observation. Meanwhile, it will do them no harm to read the outspoken remarks of a "County Cricketer," unless, like a leader of to-day, they boast of a Nonconformist ancestry, and so are indifferent to criticism.

The Later-Day Squirearchy

Are They Making Good?

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough, M.C.

THERE have been all manner of conjectures as to what will be the future of rural England under the new order of squires. It was generally felt that the passing of estates from the hands of those who had many generations of tradition behind them, from a class who thoroughly understood agriculture, the difficulties and temper of the agriculturist, and the idiosyncracies of country life, could mean nothing short of a calamitous destruction of tradition and all that has long been best in country life. In many respects the passing of the old type of squirearchial landlord *has* been a calamity. It has dealt a severe blow at a system quite beyond the conception of the average politician, insomuch as unselfishness, sympathy, tradition, and affection were all component and integral parts of its ancient superstructure. There was between landlord and tenant a loyalty and family spirit which was an essential part of the system and which is only transferable when all else is equal. The basic fundamentals were mutual respect, mutual understanding, and mutual confidence. This can never be of mushroom growth. There must be tradition behind it, and remaining as a living, actuating, apparent force. Some of the new order of squirearchy may acquire these essentials, but at present they are suspect, and suspicion is the antithesis to complete understanding or confidence. The new type of landowners, and those who have bought "the big houses" in rural England without becoming possessed of the estates of which they were each the pivot in other days, are, so to speak, on trial. They have a good deal of innate prejudice to live down, even a certain amount of contempt. You remember Mr. Punch's story of the yokel who announced to his mate: "Tom, here's a

stranger coming," and the reply of Tom: "Then let's heave a brick at him." Well, if a little exaggerated, the fact remains that country folk do not take newcomers to their hearts quickly, and that they have no very high opinion of townsfolk who try to play the squire or the farmer. They will admire them as business men, look on them as supermen as far as machinery, commerce, shipping, or the whirl of the world's industries and money-changers go. When they transfer half their energies and interests to the land, or to the intricacies and economics of village life, then the ruralist proper describes and treats them pityingly as "only townies," with very considerable limitations. The average countryman is fully aware that he would soon be out of his depth if he essayed to take a controlling part in a shipyard, engineering works, a factory, or a brewery, and he believes and insists that the land requires just as intimate a knowledge and training both on the part of those who own and those who occupy. Who can gainsay him when we remember the many-sided character of agriculture?

Nor is this all the townsman who elects to spend part of his life in a rural district has to learn. Apart from a knowledge of seasons and science, of order and regulation, and other matters, he has to become a student of men. Until he and his family have learned and applied this lesson with tact, with sympathy, and a full desire to penetrate a rough, cold, and, perhaps, not very responsive exterior, to discover truth, they will be civilly treated—but as aliens. Moreover, they will be conscious of the fact that they have not reached hearts and that their position is merely that of privileged sojourners. They will recognize that there is a restraint which is not respect, awe, or shyness; that they are not really one of, or at one with, the community amongst whom they have come to reside, and that the hall or manor is no longer the centre of its own little world, from which most influence radiated in former days. Lavishing money, unbounded generosity, parade of wealth, the employment of many hands even at enhanced wages, cannot procure affection, respect, understanding, or confidence, for these are not added possessions. It may produce a veneer, or it may even increase suspicion as to "how long it's all going to last,"

with the comment, "They've a queer way o' goin' on; one never knows what they'll be up to next."

Of course, if the newcomers to the erstwhile homes of the squirearchy attempt to patronize, if they appear "superior," if their generosity is extended in the nature of "charity," rather than as tactful presents given in the spirit of real interest and affection, and if they rush headlong into aping what they fancy to be "the proper position" of the lord and lady of the manor, or squire and his lady, then they are closing the doors of hearts right and left. The attributes, peculiarities, and temperament of country folk in various parts of England call for almost as careful study and analysis as those of a foreign nation. The old squirearchy had no need to study. They were bred and born amongst those whom they governed, and were often looked upon as something approaching princes in their own principalities. It will depend entirely on the power of understanding and appreciating the *genus homo* as to whether the new squirearchy will ever attain to something of the same pedestal or, what is more important and co-relative, the same place in hearts.

Many of the latter really mean to be kind when they appear most offensive as measured by old standards. Many of them are anxious to retain and maintain old traditions. It is difficult for them to do so without the co-operation of those amongst whom they live. Now, at heart the ruralist has little respect for wealth *qua* wealth. Slow of speech he may be, and of introspection he may *seem* to be, but he is really a wonderful judge of character and of that which rings true in character. Moreover, he prefers long and honourable genealogy to wealth, and culture to blatant pomp and parade. He has a keen sense for the vulgar, for make-belief, for tinsel and show, and his past experience and education make him abhor these things. They impress him only as what he calls "ha'penny head and farthing tail." They compel him to describe those who seek to display their wealth as "gents," rather than as gentlemen—and the significance and inference is eloquent.

But we have hope of many of these later-day squires who are "biding their time," rather than attempting to

conquer new worlds by forced marches and a series of rapid battles. Though these may be early days to speak, some of us have seen sufficient to convince us that much which was feared will happily not result from the altered conditions. This may be attributed partly to a deep-rooted desire to follow in the best steps of the old squirearchy, partly to the knowledge that to be guilty of certain conduct would close entirely the doors which have been half-opened towards them. I refer to such important matters in country districts as the preservation of foxes and certain privileges and customs, so long established as to have become a part of the lives of those domiciled in the neighbourhood. The new squirearchy are many of them not hunting men, but they *are* keen on shooting. The fact, therefore, that they are anxious their coverts should maintain their reputation as a certain find when hounds come, and the added fact that they subscribe to hunt funds, is indicative of their attitude towards the great winter sport which means so much in and to rural England. Some of them are late in life taking to the saddle, and true sportsmen and sportswomen will extend an encouraging welcome rather than ridicule. In the hunting field, as in other sporting and social connections, the successors to the old type of landowner will make mistakes. They have in most cases shown themselves anxious to avoid so doing, and those of generous heart and worthy of the name of sportsmen will make their path easier.

Evolution has come and is continuing apace. It is fatuous not to accept it, no matter how poignant the regrets. Manifold as the change of spirit may be, destructive as it may be to much which was the very pulse, poetry, and heart's-blood of rural England, the upheaval has not brought to an end all the character, the sentiment, the sport and charm of country districts. The later-day squirearchy are in many districts successfully striving to adapt and acclimatize themselves, and, except in cases in which the purchase of land is looked upon as a purely commercial transaction, and the very heart torn out of the old system existing between landlord and tenant, the new families at the hall and manor house will probably gradually fit into the scheme of things. It is the only

way by which they will find happiness in their new surroundings. Met, as they are at every turn with reminders of old tradition and custom, it would be strange if they did not gradually become saturated with it and influenced by it.

Many of us look forward with confidence to the future, and see amongst the *soi-disant* squirearchy no sign of the dreaded ultra-plutocratic spirit the influence of which *would* be baneful. Let it be said in conclusion that those districts, large portions of which have changed hands since the war, will soon right themselves and travel old and well-tried lines, wherein those long-established country families which tenaciously hang on are least exclusive and make things easiest and pleasantest for their *nouveau riche* neighbours. To treat them as interlopers, as outside the pale, as pariahs, will only serve to invite those very changes which have been so feared. Estate owners, whose lands have been handed down from generation to generation with unbroken succession, may have little in common with recent arrivals in their district; but if they value the spirit and tradition of the land, both for themselves, their children, and their children's children, they will see to it that they create and stimulate some common interest in those things which have always been a part of the soul and character and fascination of rural England.

Eat or be Eaten

By George Sale

I DINED with my friend, Green Sprouts, the other day. It was by express invitation; and, I think, with a view to my conversion. For Sprouts is a vegetarian, and our repast, which was purely farinaceous and leguminous, was enlivened by an animated advocacy of Sprouts' creeds. I went home silenced, but not convinced, and although the hour was late, I supplemented the feast with a beefsteak. Then I sat and pondered.

I am, I believe, a reasonable man, open to conviction, willing and anxious to find the truth and to accept it, even when it requires painful sacrifices, but, somehow, Sprouts' ideas did not go down with me.

The evening was warm, and somewhat oppressive. I had had a hard day's work in the City before going to Sprouts' dinner; and a late train had brought me to my suburban home at an hour which was, for me, unusually advanced. Still, I could not make up my mind to retire to bed. I reclined dreamily in my easy chair, nursing my knees, and revolving interminably the ideas which Sprouts' conversation had brought up.

Presently my eye fell upon a book on the table before me, which, it struck me, was somewhat unfamiliar in appearance, and which I certainly could not have read previously. Opening it with some curiosity, I found it to be entitled, "Reflections on the Expediency of Reverting to the Use of Animal Food," by the Rev. Brussels Sprouts, D.D.

The foot of the title-page bore an altogether unfamiliar publisher's name, and the date was, strange to say, A.D. 2000.

My curiosity, however, was so stimulated that I did not pause to reflect on this incongruity, but began reading with avidity the contents of the volume, and was soon altogether absorbed in its perusal.

The author premised that he was the great-grandson of the famous Mr. Green Sprouts, who flourished at the beginning of the XXth century, and who had acquired

an undying reputation as the leader of the great movement in favour of vegetarianism, which distinguished that epoch of the world's history.

He sketched the progress of the grand humanitarian effort from that time to the date of his book, a period of upwards of a century. He showed that the movement first really took firm hold of the public mind after the visit of the noted Colonel Olcott to Japan. That country had remained isolated for centuries from the rest of the world, and on its first entry into the comity of nations, was eager to abandon its ancient traditions and to assimilate the civilization of the West. There were not wanting, however, shrewd observers who predicted that a revulsion would take place, and the result showed that they were right.

The advent of Olcott led to a revival of the Buddhist cult, and the principles of that faith were very speedily reasserted by that extraordinary people with a fervour and thoroughness in keeping with all that is known of them. Inspired with a belief in their mission to spread the dogmas of Shaka throughout the world, a complete revolution took place in their attitude towards the rest of the human race, and the machinery of modern civilization enabled them to spread their propaganda with astonishing rapidity. They adopted as their central doctrine the idea of the sacred nature of life, and the necessity of abstention from all animal food, and preached this idea with so much vigour that, by the year 1950, the whole world had, according to the figures of the learned Dr. Sprouts, been converted to vegetarianism. The various sects of the Christian world had not abandoned their distinctive theological ideas, but the weighty reasonings of the doctor's great-grandfather had compelled them in self-defence to adopt vegetarian principles to prevent the utter break-down of their organizations through the potent influence of the Buddhist enthusiasts.

As is usual whenever any great principle of conduct is established, extremists soon arose who preached the most fanatical extensions of the vegetarian idea. They pointed out that the scriptural appointment of man as the ruler of the rest of the animated creation conferred upon him no proprietary right in their bodies. They

declared that an enlightened and humane ruler was bound to administer his kingdom with a primary regard for the liberty, property, and happiness of the ruled. That principle, firmly established in English political history, in which the celebrated Gladstone (better known in those days as the "Grand Old Man") took so prominent a part, was held to carry with it the incontestable right of every animal to the whole of his body (flesh, skin, and bones), and it was asserted by these leaders of the new school of thought that it was downright sacrilegious to use tallow candles, wear leather boots, eat with ivory-handled knives, or, in brief, to utilize the bodies of animals in any fashion, even after their death from natural causes.

These extravagant ideas had by the year 1950 acquired considerable hold upon the more radical spirits of the age; so much so, that many important industries were threatened with extinction. The discouragement of the use of glue by cabinet makers; the banishment of woollen carpets from drawing-rooms; the substitution of cotton socks and Japanese clogs for woollen socks and leather boots; and the discarding of leather portmanteaux by conscientious commercial men, may be named among a host of things enumerated by the learned Dr. Sprouts as following on the adoption of these extreme ideas.

But new perplexities were in store for the conscientious, for a still more strait-laced body made their appearance on the scene. These insisted that good Buddhism as well as pure Christianity demanded protection for the lives and property of plants as well as of animals. They taught that it was as dishonest to appropriate to human uses the seeds, leaves, stems, or roots of plants as the flesh and bones of animals; and positively criminal that the spade and the plough, driving remorselessly through the soil, should spell murder for the harmless worm; and although these fanatics made but little headway, it was felt that logically they stood on the same platform as the others.

But Dr. Sprouts was not preoccupied with these extreme views. In common with other sober-minded and practical men, his mind was oppressed by other considerations of far greater weight and urgency; so

weighty and so urgent, indeed, that he had been led, after much mental conflict, to renounce the faith of his revered great-grandfather, and to advocate a return to the flesh-eating usages of the nineteenth century. He had met the usual fate of men who preached doctrines opposed to the sentiments of the mass of their fellows. He had been persecuted and reviled as a renegade, as a dishonour to his famous ancestor; the lectures he delivered had been drowned by the execrations of mobs; his letters to the Press were not printed; and it was only with the greatest difficulty and by the expenditure of his whole private means that he had been able to induce a publisher to incur the odium of producing the book I was reading. He was unable to advertise it, as no bill-sticker, much less any newspaper, would have anything to do with him. The volume was only privately circulated amongst the broader-minded public men of the twenty-first century.

Not to weary my readers, I will come to the gist of Dr. Sprouts' book at once. He had made, or believed he had made, the discovery that man must either be carnivorous or perish.

Whatever the state of things might have been in primeval times, when men are reputed to have been purely vegetarian in their diet, he pointed out that the almost entire destruction of the other carnivora by man in recent centuries had removed all natural checks on the increase of graminivorous and herbivorous animals. Their artificial increase had been greatly fostered also during the flesh-eating age in consequence of the lucrative trade in beef, mutton, pork, game, fowl, venison, etc., which prevailed up to the beginning of the twentieth century. The consequence was that incredibly numerous herds of cattle and countless millions of sheep, pigs, deer, and poultry roamed wild about the world, and absolutely threatened the extinction of the supply of human food (now drawn exclusively from vegetation), and even to crowd the human race out of the world.

Only a small and rapidly decreasing area of the farm lands of the globe was available for human sustenance, and that had to be fenced in with incredibly strong and high palisading to resist the furious attacks of cattle

rendered desperate by hunger; and also required protecting overhead by strong wire netting to exclude the clouds of birds anxious to devour every atom of the crops they could gain access to.

Many people had already found this state of things intolerable, although they had not abandoned their belief in the sinfulness of flesh-eating. They argued that the best course would be to restore that balance of animal life which existed before man's flesh-eating propensities disturbed it. They therefore countenanced the increase by all possible means of the sadly diminished numbers of carnivorous animals, considering that, while man was morally accountable for taking life, the lower animals were free to follow their instincts. These views, under the pressure of the extreme dangers of the times, spread rapidly through the world, and at the time of the publication of Dr. Sprouts' work, there were already established upwards of 10,000 menageries for the breeding of carnivora. Royal and Imperial societies were founded for the encouragement of this new industry, and valuable prizes were offered for the finest Nubian and Cape lions. Leopards and panthers were sold for enormous prices, owing to their destructive propensities, and a firm of speculative importers realized an immense fortune by cornering all the tigers in Bengal. As being more adapted to the climate of Great Britain, wolves were largely in request in England, although the Australian demand kept the Russian dealers fully occupied, our unfortunate friends at the Antipodes being worse off than any other people, owing to the frightful number of their sheep. Cottagers and people of small means generally began to keep weasels, stoats, ferrets, ferocious cats; and many costermongers in London made a snug competency by disposing of their dogs. The Swiss and other mountaineers devoted themselves to the breeding of eagles, and the great condor of the Andes was in special demand on the vast plains of South America.

These measures, however, were considered by Dr. Sprouts as likely to be very slow and uncertain, in face of the immensity and urgency of the dangers by which the human race was threatened, and many of their aspects were by no means pleasant for human beings. All Nature

was relapsing into savage conditions; the air resounded with the plaintive cries of animals slaughtered or mutilated by the furious beasts let loose upon them. Frequently poor hunted creatures, after a life of anxiety and misery, died lingering deaths in the thickets of the country, which was already wilderness, from wounds inflicted by the rapacious wolf or panther in the lust of mere blood-thirstiness. It was no longer safe to venture out of the strongly-fenced and wire-roofed farms. The towns were walled in, and the gates defended against the incursions of the teeming animal world around, which with keen instinct, especially in the winter months, sniffed the odour of grains and fruits stored in the abodes of man. Travellers were liable to attacks by the wild beasts, which made no discrimination between human and animal prey. If by good fortune the wayfarer escaped unharmed, he was afflicted by the sight of famished hordes of the tamer animals, useless, inconceivably dirty, and uncared for; saw them pounced on by their savage slaughterers and torn limb from limb, dying a hundred deaths instead of one.

It was the sight of spectacles such as these, the doctor confessed, which decided him to urge with passionate earnestness a return to the flesh-eating customs of previous ages. He declared that the morbid zeal of a false humanitarianism had brought about a far worse state of things than in the past, and avowed his belief that man was destined to regulate the amount of animal life in the world by eating up the surplus.

His book concluded with a long chapter of eloquent denunciation of vegetarianism, powerfully appealing to the reason and conscience of the reader, and summarizing the disastrous results to civilization which it had caused. I was just about to rise from its perusal when the sudden striking of a clock, announcing the hour of 2 a.m., roused me to a consciousness of the fact that I had been asleep in my chair, that I was cold and stiff, and, in fact, had been dreaming.

Still, my dream had its effect in fortifying my mind, and although Green Sprouts sniffed very much when I next met him and told him of the incident, I think he has been less positive on the subject of vegetarianism since.

The Demon Dog of Ennerdale

By A. G. Bradley

TILL near the close of the last century there could be seen in Hutton's Museum at Keswick, long since closed, the stuffed skin of a large, brindled, tiger-striped dog. This was an animal, known as "t' girt dog of Ennerdale," who in the last four months of his life held the flock-masters of western Lakeland and all the seaboard low country to ransom, defying every effort to destroy him. It was not merely that he killed about 350 sheep in his brief day of license, but the ceaseless and futile war waged against him, both by sheep farmers themselves and others striving for the reward put upon his head, demoralized the entire countryside from Buttermere to the sea and from Whitehaven to Ravenglass. Sheep-worrying dogs have been a common enough scourge, but such culprits are generally soon identified and meet with a speedy end. Nothing approaching the career of this masterly canine strategist and butcher was ever achieved by any other of his cunning and sanguinary tribe. Foxhounds of the various Lakeland packs accustomed to running through sheep for many seasons occasionally develop the mania, for such it is, in a moment and without warning, and have to be ruthlessly killed by their distressed and sorrowing owners. Shepherd dogs themselves, as well as curs of all kinds, are liable to this incurable malady, which is generally a sport rather than a raid for food. Though they often show cunning and travel distances for their victims, the shrift of sheep-worrying dogs is generally short. For one thing, they have almost always a home and an owner somewhere or other. But this savage raider of the fells had no abiding place and no master. No one ever knew how or whence he came. A great deal of evidence was taken and preserved about his career by the well-known Cumbrian chronicler William Dickinson, himself living in the district at the time. He, moreover, recorded the experiences of leading farmers, and took a hand in the

protracted efforts to catch him. Among them Mr. John Steel, of Asby, who was prominent in all these heated doings, and himself fired the final shot, also described briefly the whole campaign.

It was in the middle of May 1810 that the dog was first seen by Mr. Mossop, of Thornholme, who took note of him as a stranger—in breed apparently a mastiff, with a greyhound cross, and striped like a tiger. He very quickly made his presence felt. The first few outrages—a sheep or two killed here and there, with chunks of flesh torn out—attracted only the usual attention. But when the culprit could not be tracked to any quarter or master, and, though already seen by a few persons sneaking out of a wood or vanishing over a mountain side, he defied all approaches, the matter began to look serious. Men with guns began to lie in wait. But the dog never operated two consecutive nights in the same district. While the scene of his depredations was being watched he would be taking his bloody toll a dozen miles away. He had no particular beat nor any settled haunts where he spent his days digesting his midnight meals. On rare occasions some shepherd would catch sight of him at work in the early morning, but that was of no use. They might send their dogs in chase, but, even if the brute was overtaken, he could administer such rapid punishment to the foremost pursuer that the hinder ones flinched from a contest. He was seen at dawn one morning to run down a big ram and tear out and swallow lumps of living flesh, as the animal stood on its feet without power to resist or flee. Occasionally he was scared from his orgies, when the flesh would be found torn from the ribs behind the shoulder. Sometimes he would wantonly destroy seven or eight sheep in a night, while in his whole career of destruction he was never once heard to bark or growl. He became such an expert in striking his game and such an epicure in his taste that he would open the jugular vein every time, with almost the precision of a surgeon, for the warm blood, which he liked best. With his increasing raids a dozen parishes were stirred to the highest pitch of rage and excitement, and half the male population turned out in vague and wild pursuit.

May and June thus passed away. He had already

destroyed scores of sheep, but he was no nearer being captured. The temptation of a poisoned carcase was useless, as he was much too fastidious to touch anything but living, or at least warm, flesh. It was said that he spent his days on the high fells, lying like a fox on some dry slab which commanded a view of the country round. Where he would be at night no man could guess within a twenty-mile radius. With such high feeding he was always in the very pink of condition. A big reward was placed on his head. Every man in the country with a gun turned out to earn it or to save his own flock from further loss. But "t' girt dog" laughed at such futile pursuers. Then the hunters bethought them of calling in the foxhounds, of which then, as now, in the Lake country several packs were kept for destroying the foxes and giving sport to the dalesmen and boarded out in summer among them. A picked lot was soon collected and laid on the trail of the common enemy. They hunted him almost as keenly as a fox, and he gave them some tremendous long runs. The brute on such occasions would leave the fells at once, if started there, as his heavy weight was a disadvantage to him over the rough mountain ground, while on the low country his powerful limbs and great condition gave him an advantage. In any case, it was of little avail for the dogs to close on him, as they always ran straggling, and the great beast, as we have seen, could cripple at once any single opponent. "Many a time," says one chronicler, "he was chased for ten or fifteen miles right away, but he was generally discovered by his murderous deeds to have returned during the first or second night following. Many an enlivening gallop was enjoyed during this unusual season of summer by occasional horsemen who happened to cross the chase in full cry. So exciting did it become that when the cheering echoes gave notice that the game was on foot, horses were hastily unyoked from carts or ploughs, mounted bare back and ridden as long as they could go, and left to take their chance whilst the riders continued the chase on foot. It was no uncommon sight to see a score or two of men running at the top of their speed after the hounds without hats or coats, and many were obliged to strangers for refreshment at the end of an unsuccessful chase, ending

many miles from home and finding them with empty pockets." Indeed, throughout the country the burden of hospitality at all hours of night or day expected by the many pursuers became quite a tax on housewives. And all through the summer the game went on. The victims steadily increased week by week and almost day by day. No other subject was talked about at the church doors or in the market-place. Even mothers grew anxious about their children, curtailed their rambles, and sometimes kept them away from school. Youngsters trembled in their beds, for servants used the name of "t' girt dog" as an alternative to that of "Boney," just then in vogue, as Cromwell's had been with their ancestors, for the intimidation of rebellious infants. Night and day parties of men watched, and, when they were worn out, others took their place, and at the first sign of the dreaded beast a gun was fired, the hounds were laid on, and the ever sanguine but always futile chase began. Among other schemes tethering bitches was tried, but the brute was too wily even for that. The whole country was demoralized, crops wasted, time lost, and wages paid for no result. Even cows sometimes went unmilked and horses unfed, so many persons were obsessed with this protracted dog hunt. For beside the money reward the larger farmers offered ale and a free "whittlegate" to all professing to be watchers or pursuers.

One fine July morning two hundred men and a number of coupled hounds spread themselves over Kenniside Fells and roused the dog on Hope Head. Thence he was run to Wastdale Head, but turning down, according to his custom, towards the low country, he traversed the heights above Wastwater, the "echoes of hallooing men (that stentorian 'hound-talk' which the dalesmen still pride themselves on) reverberating across its rocky shores." Thence he sought the smoother ground of Browny Edge and Stockdale Moor, throwing the hounds constantly off the trail by his crafty turnings. Here the forty and odd men who survived the long chase marked him into a cornfield, which they immediately surrounded, a few of them with guns. Some fresh hounds were quickly collected, and the hunters, led by Mossop, of Thornholme, "Merry Charlie," on his fast pony, thought they had him

at last. But before their dispositions were completed, the dog, after a brief rest, had stolen away, again giving them the slip. He was thence traced by a slow drag through Calder and Seascale till, night falling on the weary hunters near Drigg, they were once more beaten.

On another occasion he was found on the same fells and hunted almost clean across Lakeland, harbouring in a wood at Clifton, near Penrith. Here he was roused by men and hounds and driven to the Derwent Valley, where he escaped after a run of twenty miles. More than once he was chased to St. Bees, but managed to hide himself successfully in its many gardens. From time to time he was seen, but always by unarmed or helpless folk. A Mrs. Russell, visiting at Birkmoss, went to the orchard, we are told, to pull some apples, but returned in a panic, saying she had seen an "awful looking wild beast" under the very tree she was going to pick from. John Steel, it so happened, had just returned from his vigil on the fell, and needed no further explanation. He returned in half an hour with hounds and men. The dog had moved his quarters, but was soon found nearby and bolted before the "crash of hounds and the ringing cries of the men." He was almost cornered this time, and so puzzled to break the ring of men, unfortunately on this occasion gunless, that he dashed between the crooked legs of old Jack Wilson, a stone-deaf ancient who was stooping to gather sticks unaware of what was going forward, and heaved him into the air. Jack vowed to his dying day it was a lion that had upset him. On another occasion the dog was marked into a wood, and a crowd collected, thirteen of whom had guns. When the beast broke cover within a yard or two of Will Rothery, he was so paralysed that he forgot to fire off his gun, merely jumping back a pace with the panic-stricken exclamation, "Skerse, what a dog!"

On one Sunday the whole hunt, horsemen, footmen, and hounds swept past Ennerdale Church during morning service. In less than a minute the church was emptied, the whole congregation joining in the hue and cry, followed toilsomely by their aged parson, Mr. Ponsonby.

The beast always made full use of growing cornfields, gliding from one to the other, while his pursuers shrank

from trampling down the ripening grain. In late August a general halt was called till the crops should be at least in part cut. It was felt that even the almost nightly toll of sheep levied was a less evil than the confusion into which the countryside had been thrown. By September 12, however, they were at work again. For Jonathan Patrickson espied the dog in a grain field, and having thus invoked him "Aa'l let ta lig theer a bit, me lad, but aa'l want to see tha just noo," away he went, and with less noise than usual collected in half an hour the customary armed men and hounds. On the quarry being shifted, the same old man was lucky enough to get the only shot at him, and wounded him in the hindquarters. This took a bit off his speed and enabled the dogs to get on good terms with him. But not one of them durst tackle him. In spite of this partial disablement he kept persistently on his legs, though often headed and turned by numerous parties in his circuitous route from Kenniside by Eskat. Archedon, Asby, and Stockhow Hall to the river Ehen. Wearied out at last by these frequent diversions, he lay down in the river, and when the redoubtable John Steel, who had been on the warpath the whole summer, came up with his gun, he found him surrounded by the timorous hounds. When he once more made off the crowd of dogs prevented a shot. Almost done, he made a last desperate struggle for life towards Eskat Woods, with John and the hounds close on his heels. After a few turnings in the wood, John got his chance and the ten pounds reward, for the beast fell to his gun to rise no more. "After many a kick at his lifeless body the carcase was carried in triumph all the way to the inns at Ennerdale Bridge." Those ancient little hostelries did a roaring trade for several days. The shepherds and farmers of the dales made high and protracted holiday in their rude and boisterous fashion over the remains. No local Connaught hero ever had a more rousing wake than "t' girt dog of Ennerdale."

Preventive Medicine and the Individual

By Dr. S. Henning Belfrage

(Hon. Medical Secretary, New Health Society)

THE art of preventive medicine is founded on the knowledge gained in the last century of the nature and causation of disease. A fatalistic attitude towards illness has been replaced to a great extent by a belief that sooner or later the individual, with no trouble to himself, will be safeguarded against every departure from health. The citizen of to-day no longer fears the plague which wiped out tens of thousands, or the fatal and disfiguring smallpox which was once as common as measles. More recently typhus or jail fever has been abolished, and diphtheria, scarlet and typhoid fevers greatly reduced. This advance is due to the State medical services, and to the adoption of measures based on an effective knowledge. The individual has been compelled by the State to submit to the necessary regulations laid down for the protection of the community. Segregation of the infected, improvements in sanitation, housing, and water supply, street cleaning, and vaccination have all played their part in thus raising the general health. They are the result of an enlightened public opinion converted into action by scientific method. Similarly many of the healthier and better aspects of living to-day owe their origin to an educated public taste and an awakened civic conscience. Such are the diminution of drunkenness, the growing love of athletics and the open air, more personal and domestic cleanliness (the bathroom is a product of the last hundred years), and the vastly improved conditions under which many kinds of labour are carried on.

Nevertheless, regarding a vast amount of ill-health and disease, the connection between the individual, the community, and the State is far from being fully recognized. Most people have never considered the mass

effect of ill-health on the community and the welfare of the State, and it is only in the last twenty years or so that the State has begun to realize the serious effect of this ignorance on the part of the individual.

Health authorities have, in the past, been too easily satisfied with a constantly falling death-rate, due largely to the stamping out of the worst epidemic diseases and improved care of infants. They did not realize the effects of the vastly extended hospital facilities, better treatment and widespread institutional care of those diseases which, although incurable, are not allowed to kill. Owing to medical, surgical, and nursing advance in the last fifty years many thousands of lives have been saved and prolonged. The new light has made us realize the possibility of preventing many prevalent diseases and conditions of ill-health by inculcating better habits. The list of such diseases has been enormously extended. Indeed, there are few widely prevalent in civilized communities that may not be avoided by right ways of living.

The crying need is for widespread education of the public in simple principles, as well as for a more intensive training of the doctor in the prevention rather than in the so-called "healing" of disease. The art of medicine should be the art of prevention, and the public should co-operate with the physician in such work.

Health education of the public must to a great extent be under the direction and supervision of the State medical services, and should be co-ordinated from official centres. But the individual must be dealt with and educated in the family circle and as a unit of the population, as well as by communal measures.

We have in this country a splendidly organized Ministry of Health, and a highly-trained body of medical officers. Public sanitation has arrived at something near perfection, but the personal aspect of health education is badly in need of higher development.

That the general standard of health is far too low no one will dispute. There are very large numbers whose physique and efficiency leave much to be desired. Witness the more than 50 per cent. of adult males still found to be unfit for military service, though the physical standard

is by no means high, the crowded wards and out-patient rooms of the hospitals, the extensive sanatorium and asylum accommodation now provided, and the high rate of infant mortality. All classes accept ill-health in a deplorable way, and the lower strata of society provide the patent medicine vendor and quack with a source of unlimited income. It pays him to advertise immensely in the papers. The unqualified practitioner was never so flourishing, and new methods of "cure" are sprung upon an ignorant and credulous public almost every day. Ignorance of the simplest principles of anatomy and physiology is rife and complete, while the public is really eager for trustworthy information. Not only does loss of health entail a heavy charge on the national expenditure, but the loss of earning power is a heavy drag on the progress and financial stability of the nation.

How can we best carry out the necessary programme of education? Popular education by the State is costly, and regarded with considerable suspicion by large sections of the community. The inseparable air of officialdom, the fear of compulsion, and the instinctive dislike of bureaucracy are serious handicaps to Government propaganda. Moreover, the State medical service has its hands fully occupied with its communal health services. Here it is that the voluntary organization finds its justification and can do sterling work. It has already done splendidly. Witness the British Red Cross Society, the Boy Scout movement, hospitals and charities supported and managed by the public, and infant welfare organizations run by unpaid members of the leisured classes. Such organizations are made by the enthusiasm of their workers, a thing difficult to attain in a Government department. The enthusiasm ever gathers new friends and willing helpers. This means a great advantage over the official department. It will, however, be to the mutual advantage of both the voluntary and the State organization if close co-operation is ensured, for the voluntary needs guidance and direction, and the State department needs the voluntary worker. The necessary expenditure of the voluntary society should be easily met by suitable appeal to the great

charitable public whose purse is never closed to an efficient and economical philanthropy. The demands of the State, in order to meet the national expenditure, to provide pensions and improved conditions of living, have already reached the limit of endurance of the tax-payer.

As to the best methods for those who are to educate the public in matters of health, suffice it to say that they must be carefully adapted to the needs and intelligence of each particular class, and of the individual. They must practise the successful methods of the advertising agent, the popular preacher, and the Press. These methods must be carried out by well-informed, experienced teachers, men and women of broad mind, and practical sympathy. They must be free from "crankism," and shun the example of the quack and the charlatan. They must stress the big, simple truths of the matter. Teaching must be principally persuasive, but intimidation will also be effective. Fear plays an important part in the conduct of life. The physician has too long been regarded as a superior being whose knowledge is far remote from that of the average man. If he is wise he will be more impressed with his ignorance, and gladly share the few simple well-established truths he has learnt with his less fortunate fellow-citizens.

There have been many voluntary health-teaching organizations founded in this country since the British Red Cross was established in 1870, and they have all done, and do, sterling work, but the field is wide and the harvest slow to reap.

No excuse is, therefore, needed for founding the New Health Society. It has lofty ideals and purposes, and is employing an effective and hitherto unused weapon in the fight against disease. The Society deserves the enthusiastic support of every man and woman in this country who would see civilization justify itself by securing the widest happiness and well-being for the community. Civilization must undoubtedly be held responsible for much human disease and suffering, but it can absolve itself by the adoption of adequate measures to combat them.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The New Weddings

"I don't know what you think, Sar'n't," remarked Heddle, as he glanced through an evening paper, "but it looks funny to me to be married like that."

"What looks funny to you to be married like what?" asked Sergeant Murphy.

"This bit here. It says that at a wedding in a church in Lincolnshire they didn't have a bridal march, but a drawing-room ballad was sung instead."

"That's right," said the Sergeant. "It's wan of the little fancy touches that has lifted the modern weddin' from a ceremony to a ballet. For the moment we've got no further than havin' a choristher, dhressed as a page to Hinry the Eighth, chantin' 'God sent thee (me) to me (thee),' as sung with terrific success on the Burroughs and Watts circuit be Toby Hope, the He-Soprano. But whin a broader-minded spirit prevails we'll have 'Stop Yer Ticklin' Jock,' or somethin' else to relieve the solimnity of an unsolemn occasion.

"Twinty years ago, Heddle, whin people came back from a weddin' they'd begin talkin' of the bride's appearance and how nervous she was and how the bridegroom had a fine figure and a cast in wan eye, and how he dhropped the ring and thried to escape up the bell rope or somethin'.

"To-day nobody cares a sthraw about the actors in the dhrama. All they want to know about is the stunts.

"Many a time, in the old days whin I was a corporal, I was called on to attind weddin's of officers of the ridgemint, and we always made an arch of crossed swords for the couple to walk under.

"Now the fashion's spread, and a billiard marker's wife isn't sure that the weddin' lines are A1 at Lloyds if she hasn't walked out of the church under an arch of crossed cues. Similarly crossed Alpine sticks are insisted on be every bride who has spint eight days at Lovely Lucerne, with two free motor thrips. And I suppose, though I'm not sure, that a banker's anxiety as to whether marriage was in his best intherests or not is relieved be the sight of an arch of crossed cheques.

"The bridesmaids' frocks are planned be a wallpaper designer many months before hand, and are the sinecure of every eye in Hoof and Moffat's, Hanover Square, for fully a fortnight before the fatal day. If, accordin' to Cynthia of 'The Lady's Boudoir,' Louis Quinsy is the chick style of the momint, thin Louis Quinsy is the style of the bridesmaids, all but the legs, which are too like a dashhound's to be atthractive. The colour scheme matches the bride's eyes, and the verger is warned, under threats of prosecution for libel, that only wan shade is permitted in his ties and socks. The bokay is accordin' to the plans and spicifications of a landscape gardener, and varies in size accordin' to the diminsions of the bride. The foundation-stone of the weddin' cake is laid be a relation of not less rank than a prison governor or borough councillor. It generally stands two hands high, includin' the plinth, and whin the gallant bridegroom cuts the first sod with a handsaw the gramophone fires off a reproduction of the famous Carry-on of Broogs with its chimin' bells.

"I didn't mintion the policeman outside the church, did I?"

"No, not yet."

"Well, he has to match the rest of the cortage, so the engaged couple go down to the station the evenin' before, have the min paraded, and pick the wan that'll not be out of dhrawin' with the high conthractin' parties. He must be small, addicted to homeliness, and must possess no physical atthraction that'll make the bridegroom be comparison appear to be somethin' that the bride has dhragged down off a 'bus in the dark.

"So you see what I'm dhrivin' at, Heddle, whin I say that the scenery and the props and the costumes are what count in a weddin' nowadays. The couple thimselves are mintioned only in the small print at the bottom of the programme along with the printer's name."

"Marriage isn't taken so serious now," said Heddle. "Lots of couples get married without knowing a thing about one another."

"They do," said Sergeant Murphy, "but they can always rely on the Divorce Court to see fair play. Marriage, they say, is a thrile. It's not a sintince for life."

The Troubadour

By Walter Madeley

Sir Guiraut came to the market-place
And sat by the cross for a breathing-space,
Watching the chapmen ply their trade
And nigh distraught by the din they made.
Mercer and furrier, grocer and leech,
Loriner, vintner, and pardoner, each
Tied to his counter the whole day long,
They were crying their wares to the passing throng:
Bargains in taffeta, bargains in lace,
Wonderful value in pepper and mace,
Magical philtre and holy relic,
Charms for the pestilence, cures for the colic,
Gems for the mistress and gauds for the maid
Cheap salvation and cheap brocade,
The cheapest yarns that ever were spun,
The cheapest of everything under the sun.
Sir Guiraut questioned his lute anew,
Till every chord rang sweet and true;
Then he mounted the steps of the market-cross,
And anon his voice to the welkin rose.
He chose not a song of the people, known
To quavering gossip and husky clown,
But a story of ancient chivalry
Cast in the mould of his fantasy.
He sang of the mystical vow, that bound
The famous knights of the Table Round,
How Galahad, Lancelot, and Percivale
Wandered in search of the Holy Grail.
Oh, sweet and clear in the month of May
Is the song of the merle on the hawthorn spray:
Sweet and clear in the gloaming swells
On the ear the pealing of cloister bells;
Sweet is the plash of the cool cascade,
Or the rivulet's voice in the forest glade:
But never, I ween, was a music heard,

Nor welling of water, nor song of bird,
Nor bells can chime at the vesper hour,
So sweet as the lay of the troubadour.
All in a coil was the market now;
The curious bargainers, high and low,
Burgesses, ladies and seneschals,
Came flocking together from booths and stalls
To gaze at the stranger with slanting eye
And savour a verse of his poesy.
The merchants were turning their heads to see
What strolling scatterbrain made so free,
Spoiling their custom and splitting their ears
With his Galahads and his Guineveres.
"God's life," quoth the vintner, "there's little to gain
In bringing good liquor from France or Spain,
If a masterless knave need but stand up and bawl
To 'tice every buyer away from my stall!"
"Beshrew me, good neighbours," an old wife cries,
"If I know what his fustian signifies."
"Nay, dame," quoth the pardoner, shaking his head,
"I warrant such riddles were best unread."
Two jolly apprentices, free for the day,
To the heart of the crowd had shouldered a way.
"Hey, sirrah, 'tis pity," cries one of the twain,
"To waste so much breath on so maudlin a strain."
"Come," hiccups the other, "a truce to your Grail,
And give us a ditty in praise o' good ale!"
His bidding unheeded, the saucy patch
Broke merrily into an alehouse catch,
While others applauded or laughed "Ho, ho!"
And joined in the burden with "Hey, nonny no."
Scornful and stern was Sir Guiraut's face,
As he turned his back on the market-place.
Little he recked of the mocking throng;
Little he heard of their scurvy song;
Little he knew of the way he went,
For his eyes were searching the firmament,
As it were the vision had caught his glance
That inspired the knights of his own romance.
But or ever clear of the press he stood,
The mercer came running, and plucked his hood.
"Sir Minstrel, a word in thine ear," he said,

"Meseemeth thou wooest a thankless jade:
Let me make thee an offer, and be not averse
To setting thy mistress to fatten thy purse.
Couldst rhyme me a song about silk and cloth,
That should lure all the women to visit my booth,
And flatter my buckram and sarcenet fine
Till they vow there were never such tissues as mine?
An' it be not a labour thine art disdains,
I will give thee ten ducats to pay for thy pains:
Say, is it a bargain?"
Sir Guiraut heard
His suit to the end, nor uttered a word:
Anon with a gesture of cold dissent
He turned on his heel and away he went.
He rode by the gate and out of the town
To the open sky and the open down,
And before the dawn of another day
He was over the hills and far away.
Whither he journeyed and how he fared
No man knoweth, for no man cared.
Haply the oak may cherish the song
That it heard him sing when the world was young:
Haply the brook, as it hurrieth by,
May murmur a snatch of his minstrelsy:
But its music hath passed beyond mortal ken,
Never to soften the hearts of men.
God fashioneth many a pearl, I trow,
To gladden our eyes in this world of woe:
Alas, that we trifle with toys of clay,
And cast in our blindness His pearls away!

The Art of Sean O'Casey

By Horace Shipp

*The Plough and the Stars,** by Sean O'Casey. (Fortune Theatre.)

It has become commonplace to acclaim Mr. O'Casey as a genius. "Juno and the Paycock" bore the irrefutable signs, and even had its author not been served by the finest ensemble of actors which the West End of London has seen for many years, its wealth of humour and humanity, its sudden daring plunges into the deep places of our common experience, its terror and pity and cleansing laughter, would have revealed it as the fine play it is. That Mr. O'Casey should have been given the Hawthornden Prize on account of it is a fitting recognition. That the playgoing public should have responded so immediately is an encouraging fact for those of us who believe that the good wine of the theatre needs no bush, and yet another admonition to those managers who hold that popularity and piffle are synonymous terms. It was, of course, also a tribute to the Irish company and to the tradition of fine acting of fine work which they had already acquired.

Many of us waited with trepidation the coming of Mr. O'Casey's next play. Genius is one thing, but sustained genius is quite another. Those who had knowledge of the origins of the first play wondered whether, now that its very success had cut the author off from the sources whence he so obviously had touched the fountain of his inspiration, he could do as great a thing again. We had seen, moreover, in "Juno" those lapses which would have been crushing faults in any piece with less internal vitality and sustaining power, and we wondered whether his technical achievement as a dramatist would eliminate these in the succeeding play. Now, with "The Plough and the Stars" before us we are still wondering at Mr. O'Casey's strange power, for he has managed to repeat his success exactly and so to force us to repeat our questionings. The same general method is here—the method of presenting the comic, exuberantly romantic Irish lower class against the tragic background of the Irish revolution, of allowing that tragedy to sweep devastatingly into the lives of his characters, and of revealing the pitiful helplessness of

* Published by Messrs. Macmillan. 5s.

individual men and women against the forces of circumstance. One remembers that fine sentence at the opening of Wilfred Owen's poems: "The subject of it is War and the Pity of War; the Poetry is in the Pity," and that is as true of Sean O'Casey's work. His genius consists in creating real people, and conveying to us his own sympathy, understanding, and even love of them despite their unutterable foolishness and meannesses; in that, and in his power to capture the Irish manner of speech—that heritage of rhetorical and lyrical utterance which gives the Irish dramatist his work half done.

Nevertheless, it is disquieting that he should do it all again so exactly. We have the example of Tchehov (to whom he bears such interesting kinship) to show that a man of genius can write the same play, not only twice, but four times, and on each occasion write a supreme work. But Sean O'Casey tends to repeat the faults rather than the excellences of his work, until we grow terribly afraid that his own taste is at fault, and that he cannot distinguish between his own passionate creations and the theatrical tricks which he has picked up from somewhere. The prayers, hymns, and funerals of "Juno" were too closely copied in the new play; and the magnificent audacity of the two beer-drinkers at the end of one play should never have been repeated in the two indifferent tea-drinkers of the other.

The point wherein the new play promised to have deeper meaning than the former one was in that introduction of the doctrine of purification by blood which O'Casey accepted, I understand, from the terrible philosophy of Padriac Pearce. Whether it is sound or not as philosophy is beside the point; certainly it is dramatic, and the idea of having a speaker propounding it at a meeting outside the public-house window whilst the drinking, quarrelling, and drabbing went their normal way within was an idea of magnificent dramatic promise. Unfortunately, either because O'Casey's technique is not yet capable of handling so difficult a problem, or because of bad production, the thing which seems so good in the book is unconvincing on the stage. That "Man beyond the window" was a brilliant conception, but in the theatre he had an air of being dragged in, and it was difficult to believe that any meeting was taking place.

In truth, I suspect that Mr. O'Casey was badly served by his producer. Arthur Sinclair and Maire O'Neill, Sara Allgood and Sydney Morgan need no production; but some of the cast had an air of waiting for the cue which should have been corrected. The portentous knocking on the door was also mistakenly held up until the separate verses of the Clithero's love-song were conveniently ended, and so lost the effect when we would much more gladly have lost the song; and Mr. Fagan should have firmly taken those two "Cockney" soldiers aside and explained to them that they would be better employed listening to the porters outside the theatre door than struggling with Mr. O'Casey's quite absurd phonetics. Cockney, as Mr. Shaw and other dramatists have proved, is as virile and expressive as Anglo-Irish. On this matter of production, too, and in the writing of the play, Messrs. Fagan and O'Casey might well have sat at the feet of Kommissarjevsky and Tchehov for that all-important second act. A crowded stage, a meeting really going on beyond the window, and the essential dialogue unweaving itself from the muted action and inessential speech would have expressed just exactly what the author was striving to say. The entrances and exits kept us horribly aware of the wings of the stage.

The art of Sean O'Casey has the qualities of genius; it lacks the lesser but, nevertheless, necessary qualities of technique. I have the impression that he is succeeding at present on the strength of his comedy, whilst his tragedy remains unconvincing and is often sentimental. With great themes to his hand and a mind alive enough to see their greatness, with the lyrism and laughter of the Irish speech and character as his raw material, there seems nothing he cannot do if he will remember that the theatre demands an art, and will see that his workmanship deserves that term.

A Novel Competition

1st Prize. Books to the value of £5
2nd „ „ „ „ £2
3rd „ „ „ „ £1
(to be chosen by the winner from any Publisher's List).

PRIZES are offered for the selection of the most notable passage, not exceeding 150 words in length, occurring in any speech, sermon, or article delivered or published in English, between the 15th May and 15th of the current month (June).

The conditions of entry are as follows:—

1. The full name and address of the competitor must be written upon the form below and attached to the page of the paper (the name and date of which must be visible) in which the speech, sermon, or article appeared, with the selected passage clearly marked. A passage selected from a Review or Magazine may be copied out, but the name and date of the publication must be stated.
2. Entries must be received, addressed to the Editor, THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 4 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W., not later than the 16th of each month.
3. The decision of the Editor will be final.

Consideration will be given severally to the style or quality of expression, the importance of the subject matter, and the forcefulness of the appeal, whether to the patriotic, moral or artistic instincts of the audience or readers.

The names of the successful competitors and the passages selected will be published in the following number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

NAME.....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS.....

DATE OF POSTING.....

Results of May Competition

1st Prize.—Mr. H. L. COCKBURN, 20 Windsor Street, Brighton.

Sussex Daily News, April 22nd. From the speech of Sir Oliver Lodge at the Holy Trinity Centenary, Brighton :—

"When we consider the magnitude, the majesty, the magnificence of the universe, and its myriad of worlds, is it likely that our present formulation of Divine truth on this planet is so complete and infallible in its nature that we have the right to persecute and condemn those who do not accept it? Everything human should be held liable to change. Social customs vary in different climates; ecclesiastical and even theological beliefs are probably quite different in different worlds; and if the Church is guided by the Divine Spirit it should be free to develop as new revelations of truth flood in. The motto 'Semper eadem' is a fearful one; and the phrase "Semper, ubique, et ab omnibus" is presumptuous in the extreme. Such notions do not lead to argument; they lead to the suppression of light and intelligence by denunciation."

2nd Prize.—Mr. MARK NEELY, Rockville, Ballyshannon.

Irish Times, May 8th. Extract from leader page :—

"It is in adversity, stolidly endured for the sake of some national ideal, that the Englishman shines. Adversity of this sort makes him a dauntless soldier in the field and the most formidable, because the best-tempered, of all defenders of civic liberty. To-day for the second time in ten years England, who least of all nations angles for the world's applause, is getting a full measure of it. The great strike has summoned once more to the surface those high qualities of head and heart which the Great War had evoked on a still larger stage. By the judgment of poetry and history moral balance in times of great crisis is the finest of national virtues. Horace called it *æquam mentem rebus in arduis*, and Englishmen, more than any people since the Romans themselves, possess this virtue of equanimity."

3rd Prize.—Miss ZOË B. THOMPSON, 3 Chesham Mansions, Brighton.

The Times, May 1st. A correspondent on Simplicity :—

"Simplicity is the mark of all true and noble living. When the first and great commandment, to love God with all the heart, mind, soul, and strength, becomes the master passion of life, all

distractions vanish and a man attains singleness of motive and directness of effort." Then he makes the best of himself and renders truest service to others. Simplicity belongs alone to those who refuse to be cajoled by the plea of self-interest or the fear of public opinion. Their motto in life is: 'This one thing I do.' Having committed themselves to what is true and just they are undistracted by forces which pull other men this way or that, making them the victims of every passing whim, or the uncertain standards of their fellows' judgments."

Books

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

HENRY JACKSON, O.M., VICE-MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE AND REGIUS PROFESSOR OF GREEK. A Memoir by R. ST. JOHN PARRY. Cambridge University Press. 15s.

SEVERAL dons of Jackson's time at Cambridge have had their biographers, from Jebb to Jenkinson. Various and outstanding as their gifts were, none of them had anything like the personality of Henry Jackson. He was, as the address presented to him on his eightieth birthday by the Fellows of Trinity put it, "one of the great English worthies." The leader of Cambridge for many years in Greek philosophy, though he preferred to teach rather than to write, he had the delightful freedom of Socrates. He talked to everybody, and was deeply interested in subjects outside the academic range. He spoke, too, to younger men as an equal, without that irritating irony which Socrates and many academic authorities have used to make the ordinary person uncomfortable. He sat up late, and his oak was never sported. He was always to friends "Jackson," *tout court*, without the panoply of the Professor or the learned Doctor. He was both wise and intensely human, and all who came within his reach enjoyed his wide learning and good sense.

Mr. Parry has made a short Memoir in Part I, and avoided what Mark Pattison called "that worst form of trifling," university business, as already sufficiently discussed elsewhere. Readers will not object to that, since Jackson transcended his environment, and the admirable array of letters in Part II reveals him as *inter alia* a reformer with an open mind and a particularly free critic of 'varsity ways and examinations. What might have been said is that he had a vigorous temper, well under control. Once

at a college meeting he banged on the table to emphasize a remark; and the Master replied with his usual Butlerian grace, "I quite see your point, Dr. Jackson, but your physical illustration adds nothing to it." His excitability was shown in a detail not followed up here. He was Third Classic in the Tripos of 1862, and was told by an examiner that he might have been higher if he had written out his iambics. If I remember right, his hand trembled so much when he began his fair copy, that he had to be content with showing up his rough one.

Hospitality to all sorts of men and all sorts of ideas was one of Jackson's great gifts, and the section of letters goes away from technical scholarship to many other subjects. Aldis Wright, another vice-master of Trinity, edited Shakespeare with inhuman severity; Jackson discussed him freely in a long correspondence with an unorthodox theorist. He knew all about *Esmond* and *Edwin Drood*. He found in the penny post a reason for inefficient letters. People took more trouble, when letters cost more to send. Humour he always had to sweeten life. Thus of the vegetarian Prof. Mayor he wrote:

> I fancied that J. E. B. Mayor had *always* regarded eggs as vegetables and tobacco as flesh.

He preserves a jest about the severe Thucydides:

> Do you know the old Cambridge parody, which I have always attributed to Augustus Vansittart? "Awkward animals to drive is a pig, one man many of them very."

Even philosophers are not sacrosanct:

> I like people who like Marcus Aurelius; but I don't altogether like Marcus Aurelius himself. I have headed my copy of the text: "A Prig, by himself," and I doubt whether I should have got through it if I had not had the interleaf on which to vent my irritation.

Jackson notes that Thompson, when he gazed at his own portrait, remarked, "One would think that that man had a sovereign contempt for the world." Whatever may be thought of Thompson's superiority, Jackson had none. There was no conceit in the bluff Yorkshireman. His hearty laugh illumined the college courts and the high table. The prig never flourished in his presence, but he might be found encouraging the heretic.

It is a pity that the name of an Oxford scholar, A. O. Prickard, has been misspelt throughout. The Latin verses on p. 230 join "paries" to a feminine adjective, which is impossible. Read "horridu'," i.e. "horridus," in the style of Ennius.

Jackson's wide circle of friends will rejoice in Mr. Parry's presentation of a great man.

V. R.

CHARLES DICKENS: A CRITICAL STUDY. By GEORGE GISSING. Blackie. 2s. 6d.

WE are delighted to see this re-issue in the small, convenient form of the "Casket Library." Dickens died in 1870, and the clouds of glory and sentiment which surrounded his name made it difficult for some years to criticize his life and work fairly, both in its greatness and its defects. Forster's book has merits, but it is long, pompous in style, and a little like Mr. Podsnap. Gissing wrote in 1898 with ample knowledge of Dickens's favourite *milieu* and the discernment of a literary artist. He saw in Dickens the actor, who spoilt effects by overdoing them, and the satirist, whose anger was sometimes marred by personal feeling. The chapter on "Women and Children" is notable and salutary for the sentimentalist. Dickens revels in acrid, mindless, always irritating women, and Gissing denounces them with unsparing vigour. We hope the new chances for the sex since his day have modified this type of female, distressingly recurrent in the novels. It is interesting to compare the views of Mr. Chesterton, a gay improviser, and Gissing, an observant pessimist, on Mrs. Nickleby. Often Dickens softens the bitterness of truth with farcical exaggeration. What would his own life, with its perpetual overstrain, have been without his amazing and inexhaustible sense of humour?

IN DARKEST LONDON. By Mrs. CECIL CHESTERTON. Stanley Paul. 5s.

To test the truth of the statement that a woman who is willing to work can find employment, Mrs. Chesterton—shabbily-dressed and penniless—set out one night to see whether she could earn sufficient for a decent night's lodging. She never succeeded in getting together more than a few coppers, either by the sale of matches or tin cigarette-cases, or by cleaning steps; sometimes she had the money and could not find a bed; sometimes she knew of a bed, but had no money.

This book gives the result of her heroic quest, which proves, beyond any doubt, that the cheap lodging-house accommodation for women in one of the richest cities in the world is a standing reproach to every woman who believes in social reform or has any trace of feeling for her sex. During her week's wanderings she visited most of the shelters for the homeless, and writes with enthusiasm of the work of the Salvation Army in this connection, also of that real home of healing run by the nuns in Crispin Street, where all—regardless of religious belief—are admitted according to their need. Unfortunately, the accommodation available at the Salvation Army Refuge, as at Crispin Street, is limited.

The never-ending day and night search of the poverty-stricken matchsellers, tramps, and prostitutes for a resting-place makes very painful reading, redeemed, it is true, by the author's sense of humour and her recognition of the amazing kindliness shown by these "sisters of the bleeding feet" to each other. It is some consolation to learn that the problem of dealing with this very serious blot on our boasted civilization is not insoluble. Mrs. Chesterton gives a detailed account of the cost of a shelter, and appeals to the 20,000,000 women of England to help to raise the burden of this sorrowful multitude whose life, with its unescapable anxiety, its hunger, its fatigue, she has shared, and for which Church, State, and Charity all seem unable to provide.

CASTLES IN THE AIR: THE STORY OF MY SINGING DAYS. By VIOLA TREE. Illustrated. Hogarth Press. 18s.

WHAT a thing is publicity! Actor folk do not seem to wish for any private life, and their children are brought up, we suppose, to relish the limelight. Bright young girls have frequently been spoilt by elderly men—there is nothing unusual in that, though the results are apt to be distressing—but it does seem to us rather wonderful that Mrs. Parsons, when she writes an ordinary letter, should already be thinking about its effect in print:

P.S.—What a funny letter! Fit to be published in memoirs; keep it.

Part, perhaps, of success in life is a sense of the significance of what you do and say which does not belong to ordinary people. Is the public pining to hear an account at length with numbers of letters in which "darlings" are freely scattered of Viola Tree's attempt to be a great singer? We suppose it is, as this volume has been published. It gives a good idea of a resolute and plucky young lady who would have her way, being admittedly more "arrogant" than she is now. She got good and witty advice from Mr. Bernard Shaw, as well as many affectionate letters from Mr. Asquith. The frankness of the book and the "damns" are in accordance with modern taste. Sensitive people used to blush at praise, but such modesty is now out of date. The author notes from time to time the young men who are in love with her, and deals otherwise in the joys of self-complacency. She and her set seem to us quite clever in some of their letters; others give details of no public interest at all. As for the intimate letters to Mr. Parsons, they have their charm, but is it one to be shared with a third person? Why publish at all? The reason given is that otherwise "my children will either have to bear the brunt, or have the trouble of burning the letters." Poets of some note have given their writings to the emending flames. Would the children have been obliged to publish?

POETRY

Poems. By Douglas Ainslie. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Ainslie brings to his verse such store of experience both as a well-travelled man of the world and a man of learning that this collection of his poems cannot but be stimulating. Their fault is that they seem over facile, as though he has thrown off the poems in the interstices of his busy life, and has never treated them seriously enough to work over them again when once they are written down. As a result, we meet occasionally outworn phrases and epithets which demand the "labour of the file." This technical stricture apart, the subject-matter gives the poem body and basic value. Every part of the world, every culture, and an amazing versatility of interests have brought their tribute to Mr. Ainslie's fine mind, so that his work is that of intellect and imagination rather than of emotion. Readers of The English Review will remember such poems from his pen as "Their Lord and Master," the elephant hunting incident which he treated with such feeling and descriptive power. That is Mr. Ainslie at his best, and there is much like it in this book.

Humoresque. By Humbert Wolfe. Ernest Benn. 6s.

Lovers of poetry are beginning to pay attention to Mr. Wolfe's work, and this sequence of lyrical monologues projected in the form of a pierrot drama will add to his reputation. He is modern in that he brings the cynical mood immediately to correct the sentimental, and in that he anarchically refuses to begin his lines with capital letters. He is traditional in the clarity of his rhythms and the purity of his diction. The latter, deriving consistently from the Anglo-Saxon rather than the classical roots of our language, thus attains a directness which gives his poetry its power. His verses have the air of inevitable utterance, as though no word could or need be altered.

> Did I not know that when I let you in
> it was the leaves that wooed me, stars that won
> caught in the leaves, and cold and sweet and thin
> the lips I kissed in darkness were my own.

The stanza is typical in its grace, strength and exquisite use of monosyllables. For such we forgive his occasional pertnesses, and such lapses as when he talks of—

> Pierrot with his face of china
> very like the ghost of Heine.

Happily the lapses are few, and the book remains a real achievement.

FICTION

Appassionata. By Fannie Hurst. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Passion is a rare and painful sort of emotion which novelists make too common. The very word indicates suffering. Who or

what is "appassionata" in this American novel we do not clearly discover, for it holds nothing of the greatness and abandonment of passion. An American authority explains that "religious fanaticism" is the chosen subject, but the heroine suggests that it is a study of advanced neurosis and the intense selfishness which goes with it. She is addressed as "you," and on her the author lavishes an extra crowd of the words and full-stops which clog the book. At the beginning she is engaged to a man who adores her, and puts off marriage because she cannot bear to lose her "vase-like contour." She dotes on "the hallelujah of the pink, the purring flesh," and revels in the sensuous joys of her person :

> You couldn't help it. Glancing down through the blurr of your lashes at the slant of your own lap. Hips shaped like lyres. Imprisoned rhythm within the lyre of your body. You couldn't help it—grunting a little—little noises of the wanting to purr of the loveliness imprisoned rhythm within the lyre of your body. Lying there with your head back and the young moon curve at the front of your neck . . . it made you want to lie there perpetually—full of untouched loveliness.

Her reaction to a compliment on your kind of Bay of Naples blue eyes is remarkable :

> You felt exactly as if the entire flesh-covering of your body had crawled up a delicious half-inch. A compliment always did that to you. The flash of a chill. A tingling so that you put your hand up to your cheek as if to still a bell from ringing.

This sort of ecstasy is enough to make an Englishman grunt a little, if not to cry, with King Lear, "Pah ! pah ! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary."

After a motor accident the heroine is the victim of hysterical paralysis of the legs, and makes, on recovery, a return to the convent where she was brought up. The rest of the story it would not be fair to reveal. But it may be said that the heroine has a paralysed father in big business, a mother and sister both worn out by marriage, and a modern brother deep in French and advanced plays. Every little habit or feature which is disagreeable in them she notes remorselessly, and her very pity is an indulgence in which she can wallow. The story might be good in its neurotic way, if the author had not so hideously overdone it. Her torrent of words includes some she cannot spell, and others that are ludicrously unsuitable. "Sillily audacious quirk of thought." That is a self-criticism of value from page 5. The book seems destined for the spoilt women of America more than for this country. The author is vivid and observant, but has no idea of the power of restraint. The fevered, staccato style which seems necessary to reveal the modern world and the flesh is becoming a nuisance.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES. By ANITA LOOS. Intimately illustrated by RALPH BARTON. Brentano. 7s. 6d.

THIS "Illuminating Diary of a Professional Lady" has already, we learn, had a great success in America. It is certainly quite amusing, though it occasionally requires a knowledge of the American tongue. The author, who began as a young girl to write "his roughest comedies" for Mr. Griffith, here exhibits the diary of a shameless young blonde, who proceeds from America to Europe, and lives only for expensive presents, drinks, shopping, and a good time in general. The suitors who supply these things can believe in her promises and proclamations of eternal affection, till to-morrow's boat or train takes her out of their reach. The joke is that she pretends all the while to be going through a course of education provided by the Button King of Chicago. She takes everything from everybody as her natural due, and though she cannot spell, she has the brains to get away with the goods. Her pose of conscious desire for refinement is kept up till late in the book, and, finally, she marries a man for his money and escapes his company by going into the "movies."

Her solid cheek is delightful, and she is "tempermental" always to her own profit. Dorothy, the girl with her in "devine" Paris and elsewhere, is very "unrefined," not the sort of person to be introduced with safety to gentlemen's mothers, a stage she herself soon reaches. In England she finds titled ladies turned into sellers of goods, and a lamentable lack of really expensive presents from gentlemen. It is the same in Paris :

> So I really think that American gentlemen are the best after all, because kissing your hand may make you feel very, very good, but a diamond and safire bracelet last for ever.

National peculiarities are unsparingly exaggerated, and a few famous persons are pilloried, perhaps more than we recognize, as we do not know much of America's "big-time business." At a garden party in London the diarist

> sold a red balloon to Harry Lauder, the famous Scotch gentleman who is a famous Scotch tenor, for 20 pounds. So Dorothy said I did not need to buy any ticket to Paris on the boat, because if I could do that I could walk across the Channel.

A wild party after the return to America is a fine satire on the humbug of Prohibition. But, indeed, the whole book is a shrewd hit at spoilt beauties who are harpies, and deluded males.

THE BROKEN TRIDENT. By E. F. SPANNER. Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d.

"THE BROKEN TRIDENT" takes us to 1925, when the leaders of the German people had decided that only by force could the nation regain that position among the Powers that it had lost

by force in 1918. "Great Britain had been selected as being . . . the one country whose definite humiliation would result in the re-establishment of German prestige. . . . The air presented itself as the obvious and most direct medium through which to deal a series of decisive blows." From that moment, while outwardly encouraging an atmosphere of international goodwill, Germany's whole energies were devoted to creating an enormous secret air force—camouflaged under the cloak of thriving motor and commercial aircraft industries—ready for *der Tag*. This arrived on June 30, 1931, when the Foreign Office were informed over the telephone from Berlin of the German Government's intention to open hostilities at the expiration of twenty-four hours, although they had admittedly no cause for so doing. In the determination to get their blow in first, practically the whole of the Royal Air Force was dispatched early the next day to attack the German aerodromes in the hope of catching the enemy before their raiders started. Unfortunately, all the apparent aerodromes were dummies, the real enemy aircraft centres being concealed. The enemy machines being infinitely superior to the English aeroplanes, practically the whole of our forces were wiped out.

Mr. Spanner is a retired naval constructor who has adopted this method of proving the popular thesis, that the coming of the aeroplane has made the Navy obsolete—an action which he naïvely hopes "will offend none of my late respected colleagues." It is impossible to say that he has succeeded, because he has unfortunately thought it necessary to endow the German air service with all the improvements a lively imagination can picture as having been developed during the next twenty years, while the British Navy and Air Force are back in 1914, or earlier, and controlled by officers with the mind of the average aborigine. Mr. Spanner does not seem to have heard, for instance, that the anti-aircraft defences of this country are now unified under the control of the Air Ministry, and apparently thinks that the squadrons of the Royal Air Force are nowadays equipped with machines "of mixed sizes and speeds"—a state of affairs which ceased to exist early in 1915. His plot is in some ways well worked out, and he has considerable knowledge of the naval side.

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

LES PEUPLES EN MARCHE, les migrations politiques et economiques en Europe depuis la guerre mondial. By MADELEINE, COMTESSE DE BRYAS, docteur en droit. Paris: A. Pedone.

MADAME DE BRYAS has written an interesting and valuable survey of the political and economic migrations in Europe since the war. Monsieur Gabriel Hanotaux, in the preface, considers this study to be scientifically exact as well as poignantly human,

and he believes that Madame de Bryas has established an encouraging outlook for France by proving that, while she herself has suffered less than any country in Europe from the great movements of population now in progress, she is able to welcome these immigrants within her borders in a spirit of peace and goodwill, and with benefit to herself.

Migration has made and unmade nations throughout the ages. The most recent manifestation of its power has been the creation of the Americas and the British Commonwealth of Nations out of Old-World ingredients. That process, though still unfinished, has justified itself for ever by giving the allies, in the war, the decisive aid of the Dominions and the United States.

The migratory movements with which Madame de Bryas deals are a direct result of the war. The Russian debacle, unsettled conditions in Central Europe and the Near East, the over-population of Italy, and under-population in France are among the causes that have set it going.

To give anything approaching an adequate impression of the wealth of information collected and collated by Madame de Bryas is impossible in this notice. One can only touch superficially upon what, from every point of view, is the most interesting section of an interesting work, namely, the chapter dealing with France.

France, one finds, has now begun to play the part which was taken before the recent restriction of immigration by the United States, of the "melting-pot" of Europe. With a population of less than 40,000,000, some 2,000,000, of whom are already foreigners, France sees her alien population increasing yearly by about 600,000.

This immigration is encouraged to set off the war losses and the decreasing birth-rate. It comes mainly from Poland and Italy. Poles, to the number of 600,000, are said to be working in the French coalmines, where there are also nearly as many Belgians who cross the border in large numbers daily to their work. Italians go mainly to the farm lands and to the south. They take up land in regular colonies and continue to live as Italian subjects. In this they are helped by an Italian organization which provides dormitories, restaurants, schools, sports clubs, libraries, etc., for Italian emigrants, so that the national life shall continue. There are also in France other workers of almost every European nationality, as an interesting table shows.

Madame de Bryas realizes the gravity of the problem, but is willing to see the good that comes from some mixtures of blood, and envisages a day when from it may arise a European solidarity that will serve to defeat the monumental solidarity of the Asiatic races.

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VALUATIONS, VALUES, AND VALUERS

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ROMANTIC BUSINESS CAREER OF MR. W. E. HURCOMB.

Reprinted from 'TRUTH,' *May*, 1923.

A WORD ABOUT INSURANCE

THE ownership of valuable possessions is not always—not even often—an unalloyed joy. The delight of owning a set of Chippendale chairs or a string of pearls is so frequently tempered by the fear of their loss—for despite all precautions one may never absolutely eliminate the chance of destruction by fire or the possibility of loss by theft. That is why the owners of valuables insure their possessions against loss by either contingency. They would hate to lose their treasures, but in the event of such mischance befalling them, they would in that case at least have the consolation of knowing that they were no worse off pecuniarily. Yet how many people who have taken what they imagine to be ample precautions to protect themselves against pecuniary loss have ever given a thought as to how, in the event of a fire or a burglary, they are going to substantiate their claims? Ask them, and they will reply that their property is insured for a total sum which will amply cover them. This may be true, but a fire or burglary insurance is a complicated contract, and in nine cases out of ten the householder does not read all those small-type paragraphs which are part of it. The fire insurance company is not a philanthropic undertaking. It has to protect itself and its shareholders, and it does so by demanding proof of the value of the articles lost or destroyed. Claims cannot be made for a lump sum; particulars are demanded of all the articles destroyed, their cost, and their value at the time of their loss or destruction.

Imagine the position of the owner of a country house who is faced with a mass of débris representing all his treasured possessions; the old furniture and the pictures, the china and glass, the tapestries, the silver, the bric-à-brac, jewellery, and the books in the library. How is he to fill up a claim form, even if his memory were so perfect as to recall every article destroyed? The majority of the most valuable items would probably have been inherited, not purchased. The values he has placed upon them would be merely casual estimates. Even in regard to the property he has purchased he would be little better off. It would be a practical impossibility to remember where and when each article was purchased, and how much was paid for it,

or to give the actual replacement value in these days of high prices. What is inevitable in these circumstances is that a compromise is arrived at and the insured person for ever after cherishes a sense of grievance.

Yet if he does lose he has only himself to blame. The insurance companies are quite ready to meet their liabilities under their contracts provided they have proof of the loss and adequate evidence of the value of the articles destroyed. The insured person who fails through carelessness or negligence, or through ignorance, to provide himself with the evidence necessary cannot justifiably blame the insurer for not taking his word as to the value of the prized furniture and pictures, whose value has never probably been assessed either in auction room or by a valuer, except, perhaps, for probate, which is quite a different matter. The remedy is simple enough. It is the preparation of a complete inventory of all the effects in the house, showing the replacement value of each article at ordinary market prices. When this is made and lodged with the insurance company with which the policy is taken out, then and then only can the insured person be adequately protected against any risk of loss.

THE PERFECT VALUER

There is one other consideration—a most important one, by the way—and that is the question as to who should prepare the inventory and value the articles in it. Obviously it is the work of an expert who can correctly appraise the value of antique furniture as well as modern replicas, who can price diamonds and pearls, old masters, and old china as readily as a silken rug from Persia or a cabinet from China. He must be a man of wide knowledge and extensive experience, who will advise his clients honestly and fairly without any ulterior motive. He must be an open-minded man, free from fads and prepossessions which would bias his judgment, so that his valuations will be accepted by the insurance companies without question. Such a combination of qualities is not by any means common to-day in one individual, but that it does exist is certain, and where it may be found is the purpose of this article to make clear. Not to beat about the bush, the place where the owners of precious possessions will find that they will be correctly appraised for insurance or any other purpose is Calder House, Piccadilly, London, W.1, the entrance to which is at 1 Dover Street, and the individual whose natural abilities, schooled by wide training and long experience, mark him out as exceptionally fitted for the job is none other than Mr. W. E. Hurcomb, who needs no introduction to readers of "Truth," where his racy advertisements, with their curious personal touch, have appeared for many years, and where also his business extensions have been reviewed at length on two previous occasions. Now, for the third time, "Truth" proposes to devote some space to Mr. Hurcomb in connection with the latest and greatest extension of his business to the valuation of property of every kind and description, being satisfied that those who entrust the valuation to him may rest assured that not only will they receive the benefit of the best expert advice attainable, but that they will get good honest service.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF MR. HURCOMB

These observations are founded upon a knowledge of Mr. Hurcomb's business methods and business dealings extending over the fifteen years which have passed since he first came under notice in "Truth." At that time he was carrying on business in unfashionable Islington. The address did not matter, for Mr. Hurcomb had discovered that the newspaper is the best shop-window in the world, and he made good use of it. Since boyhood all sorts and conditions of valuables had passed through his hands, and he utilized his knowledge both in buying and selling. Instead of locking up his capital in a large and costly stock he

went in for quick sales. Thus having a wide connection and, being satisfied with small profits, he was able to give both best prices to sellers and bargains to purchasers.

"TRUTH" AND MR. HURCOMB

It was in connection with one of the bargains so advertised that Mr. Hurcomb's name first appeared in "Truth." Somebody called attention to an advertisement in the "Guardian" offering a pocket-set of solid silver Communion plate, which had cost 63s., for 27s. 6d. It seemed to bear points of resemblance to certain of the catch advertisements which for years have been exposed in the columns of "Truth." On the face of it no dealer would be able to carry on business at such cutting rates. But inquiry showed that one dealer could and did.

The explanation was amusing. The pocket Communion set was then—it may possibly be so now—an article greatly in favour for presentation to curates when changing one sphere of labour for another. Occasionally a curate found when he had acquired two or more sets that a little ready cash would be more useful, so he would take one of the presentation sets to the pawnbroker. Eventually these unredeemed sets would find their way to the saleroom, where they were not everybody's bargain, and thus Mr. Hurcomb would pick them up at a trifle over the intrinsic value of the silver and resell them at prices which seemed ridiculous to people who knew what they would cost retail at the silversmith's.

THE RESULT OF INVESTIGATION

The inquiry revealed a good deal more, however, than the origin of bargains in pocket Communion sets. It brought before the Editor of "Truth" sufficient evidence to enable him to state that Mr. Hurcomb was a dealer on a large scale with a wide and honourable reputation. Mr. Hurcomb was as quick to appreciate the value of this testimonial to his integrity as he is in appraising the value of a string of pearls or a cluster of diamonds, and for years it figured in his advertisement. What is more, he lived up to it, and his business grew apace. He moved to Cullum Street in the City of London, where his bargain shop became known far and wide by those who had valuables to dispose of and those who desired to purchase bargains.

But it was not only the actual purchasers and sellers of valuable articles who heard of Mr. Hurcomb's reputation, and made use of his expert knowledge. It was only natural that his assistance should be sought by people who had to find a valuer for estates for probate.

THE FIRST VALUATION

At first this side of Mr. Hurcomb's business was chiefly concerned with the valuation of jewellery, precious stones, and old silver, in regard to which his opinion is second to no man's. But even in the early days at Devonshire Street his special gifts were being applied to a more extended sphere. An eminent solicitor, who happened to be a keen Roman Catholic, sent him the late Lord Brampton's jewellery for valuation. Then, having the winding-up of Sir Henry Tichborne's estate, the same solicitor entrusted him with the valuation of the whole of the property, instructing him to get somebody else to value the timber and the deer in the park, two items about which at that time Mr. Hurcomb did not claim to be able to form an opinion. But his valuation was satisfactory, and this side of his business has grown until it has supplanted the old.

To-day, Mr. Hurcomb has relinquished the bargain shop in Cullum Street, making it over to his trusted manager. He removed to Piccadilly, where he soon found it necessary, as well as desirable, to launch out in a new direction. He became an auctioneer and valuer, in response to the requests of a large number of clients who realized how useful expert knowledge is in the sale of property, real or per-

sonal, if the full value is to be obtained. This was good news for all—and their name is legion to-day—who are compelled to turn their possessions into ready cash. They have no longer to trust in an auctioneer with only a superficial knowledge of the value of *objets d'art* and antiques. They can place their treasures in Mr. Hurcomb's hands for disposal, being assured that the best expert knowledge obtainable is at their disposal for safeguarding their interests.

How greatly this has been appreciated can best be gathered from a simple statement of fact. The writer of the present article, calling at Calder House a few days ago, was shown a bundle of paid cheques which had passed through Mr. Hurcomb's bank. The cheques were all made out to members of the aristocracy. Among them were cheques to members of the Royal Family. There were cheques to Dukes and Duchesses. Every shade and grade of the peerage, the baronetage and the knightage was represented in that bundle, and the total of the payments represented a sum of over £1,000,000. There were, of course, hundreds of other cheques from humbler folk, as all classes flock to Calder House.

AN HISTORIC SALE

Again, it is only the other day that the auction room at Calder House was packed to witness the sale of the Mary, Queen of Scots relics, when the first lot was bought to be kept in public possession in Scotland, on behalf of a body of subscribers, among whom were numbered the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York. Some of the relics fetched high prices, a pendant set with diamonds, rubies, and pearls, for instance, being knocked down at 1,000 guineas, and a watch in a shagreen case given by the Queen of Scots to her attendant the night before her execution fetching 590 guineas.

But more interesting from some points of view than these were the totals realized for four George II silver candlesticks (£284) and a George II silver cup and cover (£346 10s.), because these are the sort of things in which expert knowledge is of particular value. Both the candlesticks and the cup were examples of the work of Paul Lamerie, and if they had been offered for sale at a country auction they would probably not have realized a tithe of their value. For example, a cup which was sold at a sale of furniture and effects in Harlington, Middlesex, in 1919, was catalogued merely as an antique silver mug, and was knocked down at £10 5s. A little later it came to Mr. Hurcomb's auction room, where it realized £132 10s. Expert knowledge is required to put the correct value on such things as these, and it is because Mr. Hurcomb possesses it, and has always been ready to place that knowledge at the disposal of his clients, instead of utilizing it only for his own advantage in picking up bargains, that he has won so high a reputation. Sound judgment and honest dealing have brought him from Islington to fashionable Piccadilly, have brought him Royal clients, as well as bankers, solicitors, and business men, and have finally established him in a unique position as a valuer and auctioneer in the metropolis, with a connection which covers the whole country.

CLIENTS: SATISFIED AND DISSATISFIED

To say that Mr. Hurcomb, in achieving this result, had never made a discontented client would be incorrect. Mr. Hurcomb is no more than human, which is as much as to say that he is liable to an occasional error of judgment like the rest of us. But so far as my experience goes such lapses on his part are few and far between. In one instance a lady sent an article to be disposed of at one of Mr. Hurcomb's sales. He had suggested that a reserve of £4 should be placed upon it, and he knocked it down for £3 15s. She was naturally aggrieved.

Against that experience may be placed the story of a lady of rank who had met with much domestic trouble. She brought to Mr. Hurcomb a string of pearls. She needed money, and the

pearls were the property most readily realizable. She had taken them to a firm of jewellers in Bond Street, who had offered her £1,000 for them, and told her that if her brother-in-law wished to purchase them she would be justified in asking £1,300 for them. Mr. Hurcomb took up the pearls, and, after a glance at them, told her that he would give her £1,800 for them on the spot. She was profuse in her thanks, but insisted that Mr. Hurcomb should think the matter over. Next morning Mr. Hurcomb had thought the matter over, and when the lady arrived with her sister, she was informed that Mr. Hurcomb was prepared to pay £1,900 for them, and that she could have a cheque for that amount and cash it forthwith. However, a member of the family bought them.

A CHALLENGE TO MR. HURCOMB

Incidents like this to which Mr. Hurcomb has been accustomed to refer in his advertisements awaken, it seems, a good deal of incredulity in the minds of business rivals, and recently he was challenged by the National Association of Goldsmiths to supply them with proof of three statements which had appeared in his advertisements in "Truth." The first inquiry was for the name and address of a widow in Devonshire upon whom he called at a rectory and selected from her belongings one article for disposal in the Piccadilly auction room. The article was a china bowl, and Mr. Hurcomb had remarked that the rector's widow had said: "Don't let it go for less than £5, because——" (mentioning the name of a local auctioneer) "offered me that sum for it." Mr. Hurcomb sold it for £92. The second statement challenged was in regard to another lady who had handed him a collection of foreign stamps, with a remark that if she received £40 for it she would be quite satisfied. She received £140. The third was a request for particulars of the sale of a dressing-case with silver fittings, which Mr. Hurcomb stated that he had sold thirteen months ago at Piccadilly for £3,300.

Mr. Hurcomb welcomed the challenge. He invited the secretary of the National Association of Goldsmiths to come to his office. The invitation was accepted, and as everyone who has any personal knowledge of Mr. Hurcomb will readily comprehend, any doubts the secretary may have had were speedily set at rest by production of evidence that the questioned statements were absolutely accurate in every particular, for Mr. Hurcomb believes in straight advertising just as he does in straight dealing in every other form of business enterprise.

LITTLE ROMANCES OF VALUATION

In his extensive practice Mr. Hurcomb has naturally had some curious experiences, and it may be permitted to mention some of these for the light they throw upon the qualities which have brought him into such pre-eminence in his profession. One of these experiences was in connection with the valuation of the estate of an eccentric millionaire, somewhere in Hampshire, whose will was proved for a million and a half. The valuation of the contents of the house had been done locally, and nothing of any exceptional interest was disclosed in the inventory when Mr. Hurcomb was asked to check the valuation. Amongst the pictures were two family portraits which had been priced at £100. These two pictures Mr. Hurcomb recognized to be Gainsboroughs, and upon them he set the price of £28,000—a judgment which was afterwards upheld at Christie's, where the pair was valued at £27,500, though they have not been sold, being retained as valuable family possessions.

In regard to the valuation of such works of art, it is perhaps worth noting that to-day death duties are not payable upon them until they are sold. All articles, pictures, prints, books, manuscripts, works of art, or other things not yielding income, which appear to the valuer to be of national scientific, historic, or artistic interest, and which the Treasury admit to be such, being exempt if they are com-

prised in a separate valuation. This provision makes an expert valuation an absolute necessity for the possessor of heirlooms which come within this wide category.

OVER-VALUED PICTURES

But treasures are not always of the value which the owner believes them to be. For instance, a highly-esteemed Catholic prelate connected with a well-known Cathedral, who died not long ago, had for years paid insurance on some pictures which he had valued himself for the purpose at £10,000. Under the hammer they brought only £170. Again, at the sale of the late Colonel North's effects, at Eltham, about eighteen months ago, a picture for which the late Nitrate King had paid, £2,000, and which had been insured for that sum, was knocked down for 25s. to the local baker, who is now exhibiting it at 6d., and giving the proceeds to the cottage hospital. In cases like these pictures frequently turn out to be not worth even the annual premiums paid for their insurance, a case in point being a picture for which £13 was being paid annually fetching only 25s. at Christie's.

A DUKE'S "BARGAINS"

A still more notable example of the desirability for expert and disinterested valuation was revealed when Mr. Hurcomb was called in to value the contents of a ducal residence, the country home of one of the oldest of the noble families of the country. The late Duke had purchased many articles from a dealer, who had informed him that they were worth far more than the price paid for them—cabinets, for instance, whose value was estimated at £1,000, were really only worth £200, and insurance was being paid on these unreal values. Mr. Hurcomb prepared a fresh inventory, in which the newer were separated from the original family pieces, with the result that the insurable value was reduced from one and a-half to half a million pounds. The result, though it could scarcely have been gratifying to the owners of the over-valued effects, at least saved them a small fortune in insurance premiums. Nor was that the only compensation which accrued to them through making use of Mr. Hurcomb's services. Having later been entrusted with valuing the contents of the Duke's town house, and performing the commission with his customary thoroughness, he found some pictures stored away in the stables—forgotten by everybody—amongst which were some priceless examples of Gainsborough's work.

A BANKER'S SURPRISE

Valuations rarely, however, result in such a cutting-down of fictitious values. Here is an instance of the opposite result. Four years ago Mr. Hurcomb was asked to meet a gentleman who is now one of the directors of a London bank—one of the Big Five. At the first interview he was greeted with the words: "Mr. Hurcomb, I have been delighted with those beautiful pen pictures which you have painted in the columns of "Truth" for many years. I am not going to talk to you about those. I buried Lady —— yesterday. I am sixty-eight to-morrow. Lady —— had a lot of jewels which I gave her. I have no desire to marry again, and if my lady friends know that I possess those jewels I shall have no peace. I want you to sell them after I have got the probate through. Can you make the valuation now?"

Mr. Hurcomb made the valuation. The banker looked at it when finished, when he remarked: "I have no wish to deprive the Chancellor of the Exchequer of any of his dues, but the prices you have placed on some of the articles surprise me."

Mr. Hurcomb replied: "I know which two articles are in your mind—the emerald ring and the pearl necklace."

"You are a wizard. How do you know that?" was the prompt retort.

"Simply because I know how emeralds and pearls have increased in value since the date of your wedding, thirty-two years ago," replied Mr. Hurcomb.

"Yes," said the banker, "for the ring which you have put down at £320 I paid £90, and the pearl necklace you value at £1,300 cost me £250." Then he asked when Mr. Hurcomb proposed to hold the sale. When the date was told him, he remarked: "What? Two days before the general election? Everybody will be electioneering." Mr. Hurcomb's answer was: "It is the dealers who make my sales so successful. The competition between those from Whitechapel and Mayfair. An election won't keep them away." And Mr. Hurcomb was right; the jewellery realized even more than it had been valued at.

RETRIEVING RUSSIAN TREASURE

Some time after this Mr. Hurcomb was asked to undertake another commission by the same gentleman. He accompanied a representative of the bank to a town in ——, which he has undertaken not to disclose. The two took with them £10,000, which they were to hand over to certain parties in exchange for articles of jewellery. Mr. Hurcomb was to value the jewellery produced to the extent of the cash, and when he was satisfied that sufficient to cover the sum was in their possession they were not to examine the remainder. They left Newcastle, and by a devious route through Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, they reached the rendezvous. He valued jewellery to the agreed amount. This was packed in one parcel, and the remainder was packed in three other parcels. They signed receipts for one parcel of jewellery and for three packets "contents unknown." These packets they placed in pouches. The banker took two, Mr. Hurcomb the others. The banker slung his charge round his body under his arms, and for four days wore them next to his skin, but Mr. Hurcomb kept his in his jacket pockets underneath a big overcoat. After many vicissitudes they arrived safely in England. This commission, it may be mentioned, was on behalf of a Princess of the Imperial Russian Family, and the jewels thus retrieved were valued not in thousands, but hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Nor was this occasion the only one in which Mr. Hurcomb has had in his possession jewels which have been brought from Russia undiscovered by the Bolsheviks. Into his offices in Piccadilly there have been brought by Russian refugees pearls hidden in bags of flour and diamonds in loaves of bread, and there on the table the bread has been broken to recover the stones, and the flour sifted to find the pearls. But only once has Bolshevik plunder been brought for disposal, and that was when a member of the British Communist party brought a bottle of pearls to Mr. Hurcomb, to find that there was "nothing doing" so far as he was concerned.

THE USE OF THE EXPERT

But what, it may be asked, have these anecdotes to do with the question of insurance against fire or burglary? For one thing they reveal pretty clearly the usefulness of expert valuation, and give some idea as to what people who are in a position to judge think of Mr. Hurcomb's capabilities in this direction. The average man is not always at sea when he trusts to his own knowledge. Yet no one can claim to be an expert on everything. You may be able to value a Chippendale chair within a pound or two, and yet possess only a hazy idea as to what it would cost to replace an emerald necklet or a string of pearls. You may know the exact value of a piece of Sheraton furniture, be able to decide absolutely as to its genuineness, know precisely how much the work of the restorer has detracted from the price it should fetch in the auction room, and yet not know a Lamerie tea kettle—such as that sold last November by Mr. Hurcomb for £1,160—when you see it. Indeed, in the valuation of all articles in which the intrinsic cost is not the sole criterion of their real value the wise man and the wise woman will reinforce their own estimates with the opinion of the expert, even when he or she has special knowledge, be it of silver, china, fur-

niture, or pictures. Similarly, in the valuation of such precious things as diamonds, pearls, emeralds, and articles of jewellery generally the aid of the expert is always worth obtaining. Should the silver, furniture, or pictures be destroyed by fire, should the pearls or the jewellery fall into the hands of thieves, the expert valuation is conclusive evidence which will save endless worry and probably pecuniary loss.

The average man and woman have neither the time nor the opportunity for gaining the experience which will enable them to decide the worth of really valuable things. Neither does the opportunity to become acquainted with the market values of old silver and pearls come the way of the ordinary house agent or auctioneer, even if he knows something about furniture and pictures. Only those who handle such things every day are in a position to do so with any degree of accuracy. The intrinsic value of a chair may be only the worth of a little mahogany, a piece of faded tapestry, and a pound or two of horsehair, but the market value may be a hundred guineas. Similarly the intrinsic value of a silver cup may be merely the weight of the silver, yet it may fetch anything from fifty to a couple of hundred guineas in the saleroom. And in getting the expert to value the contents of a house for insurance the valuation not infrequently becomes a profitable investment by bringing to light unsuspected treasures. The valuation in such cases not only provides a safeguard against loss by fire or burglary, but prevents the disposal of articles in ignorance of their real value.

If Mr. Hurcomb is employed for such purpose the client will know that his estimates of the value of any article may be relied upon. His signature at the end of an inventory will be accepted without question by any insurance company, for the companies, like his private clients, know that he can be trusted. That, perhaps, is the great secret of Mr. Hurcomb's success. Knowledge and experience are not the only essentials for success in this line of business. They are essential, of course, and the deeper the knowledge and the wider the experience the better, and just how deep and how wide is Mr. Hurcomb's experience probably only Mr. Hurcomb knows. But just as essential is the workaday virtue of common honesty.

Twenty-five years ago the late Sir Edwin Arnold wrote to Mr. Hurcomb at the conclusion of a business transaction: "It seems that there are honest jewellers after all." The career sketched out above shows that the honest jeweller can become the honest broker, the honest auctioneer, the honest valuer. Not at every stage would there be lacking ample evidence to drive the conclusion home. Such evidence would be obtainable from all classes and from all the professions. Every rank in Debrett, Judges on the Bench, and K.C.'s at the Bar, members of the leading firms of solicitors, and eminent bankers would all be found in the cloud of witnesses. So, too, would be many folk of lesser note, among them more than one widow who has found that Mr. Hurcomb has had no desire to benefit either by her ignorance or her necessity. A whole issue of "Truth" could be filled with letters from his gratified clients testifying to their satisfaction at the result of their transactions.

Recent inspection of a number of such documents shows that what was said in "Truth" in 1907 of Mr. Hurcomb's honourable reputation can be repeated with additional emphasis in 1923. Though in the meantime the scope of his transactions has enlarged until his name has become a household word with those who buy, sell, or own valuable things, his methods and principles have undergone no change. And this fact is worth consideration by those who have so far not made use of Mr. Hurcomb's services. New clients will profit by taking the experience of old clients for a guide. Whether they need an expert valuation of any sort of property for insurance, probate, or sale, or whether they have valuable property to dispose of, they are not

likely to go far wrong if they entrust the business to Mr. Hurcomb. To-day his only address is Calder House, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Mr. HURCOMB SPEAKS

It is a somewhat trite, but a very true saying, that a man who never makes a mistake never makes anything, and it is equally true (and some comfort for the ordinary mortal prone to err) that through mistakes some of the most glowing deeds of the world's history have happened, with results both lasting and beneficial. Well, I, personally, owe a great debt of gratitude to the Editor of "Truth" for what was perhaps more a hasty conclusion than a mistake, for which apology and reparation was graciously and magnanimously made. Yes, on January 2, 1907, my lucky star must have been in the ascendant. The Editor let me have it pretty hot. Brimming over with indignation, I hastened to my lawyer —whom I knew intimately, as he had been at one time my Sunday School teacher—and he strongly advised me to enter an action for libel, and before I had recovered my breath, so to speak, I found myself at Pump Court to get counsel's opinion. I remember how barrister and solicitor urged me to go for "Truth" for all I was worth. But there came to my mind an old engraving I had seen, entitled "The Successful Litigant," which depicted not a man buoyant and flushed with success, but a poor wretch whose face reminded me of the advertisements of a famous pill firm, whose pictures claim to tell a story. The successful litigant wore a shabby top hat, was down at heel; he carried under his arms a bundle of papers tied up with red tape and his pockets were inside out. It was enough; and my reply—since, in the next issue, the Editor had declared that I was in business on a large scale and had a wide and honourable reputation —was a determined "No." The barrister and my erstwhile lawyer dismally asked what would become of poor lawyers if their clients insisted on keeping out of the courts.

As the Editor has said, I made good use of that testimonial, and I have no hesitation in saying that it has been a very important factor in building up my business to its present dimensions, and I can state, without fear of contradiction, that (apart from unredeemed pledges) I have, during the last five years, sold more jewels and silver than all the other London auctioneers put together. Seven hundred of the principal lots have reached over half a million sterling. One of the secrets of my success is that my sales are held regularly every week, making it possible for the goods to be received, catalogued, and sold within a week—thus obviating the delay that occurs in some quarters where the goods have to wait until there are enough to justify a sale. Then—let the unwary beware —there are a few sale-rooms in the West End which are known as "Rigging-in Rooms"—that is, where the dealers themselves send the bad stock and often reserve them at far too high a figure, so that probably only two out of ten lots are sold; whereas my average is 330 out of 340, which enables me to dispense with buying-in charges for jewels and silver.

It is the custom at most auction rooms of repute to have buying-in charges; for instance, if a diamond ring is reserved at £100, only £90 is bid, there is £4 10s. to pay, even though it was not sold; or a silver cup, say, at £50—if £40 only is bid, £2 is payable. This is not my practice, because, as I have said, I make no buying-in charges. As a consequence, the buyers know I am a seller and crowd to my sale-rooms at Calder House, Piccadilly, making it easy for me to sell—as happened on April 30—a silver cup for £17 per oz. Once I sold a 17½ oz. cup and cover for £850, and a silver dressing-case for £3,300, a single-stone diamond ring for £3,965, a single-stone diamond pendant for £7,300, and a loose emerald for £5,000. Honour to whom honour is due. "Truth's" letter of appreciation, I repeat, has been of

great value to me, and has been largely instrumental in the rapid rise of my business and has enabled me to drift from a trade to a profession.

For eighteen months previous to September, 1922, I motored with my art expert 800 miles every week, summer and winter, but the callers at my office were disappointed not to see the Principal, and, it having become necessary to make alterations in the personnel of my office, I decided to send trusted members of my staff on the motor tours and to be in attendance myself at Calder House.

Even if you are 350 miles from London my experts, for a fee of £1 1s., will call, and by staying some twenty to thirty minutes will impart all the information they can. Write and ask them to call; within six weeks they are bound to be in your neighbourhood.

Old needlework has been discovered on the chairs even in the lumber room that has, in the auction room, realized £120; a book of stamps, £350; a pair of Sèvres orange tubs, 5½ in. high, £850; an ivory 6-in. diptych, £250; a Paul Lamerie silver cup and cover, £1,000; a Paul Lamerie silver kettle, £1,160; a kitchen pepperpot, £30; two Chippendale chairs, £1,750; a row of pearls, £5,000; emeralds, all ground away on the surface, have sold for amazing prices at auction; while an engraving taken off a wall at Torquay secured £750. Any things you wish sold are taken away in the car. Parcels are safe by Registered Post.

Valuations for probate, insurance, burglary, etc., at moderate fees—rarely ever more than one per cent. Proper inventories in triplicate are supplied for the inclusive fee.

The President of the Law Society
wrote to me thus:—

"30/7/23.

"*Dear Mr. Hurcomb,*

"*I am much obliged for your letter, and read as I always do your advertisements with much interest. I have often had the benefit of your assistance, and you have acted for many of my clients —in some cases disposing of very valuable property. I know of no one in whom I have greater confidence both as regards probity and ability; and I know that many of my Firm's Clients are glad to have been introduced to you.*"

The Editor of "Truth" has seen letters of appreciation from hundreds who have transacted business with me. The list of my customers includes Princes, Princesses, Dukes and Duchesses, Earls and Countesses, Marquises, Baronets, Knights, Ladies, Members of Parliament, Legal Luminaries—indeed, did not the confidential nature of many of my transactions forbid their enumeration, the names would involve a volume nearly as bulky as Debrett itself.

TYPICAL TESTIMONIALS

"Yeovil.—Cheque £1,030 4s. 9d. received. I am very satisfied with the result of the sale." "Kensington, S.W. —Thank you for selling the stars and daggers so satisfactorily and for your moderate charges. Receipt enclosed for £659 8s. 2d. for diamond stars and antique daggers sold at your auction." "Norfolk. —I have received cheques (£2,459 3s.). I am really very well satisfied at the price, and wish to thank you. It is very satisfactory to find any one who is so straightforward to deal with in a matter of this kind, and it, of course, encourages us all to put them in your hands." "Warminster, July 23.—You may be interested to know that you gave *more than double* for the emerald ring than a Bond Street shop offered. I shall always send to you in future." "*The Athenæum*, August 1, 1923.—I am most pleased to hear of the success of the sale last Friday, and of the high prices obtained."

A lady at Bexhill writes:—"Mr. Justice Eve says: 'I cannot do better than leave the disposal of my jewels and silver entirely in your hands.'"

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
JANUARY, 1926

Correspondence

Sowing the Wind in China

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—May I be permitted to reply briefly to Mr. Harold Balme's letter published under this heading in your last issue?

Mr. Balme questions my competence to discuss the position of affairs in China and to criticize the policy of liberal gestures which he advocates, on the ground that absence from the country has prevented me from making myself acquainted with "what the enlightened leaders of Chinese thought have been saying and doing during the last decade." He recommends me "to spend a few months surveying modern education and civil progress in China." I may observe that I have spent over twenty years closely and anxiously watching the development of the alien ideas which "Western learning" has substituted for Chinese thought at all the centres of intellectual and political activity, and never yet have I known them produce the slightest sign of civil progress. On the contrary, they have proved themselves to be an essentially disruptive and destructive force. Young China's paper Constitution, legal codes, and educational conferences have at no time had any bearing whatsoever upon the stern realities of the situation. I predicted the present condition of affairs in 1912;* it is even more obviously true to-day than it was during the turmoil of the revolution, that young China, educated upon Western lines, has never produced a leader, or even a prominent official, who has given any evidence of sincere political convictions steadfastly directed towards definite purposes of constructive reform.

During the past twenty-five years I have known personally most of the foreign-educated officials who have come to the front in China, from the older generation of Wu Ting-fang, Tang Shao-yi, and Sun Yat-sen, to the younger of Wellington Koo and Alfred Sze, and I assert without fear of serious contradiction, that none of them have ever made any real contribution to the evolution of Parliamentary Government. The fact is notorious and indisputable. Mr. Balme's apologia for the present lamentable state of affairs amounts to saying that the genuine reformers, the real patriots, are still all working unseen, "not having yet emerged into active politics," and he would have us believe that, when they do emerge, they will be something quite different from the class of politician which has hitherto been produced by the same influences. Space does not permit of any detailed exposition of the fallacy of this argument; any reader who desires to know the truth about the "Parliamentary Government" of the so-called Constitutionalists, will find it set forth in "China, Japan, and Korea," a book written on the spot after close study of the situation in 1921.

There is one passage in Mr. Balme's letter, however, which calls for refutation. It is a device not uncommon among zealous controversialists to attribute to the adversary some foolish statement and then proceed to

* *Vide* "Recent Events and Present Policies in China." (Heinemann, 1912.)

S.O.S. from Capt. E. B. B. Towse, V.C., C.B.E.

The Blind Chairman of the National Institute for the Blind.

(*Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920.*)

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E B B Towse.

Please send your Donation to me as I want to thank you personally

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P.1063

hold him up to ridicule for making it. Adopting this device, Mr. Balme quotes me as having denounced the New Culture Movement for "undermining the ethical restraints, the literary traditions, and moral standards of Confucianism." He then rebukes me for not knowing that this movement has nothing to do with missionary activities. As a matter of verifiable fact, the New Culture Movement was never even mentioned in my article on "Sowing the Wind in China." What I said about the deplorable undermining of China's ancient civil policy by the exponents of "Western learning" was perfectly plain: I said that it and other unfortunate results were largely due to the educational and political activities of certain missionary societies. I am well aware that the New Culture Movement has nothing in common with these activities, except it be their keen desire to secure a slice of the Boxer indemnity melon.

I am, etc.,

J. O. P. BLAND.

What are Conservative Principles?

26 Hotspur Street, Shrewsbury, Salop.
December 10, 1925.

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—As a young Conservative I should like to say that Conservative Principles, in my opinion, are not the same as modern Conservative Politics. I am unable to understand the drift of the latter; but as regards the former, I think they are perfectly clear.

A Conservative is one who wishes to conserve, or strengthen "the things that remain"—all those institutions, customs, or principles of our forefathers that have proved themselves necessary for the preservation of our nation—the Constitution, Society, and Religion. The main principle of Conservatism is the principle of the Fifth Commandment. One cannot name every Conservative doctrine; but its principles are easily understood. They include devotion to the Throne, the restoration of the Lords' veto, and abolition of payment of the Commons, that we may have a disinterested and independent representation in Parliament. True Conservatism is not inflexible or old-fashioned in any derogatory sense. Wealth should not be a passport to the higher ranks of society, but position and birth should entail responsibility. A landlord with true Conservative principles would consider his tenant's welfare to be his chief duty. Society permeated with Conservatism would not flaunt luxury before the masses, nor revel in pleasure. Restraint and modesty should be the virtues of the rich as much as of the poor. *Noblesse oblige.* The modern system of free compulsory education which leaves the masses in crass ignorance should be replaced by systems of apprenticeship to every department of life, reserving certain trades and professions to each sex, thus causing boys and girls to grow up as specialists in their jobs, and also avoiding the sex war that is threatening.

Peasant proprietorship is essentially conservative in principle, and should be encouraged.

In short, Conservatism means Preservation, and if that is taken away Disintegration and Decay are bound to set in.

I am, etc.,

EDWARD MAUNDER.

MOORCROFT

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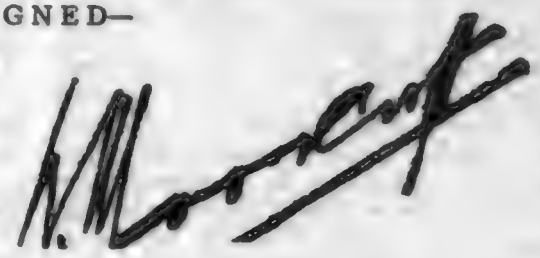

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The Saturday Review

All Newsagents and Bookstalls **6d.** or The Publisher, 9 King St., W.C.

Mr. HURCOMB'S DIARY

January 12.—Thirty-three years ago I raised a few thousand pounds and did more than many people thought I should, providing nearly all the money needed to build a hospital. I have been Hon. Sec. all the time, and have collected several thousand pounds since. We always hold our committee meetings near the old church on Pentonville Hill. Having thirty-five minutes to spare, I sauntered round the old haunts of my childhood. Leaving King's Cross, I made for No. 7 —— Street, only to find No. 5 standing and all the rest a huge factory. Thence to B—— Street (where my younger sister was born), the house having made way for a factory also, and near by, I gazed up at the house where my elder sister was born—then past "Old Mother Gum's School," where I went at the age of five. Memories linger. Continued my walk to what used to be the Vicarage, where we had our meeting concerning the hospital work, and paid away a few hundred pounds in grants, etc. Retire from the Hon. Secretaryship and elected Treasurer. Leave at 9.45, a dreary journey home by train and tram—ought to have had car to fetch me.

January 13.—The Press are again giving us "hardy annuals" concerning the first cuckoo. From the *M. P.*:—"The first cuckoo of 1926 is reported to have been heard at Dawlish. Correspondents who write to claim that they heard one a week ago at Wimbledon Common, Hackney Downs, Wanstead Flats, or Welwyn Garden City will be dealt with in strict rotation." Really I cannot make up my mind whether this is a joke or not. Seems just as silly as Gilbert White, the naturalist, who, I believe, said that "those other migrants, the swallows, hibernated in the mud of rivers all through the winter." All that I tell you as to the coming of Piccadilly, of beautiful jewels and silver, and migrating to the States is perfectly true. Pleased to see the *Times* leader on CAVEAT EMPTOR, on which I have often held forth and begged purchasers to beware. Interested to read in another column the romantic history of a famous Picture (written from Norwich), where the boot is on the other foot, and Norwich beats the Yankees.

ROMANTIC HISTORY OF FAMOUS PICTURE

Old Crome's "Willow Tree," referred to in the report of the Billings picture sale in New York in the *Times* of Monday, has had a romantic history. Its value has been estimated at various times at such widely differing sums as £8 and £11,000, and it has now passed into the possession of a citizen of Norwich for £9,400.

The duel for the ownership of this famous picture was fought between the millionaires of the United States and a well-known Norwich gentleman, the auctioneer's hammer falling at $47,000 to the commission of Mr. Percy Moore Turner, of the Independent Gallery, Grafton Street, London, acting on behalf of the gentleman referred to, who was desirous that this masterpiece of English landscape painting should be once again in the environment in which it was painted. Mr. Turner conceived the idea of the recent loan collection of pictures at Norwich Museum Centenary, in which he illustrated the influence of the Norwich School of painters on modern art. He has for many years been closely associated with sales of Norwich School pictures, and at the Borden sale in New York in 1913 he was able to bid up to £8,000 for this wonderful oil painting by Crome, which he has now had the gratification of securing for a client at £9,400.

The painting is on canvas, measuring 50 in. by 41 in., and the first record of it is that at the sale of the Rev.—Wilson, of Kirby Bedon, it was bought by the auctioneer, Mr. Baker, of Bungay, for £8. On May 1, 1858, the Rev. J. Holmes bought it for £100, and he exhibited it in Norwich in 1860. It then passed to Mr. G. Holmes, of Brooke Hall, near Norwich. In 1874 it was again exhibited in Norwich, and in 1876 at the Royal Academy, London. About the year 1898 it came into the possession of a London dealer, who sold it to the late Mr. N. C. Borden, of New York. It was exhibited at an Old Masters exhibition in New York in 1912, and in 1913, at Mr. Borden's sale, Mr. C. K. G. Billings, of Santa Barbara, California, secured it for $55,000. The picture is described in every work on Crome and the Norwich artists, and is without doubt one of the finest examples of this great artist's work ever seen in an auction room.

It seems that after all we have a bit of money left in the Home-Land—but, as one of mine said, "It is unequally distributed."

January 14.—Urgent business. Leave by car at 7.45 a.m. for Banbury, via Elstree, Watford, Tring, Aylesbury, and Bicester.

Arrive at one of the ancestral Manor Houses. Value about £1,500 worth of jewels not to be sold—but literally fill the inside of the car with silver and some jewels—two huge bags by the side of driver, and also a box full on the luggage rail. Arrive at Piccadilly 3.15. The silver, jewels, and old Sheffield plate will be sold to-morrow week. It will be a fine sale. Do come and view the goods on Thursday, or note soaring prices on Friday (11 a.m. to 4 p.m.). Notwithstanding the snow, enjoyed the trip and the hospitality of the occupants of the Manor House. Found my staff just as they should be, hard at work, and so left for one hour's change and a cup of tea and a little nicotine. Just read this in the *Mirror* at the teashop:

Old Gentleman: "You're very young to be left in charge of the shop. Have you any diploma?"

Assistant: "I'm afraid not, sir, but we've a preparation of our own that's just as good."

It reminded me of the chemist opposite No. 1 Dover Street, where I go once a month to swallow General Booth's wonderful remedy for keeping fit. Twice I have asked the very young assistant if he is qualified, and each time got an affirmative reply. The other part reminds me of so many firms of jewellers, silversmiths, and auctioneers who say they can give you "something just as good, and do as well," but can and do they?

But they can't secure such prices as I do. (See illustrations and read prices on page x.)

Read of the "Moses and Aaron" £4,000 fire. Isaac, in evidence, said he knew the fire was coming off—reminding me of a Lazarus who, when asked if the fire was a success, said: "Shut up. It isn't till next week." And when admonished by his father later for trying to put it out, said: "Don't worry, father, it's paraffin, not water."

"MANNERS ON THE UNDERGROUND.—Sir Bartle Frere, in his letter to the *Morning Post* of Friday last, assures us that when he 'feels down-hearted about the future of our race,' his depression is removed by 'surveying the countenances of the young men seated in the carriages of the Underground.'" "This is a most surprising assertion," suggests "An Old Londoner," who adds: "I, too, travel several times every day on the Underground, and I also notice the men seated in the cars—*seated*, while they allow tired, frail girls, decrepit old ladies, and poor women burdened with parcels, and sometimes a baby, to stand and be jostled in the gangway, their countenances the while (which Sir Bartle finds so inspiriting) exhibiting a selfish and callous complacency. Sometimes they forestall a woman about to sit by popping down before her. If they awkwardly tread on anyone's toes or bump up against them, they seem to think it sufficient, as they push along, to fling at them their vulgar, playground expletive, 'Sorry!' Is this the sort of thing that Sir Bartle finds so inspiriting for the future of our race? But perhaps he meant to be sarcastic!"

Interested in the above letter, more so because Sir Bartle Frere was one of my first patrons at Piccadilly. In my brochure or booklet there are the names of 800 Princes, Dukes, Earls, Marquises, Baronets, and titled ladies enumerated in alphabetical order, but no room for the thousands without a title. All have availed themselves of my services within the last six years. Sir Bartle Frere was the only one who raised an objection to the publishing of my patron's names, so his was deleted. Like the writer of the letter, I differ from him and agree with "An Old Londoner."

Now you know how keen I am on being correct and always truthful. An occasional slip, or, maybe, it is the comp. or press corrector. I admit that I am a bit of a hustler, so I am first going to suggest to the Underground Railway Co. that the conductors, during the rush hours, instead of calling out "Let 'em orf first" (as if we were a lot of cattle), should be told to say, "Passengers off first, please." Let me give you an illustration of UNDERGROUND GEOGRAPHY.

"Dear Sirs,—For some months past I have been somewhat puzzled by a large illuminated indicator at the top of the escalator at Liverpool Street Station, where it says, 'Way Out to Broad Street Station, Finsbury Pavement, and Salisbury Square,' Salisbury Square being a mile distant, just off Fleet Street.

"If you would kindly enlighten me as to what it means I should be obliged.—Yours faithfully,

"Dec. 30, 1925. WM. E. HURCOMB."

I believe that sign has been up for a year or so. Millions and millions must have seen it. To me it was incomprehensible at such a station. What happened was, it should have been Salisbury House; and a great railway never had the good sense to have the mistake rectified until I pointed it out.

"55 Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1.
"January 12, 1926.

"Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter, reference WEH/EFK, of the 30th ultimo, inquiry has been made into the matter upon which you write, and I have to inform you that it is our intention shortly to revise these signs, and when this is done there will be no mention of either Salisbury Square or Salisbury House on the indicator in question. I thank you for

bringing the matter under our notice.—Yours faithfully, A. N. Barker, Commercial Manager."

I would not have printed the reply, but I think they should have climbed down and have given me the information sought. Here is a case of another kind.—A big West End firm of jewellers and silversmiths supplied the following description of a piece of silver-gilt plate which is in my sale to-morrow. *Antient* and *pedistal* are not my spelling:

"An antique Silver Gilt Vase of George I period. The borders at base, collar, and lower part are composed of an acanthus leaf chasing taken from an antient Grecian vase.

"The body is of burnished gold, the upper part consisting of a magnificent wreath in repoussé representing the vine, wheat, etc., on a matted ground.

"The cover is also of burnished gold and surmounted with a model of St. George and the Dragon.

"This is an original vase, and stands on an ebony pedistal, with silver gilt plate bearing the inscription."

"Dear Sirs,—I shall be glad if you will kindly read the description of this piece of silver. The owner was amazed when I told her that your firm were about one hundred years out.—I am, sirs, yours faithfully,

"W. E. Hurcomb."

I received this reply:—

"The Cup is Geo. III, 1812–13. We cannot understand how our Liverpool branch in 1900 made this error."

I would not have reprinted this, but these mighty firms so often belittle my work and advice. I speak now as I did to the lady who owned it and the other silver I am selling for her. Some people say anything but their prayers.

January 15.—What Arctic weather! With all this snow it isn't "What will the robin do then, poor thing?" but how will the cuckoos fare?

In the *Times* I read of pearls:—

"At Euston Station recently two Northampton ladies picked up what they thought to be a string of beads. Afterwards they saw an advertisement offering a reward of £175 for a necklace of 81 pearls lost between Northampton and Albemarle Street, W. The assessors were communicated with, and the find is believed to be a necklace, valued at £2,000, which had been lost by Mrs. George Drummond, of Pitsford Hall, Northampton."

Nevertheless, they were a string of beads (pearls). I expect what was intended was a string of imitation pearl beads. How interesting in the *Times* of 100 years ago to read of the hard times then. Just fancy a firm of booksellers in Pall Mall "stopping payment" with engagements to £400,000. No end of banks about the same time went under.

Three days' sale at Calder House, Piccadilly, concluded, having a deputy auctioneer for yesterday. The little silver teapot (illustrated on page xi) sold for £7 5s. per oz.—total, £85 3. 9d. Two old Sheffield-plated on copper tea-trays (not a pair), £57 10s.; four Chippendale chairs, £160; a picture of Newmarket Heath, £160; fourteen autograph letters of George Stephenson, of Railway fame, £37 6s.; twenty parts of "Pickwick Papers" (C. Dickens), £36 15s.; two diamond rings, £273; an emerald and diamond cross, £112; emerald and diamond brooch, £104; pearl necklace, £131; and one thousand less important lots found purchasers.

THREE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED POUNDS

When the Queen of Sheba visited King Solomon we are told that all the drinking vessels were of gold, because silver was little accounted of in those days. Of course, the larger portion of silver possessed by the majority of people to-day is of little account so far as the commercial value is concerned. It is very difficult to convince some sceptical readers of my bona fides—and record-breaking activities regarding choice bits of Georgian silver. Never a week passes at my auction-room without some sensational price being reached. On January 8th a cream jug, almost a *facsimile* of the one illustrated below the pepper pot, sold for £9 per oz., and only Georgian silver (not Queen Anne or earlier). The little Georgian teaset (three pieces) sold for no less than £248—by a little set I mean an afternoon size. The small teapot I received for sale on Tuesday, 12th, photographed and printed in catalogue Wednesday, on view Thursday, Friday, *i.e.*, the 15th, which I knew would sell well, realized £7 5s. per oz., total £85 3s. 9d. The small cylindrical kitchen pepper pot, with the crooked handle, sold for £63 5s., or £18 per oz. The cream jug below the teapot realized a higher price still, £22 5s. per oz., and sold for £128—just because it was hall-marked on lid as

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15, Savoy Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

No. 15

EDA

America has yet to attain the record of one European country which has twelve causes for divorce, and of at least two other such countries (not Turkey) where there is divorce by "mutual consent." In fact, *there is no ground for divorce in the U.S.A. which has not been a legal ground for it in some European country for many years.*

These are a few of the inaccuracies to be found in an article which concludes with an admission of "defects perhaps as great or greater in our national life," and then returns to the attack, to gird at America for her lateness in entering the war (the causes of which were of European and not American origin), and her treatment of war debts on a "strictly commercial" (?) basis (when she borrowed the money, which she loaned to the Allies, from the American taxpayer at 4½ per cent., and agreed to take from England repayment of the same at 3 per cent. for ten years, and then 3½ per cent. extending over a period of 62 years). If this is "strictly commercial" basis, instead of a clear renunciation of some millions, it does not seem to have a European "commercial" flavour about it.

But, with a fine irony that it would be difficult to match, the author concludes by saying "by all means, let us cultivate American friendship." If his article be the author's idea of the best method of doing so, it is indeed a strange one, for he has served no conceivable British interest by writing it.

But my object in writing this is to correct some glaring errors and to call attention to the futility of such articles, if friendship and goodwill are to be maintained in international relationships. They are worse than useless, and are, in fact, the material of which are made international misunderstandings and hatreds. There have been far too many such in both our countries. They help nobody, and get us nowhere. Let us have an end of them. The writers of them do their own country the greatest disservice and directly play the game of their enemies—which is to keep apart the two countries best able to conserve international peace and goodwill.

I am, etc.,

January 6, 1926. AN AMERICAN.

[*Dr. Harrison's reply to this letter will appear in our next issue.*—ED. E. R.].

PEARLS *of* GREAT PRICE

Every Saturday throughout the year it is my intention to advertise in the *Morning Post* with a view to increasing the business. But at the same time shall try to be instructive and interesting concerning matters that I understand, and so to blend my effusions with humour and decorum. I never tire of stating that I have only been an auctioneer for five years (although I had been selling through other auctioneers for ten years previously, engaging the services of three firms). It was owing to the fixed income classes pouring their jewels and ancestral silver down on me like a deluge that I felt compelled to take the present premises on the first floor of Calder House, Piccadilly, W.1 (entrance, 1 Dover Street). For advertising purposes my name appears on eighteen windows (first floor) facing Piccadilly, and on ten facing Dover Street. Busybodies and others think my rent is enormous—so it is—but you can pay just as much for one large shop in Piccadilly, as, for example, SOME shops now nearing completion on the Devonshire House site. My position is the finest in the world—the hub of the kingdom—right in the midst of the ladies' and gentlemen's clubs—where everybody who is anybody do congregate. The average auctioneer (excluding those who cater for pawnbrokers—who sell about ninety-five forfeited or unredeemed pledges to five lots from private sources) usually holds six jewel or silver sales per annum each—which means you must be kept waiting until the auctioneer has enough goods to make up a sale, and sometimes necessary to wait three months. But nothing of that kind at the Piccadilly Auction Rooms (Calder House). For instance, a half Scotch half Italian nobleman in Paris read in the *Morning Post* about my wonderful sales. He arrived in England ON TUESDAY with a single row of pearls. "Could I sell them for about £8,000?" "Yes," I replied. "Can you complete the transaction by the end of the week?" Again I said "Yes," and on WEDNESDAY, the pearls were lotted in the catalogues which are circulated (every week) throughout London and the Provinces by the 5 o'clock post. THURSDAY on view, FRIDAY sold for over £8,000. SATURDAY the nobleman left, with cheque, for Paris. How's that, umpire?

A gentleman from Hounslow called with a lady friend, who, having heard of the advance in the price of pearls, wished to sell a row which she had inherited. Awfully nervous about auction sales—fears it may be lost—or changed—or burgled. Will only sell for cash—would not even accept my cheque, and so I handed her £22,500 in bank-notes. On another occasion a Russian noble came with an English lady—he spoke poor English. The lady asked if I had a room where the gentleman could disrobe. Stitched round the waist of his pants was a row of pearls, the finest I had ever handled. I offered them at auction, secured a bid of £66,000. The owner, not satisfied with a fair offer, nursed them for a few months, then sent them to another auctioneer, where they were sold for about £48,000, or £16,000 less than I was offered. One Ash Wednesday a dear old lady in Onslow Gardens greeted me: "Well, Mr. Hurcomb, how much did my pearls realize?" "Just fourteen times as much as you paid forty-eight years ago." Clasping her hands and looking upward said reverently, "Good God!" A young lady from Australia (with little knowledge of the world and its people) inherited a lot of jewels. A solicitor, not a front-rank man, said he knew a man who would pay good prices. The confiding and unsuspecting legatee allowed him to sell a good deal of the property. I saw a foolscap list of what she had not parted with, and when I saw £500 for A ROW OF PEARLS I said it was a wicked price. Later the lady (the lawyer standing by her side) had the pleasure of seeing me knock it down for over £2,000, and the remainder of the property *pro rata*. Recently a lady (near Potters Bar) said: "I have had an offer of £500 for these pearls. Can you do better?" I sold them within a week at auction for £3,800. Many may remember the antique furniture case. Poor Shrager paid £72,000 for a row of pearls in Bond Street. Litigation caused him to deposit it with his bankers as security for an overdraft, to satisfy which the bankers sold it for £18,800, making a net loss of £53,200 (not sold at auction by Hurcomb). These figures are from the *Times* Law Reports, and verified from the lawyers. The late Duchess of Albany had a beautiful row of pearls, given by the late Queen Victoria on H.R.H. marriage. I had the honour of selling it, the proceeds going for work among the poor children of Deptford. I interviewed a lady at her lawyer's concerning a row of pearls which cost £800 in Bond Street SOME YEARS AGO. "What could I sell it for at auction?" "£3,000." To the great surprise of the lawyer and myself the lady was terribly disappointed, she expected at least £5,000. Like so many, she did not know the difference between buying and selling. She then took it to a West End firm and asked the price of such a necklace, as she wanted one for a daughter (not quite true). They showed her one at £6,000, not nearly so good. I eventually sold the necklace for £3,000. A fairly recent experience of how by merely a few words I was able to put £1,000 in a lady's pocket. Meeting me for the first time, a Peeress prominent in Society said: "Mr. Hurcomb, all my

friends swear by you. I need your help. My mother gave me a row of pearls, which I promised her I would never part with." Around her neck were heirloom pearls worth £20,000. Producing a much smaller row, she said, "I sadly need £1,000, and mother will not mind my sister buying them," at the same time handing me a card of a well-known West End firm, across the back of which was written, "We would give £1,000, your sister should pay £1,100." I cannot help thinking the West End firm had visions of a bargain if the sister failed to buy. I looked at it and said, "I will guarantee that it will realize £2,000 clear at auction; therefore your sister should pay at least £2,200." "May I use the telephone?" she asked. Soon the sisters were in animated conversation. The one at the other end was sceptical. "But," said the Peeress, "Mr. Hurcomb will put the £2,000 in my hand this very minute." Result—the sisters met in my office the next morning, and the transaction was completed.

About a year ago I sold at auction a gentleman's tiepin for £580 (illustrated, actual size). A perfectly round pearl of equal quality and size would cost at the average West End jewellers at least £1,500. A row of such to match, about £2,000 a pearl. Thus we have, as in Bible times, pearls of great price. At the National Provincial Bank, Piccadilly, I was asked to pay £4,000 for a row of pearls. The then manager told the lady to be advised by me, and let them go under the hammer and get another £2,000. She took good advice and had over £2,000 more. I have pearl necklaces in my sales every Friday, and, paradoxical as it may seem, ladies wanting a row of pearls from £100 upwards come and seek my advice, so that one well-to-do lady can buy at auction the pearl necklace that another lady is selling. You will get my advice, possibly guarantee if, say, you gave £500 for a row of pearls at auction and then tired of it or wished to buy a better one—you would get £475 at least, or possibly a profit on a re-sale at auction.

GEMS FROM THE MINE AND THE MOUNTAIN

A recent photograph of the writer.

The Emerald is undoubtedly the most valuable precious stone to-day. In no other gem will you find so many shades of colour, some being so pale as to be almost white. It is proverbial that one never sees an Emerald without a flaw, but this is a fallacy, for, although rare, I have had perfect stones at my auction rooms. As much as £20,000 to £40,000 has been paid (retail) for fine specimens. The highest price that I obtained at auction was £500 per carat for a 10-carat stone, which had been shown to many West End firms, and the highest offer was £3,000, but at my sale it sold for exactly £5,000. It had no flaw and formed the centre of a pendant comprising a number of smaller emeralds and diamonds. The owner had it replaced by a 70s. substitute. That is where the art of an expert comes in. I was asked to extract it and sell it loose. "No," I said, "if we do that the buyer will erroneously conclude that it is the property of a West End or Hatton Garden jeweller; in other words, a trade lot. Let me show the pendant in its entirety, and say it is the property of a lady, the centre stone only to be sold." She agreed—result as stated, £500 per carat, or £5,000 (five thousand pounds). The vendor has been a frequent seller since. The commission was 7½ per cent., which helped to pay for advertisements, rent, and other overhead expenses. I have never known a single Emerald, a carat size, equal to rather less that 3 lines of this printed matter, sell for over £150, but at that price it must be very fine and flawless. You have probably seen a piece of green bottle glass on the sea shore ground away and know what it looks like. Emeralds (in rings) have frequently been brought here badly worn, scratched, and ground away. I have cheered the vendors when I have told them that when polished at a cost of about 10s. a beautiful stone would be revealed as fine as when first cut. Pale and nearly white stones are often backed up—*i.e.* not set transparent, but painted and green tin-foil placed behind, giving them a much deeper colour. As a rule, when the back is not visible it may be assumed that the true colour is not what it appears to be. Even beautiful Emeralds, 75 to 100 years ago (when less valuable), were often set NON-TRANSPARENT. The setting inside was blackened over with Indian ink, so that the gold should not

show through to the detriment of the beauty of the Emerald. It will not cost you anything to have your Emeralds valued here, and you can rest assured that I shall not try to buy them cheaply. I am an auctioneer and no longer a dealer.

Let me give you some idea of the rise in the value of Emeralds. For instance, a Prince of the Banking World paid £85, thirty-three years ago, for a fine 3-stone emerald ring, which I sold at auction for £675. On the other hand the RUBY has depreciated in value during the last 30 years, after having held the premier position for about 2,000 years. Solomon, in Proverbs, says Wisdom is more precious than Rubies, and it seems funny that he should also say: "Who can find a virtuous woman, for her price is above Rubies?" I will explain the reason why Rubies have depreciated. Between 25 and 30 years ago the chemist produced a synthetic ruby in his laboratory. I believe it is possible to dissolve a number of very small Rubies and make one large stone, and only the cleverest expert can detect the synthetic from the genuine mine Ruby, and then only with the aid of optical instruments. Therefore those who fancied the Ruby were afraid to buy, and accounts for the fact that the £100 Ruby of 25 years ago is only worth £10 to-day. The DIAMOND. I only know of three kinds—(1) Brilliant, (2) Briolette, (3) Rose. They owe their respective names to the way they are cut. The best definition I can give of a Rose is a Diamond which is too thin to be cut as a Brilliant, and has a flat back, and Limpet or Pyramid in shape. Being so thin, there is very little life or sparkle, and nearly always not set transparent, and having bright steel colour tinfoil put behind to give them an artificial lustre, which is natural in the Brilliant. A Brilliant, as most people are aware, is like two Rose Diamonds put back to back, only the summit of the upper Rose is flattened—a Pear gives the idea fairly well. Pure white, circular-cut, flawless Diamonds, about one carat, realise to-day about £42 per carat at auction, a two-carat ditto, with a slight tinge of steel-blue, would reach £100; cushion-shape or square stones, rather less per carat. A one carat Diamond is equal to rather less than 3 lines of this reading matter, a two-carat 3½ lines, a four-carat 4½ lines. The highest price I ever secured for a single-stone Diamond Ring was £3,965, another £2,100. The highest price for a single-stone Diamond Pendant £7,250. That is £13,315 for three diamonds. All three went to the States, the only part of the world where they have the money to spend on such luxuries. It is very rarely that we meet with the Briolette, a Diamond usually cut the shape of a Pear facetted all over, minus the uppermost facet, called the table in a Brilliant—minus also the sharp edge or girdle of the Brilliant, like the lustre-drops on a chandelier. I once sold a pair of Briolette Earrings, the property of a Peeress, for £2,500. I have been talking in big figures, but do not let these huge sums deter owners of small properties from bringing trifles as well. I will at my own expense visit anywhere within 300 miles for the valuation of fine jewels (with view to sale), give the best advice, and name the amount you may expect at auction. If unable to come to town with your treasures, ask your Banker to send to Head Office in London, and I will call and inspect them; or let your local lawyer send them to his London agents (always lawyers), and I will see them there.

FURNITURE, FACTS AND FIGURES

PHARAOH, whose name will be frequently mentioned is the nick-name of a member of my staff, whose real name is Farrow, and was in the employ of Christie's for about 20 years. Seven years ago he left the old firm on the best of terms to join my staff. One of the most important journeys that he made for me was to Ireland, calling upon a well-known family to decide what should be sold locally and what was worthy of sending to London. He selected two chairs, which sold at auction in London for £1,750. They were Chippendale, Chinese style. Since then he has motored throughout England, Scotland and Wales, covering 300,000 miles, and visited 3,000 homes.

Within a month we shall be motoring near you, and for a fee of 21s. will call and inspect your treasures, and spend from 20 to 30 minutes and impart all information possible. (Saturdays I travel with Pharaoh; other days another representative, possessing a good knowledge of old silver and jewels.) Pharaoh values

[Chippendale] *Mahogany Commode, sold for* £340.

Porcelain, Tapestry, China, Pictures, Engravings, Objects of Art, etc.

It is not my business to try and buy anything on the cheap, but to advise you whether your treasures are likely to fetch the high prices for which Calder House has become so famous. There are no buying-in charges. If you have a piece of furniture, a silver cup, a diamond ring, a fiddle, a book of foreign stamps—five lots in all, reserved, say, at £100 each—and all are bought in (unsold) at an average of £90 each, your burden will not be made heavier by having to pay £22 10s. because they failed to sell. That is where our judgment comes in at times for the nominal fee named, it saves paying for packing cases, carriage and insurance, and buying-in charges. It is a well-known fact that some time ago it cost £13 to pack, insure, and send a picture to a London auction room, which was sold for 32s. 6d. On the other hand, two engravings were taken off a wall at Newport Pagnell and offered to us for £30, but we refused to buy. I eventually sold them for the lucky vendor for £525. Another engraving from a house in Torquay, £750. A recent case was the commode (illustrated), brought from Weymouth in the car; the owner was delighted when I sold it for £340. A pair of large Chinese porcelain vases from Shepperton-on-Thames, £380, which someone else had valued at £25. A pair of antique curtains from near Wolverton, Bucks, £750. Ivory Diptych (6 inches), from Buckfastleigh Abbey, Devon, £250. Needlework, taken off six chairs, a settee, and two stools, from Woking, and, although £60 only had been offered, they realised £525. Five brass curtain hooks, £190; 11 garden pots from Stow-on-the-Wold, £290. I could go on in the same strain until you were weary.

Let me give you an account of the small commode referred to. I told the lady it would fetch a good price. Ninety-five per cent. of the dealers sniffed at it and declared it was a fake, and when that lot was reached I announced from the rostrum: "Gentlemen, I shall withdraw this lot, because everyone says it's a fake." "No. no," shouted two leading buyers, "it is quite genuine." I started the bidding at £25, and it ran up to £340, at which price one of the twain secured the *so-called fake.*

We all make mistakes. Moses made mistakes. Translators of THE BOOK possibly did likewise. His Majesty's Judges make mistakes. We read of appeals allowed and disallowed, even when taken to the House of Lords. So it is as plain as the noonday sun that all the JUDGES could not be right.

I do not claim to be infallible, but, as regards personal dealings with Pearls, Jewels, and Plate, I can safely say that mistakes have been few and far between.

For goodness' sake, dispel the idiotic notion that because I have motors and men, costly rent, and advertising to pay, that I cannot serve you well. Tens of thousands of pounds are spent in advertising a famous meat extract. I feel certain there never has been such enormous sums paid for advertisements as in this case. I can assure you that, notwithstanding my heavy expenses, I still have a bit to live on, so there is no need for me to buy your goods for next to nothing.

A poor miner sold a book for £3 15s. to a book buyer, who sent it to auction, where it realised about £1,500. A firm of Lawyers acted for the miner, and the case was settled out of court. Moral: Let Hurcomb sell your possessions, and obtain full value.

On Saturday last I went to Farnham, and was reminded that it was within three miles of that place where, with my art expert, we once paid a visit to a very old house. An eccentric millionaire had died, and a local firm had made the valuation for Estate Duty. A pair of fine Gainsborough pictures were priced, shall we say, at about £100 (I never knew the exact figure).

Instructions from the Lawyers were to walk through the house and point out anything of special merit, not being given the slightest clue, but all we could find in the millionaire's home were two Gainsboroughs. The immense fortune was not in the contents of the mansion. I fixed the value at £28,000 (the pair). The Solicitors had a shock, there being such a wide difference. I arranged with Christie's to send their expert down at an agreed fee of £105.

They sent their report direct to the Lawyers. I gathered later that their valuation was £27,750, so it was nearly a dead-heat. A few months afterwards I submitted an offer of £28,000 on behalf of a gentleman for them.

I shall be pleased to show a photograph of the pictures to anyone wishing to see them.

For 21s. two of my representatives—one with a knowledge of Plate and Jewels and the other Pictures, Porcelain, Old Furniture, Objects of Art, etc.—will call and impart all the information they can, and, if necessary, bring the jewels and silver away in the car.

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